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THE EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL.

1. *Die Evangelischen Zillerthaler in Schlesien.* Von Dr. Rheinwald. Vierte Auflage. Berlin, 1838.
2. *The Protestant Zillerdalers in Silesia.* 4th edition.
3. *Auserlesene Erzählungen aus der Christenwelt.* Berlin, 1837. (*Select Narratives from the Christian World.*)

BESIDES all the other sects, parties, sections of parties, and sub-divisions of sects, with which our church and nation are troubled at present, there are two classes of, we doubt not, well meaning persons, who add much to the confusion—the one by crying down sound and genuine Anglicanism as Popery—the other by misrepresenting the true and legitimate principles of the Reformation as Ultra-protestanism; both professing to be alarmed at the progress of ultraism, though in opposite directions. It would be very easy to show that all such alarm is unfounded—that the present is not the age of ultraism on any subject, but of compromise upon all—that the grand distinctive marks in politics have melted away already, and that these parties themselves, the one by suppressing the difference between us and Romanists and the other by breaking down the wall that separates from Dissent, give cause for apprehension that the landmarks of religion may also be sacrificed to the compromising spirit of the times. The plain matter of fact is, that there is good reason for vigilance and preparation both against Popery and Antichurchism, and that the principles of the Church of England, as asserted by Jewel and Hooker, Laud and Bramhall, can alone qualify for effectual resistance to either. The projects of Dissent have been for some years before the public unmasked. The intrigues, efforts, and open operations of Popery show that it is still the same subtle, faithless, persecuting, and relentless enemy with which our fathers had to contend. It is needless now to make any allusion to the atrocities of the 16th century, or to the narrative of Huguenot suffering in the 17th, or to the sad story of the Salzburg exiles in the 18th. The accounts before us, of the expulsion of the Zillerdale Protestants from Austria, present to us the popery of the 19th

century, and afford a very clear idea of the nature of the system, and of the effect which it produces upon crowned heads, and statesmen subject to its influence. The accounts themselves come from unquestionable authority. Dr. Rheinwald visited the Zillerdalers in their native land, and formed his notions of their doctrine, their habits, and their conduct, from actual observation. Besides the printed tracts, the kindness of a friend, intimately acquainted with all the facts of the case, has furnished us with manuscript documents equally curious, as we think, and important. But indeed enemies themselves do not deny the fact that more than four hundred harmless inhabitants of the Tyrol have been forcibly expelled from their homes and their possessions—simply because they refused to remain in the Communion of Rome; and to the consideration of this one fact we request the reader's attention.

In going from Salzburg to Innsbruck, after advancing more than two-thirds of the way, not far from Rattenberg and Schwartz, the traveller sees spread out before him, between two majestic masses of rock, a wide and lovely valley. It is watered by a clear and abundant stream, which issuing from the southern Alps, falls into the Inn a little below Strass, and gives the valley its name. Very nearly in the middle is situated the town of Zell, the seat of a Landgericht and the residence of a Dean. The vale presents alternately rich meadow and heavy arable land, and is dotted over at small intervals with villages of handsome white cottages, farm-houses, manors, chapels, and churches with lofty towers and spires—everything to make it dear to its children,—an earthly paradise, that might have been the abode of bliss and peace, if the demon of religious falsehood had not found his way into it and taught persecution.—The population, amounting from 15,000 to 16,000 souls, and distributed into fourteen pastoral stations or districts, get their living chiefly by agriculture and the breeding of cattle. The poorer class go in summer to Styra and Carinthia, where they are employed in felling trees, and some labour in the works and manufactories of the Lower Inthal; but this periodical migration, though convenient, is not necessary, as they could all find a living without quitting their own valley. Extreme poverty is nowhere to be seen, and a common beggar is a rarity. In comparison with

other valleys land is dear; 'a farm of three cows,' barely yielding corn enough for the consumption of the proprietor, fetches 3000 florins; whereas, in the Upper and Lower Pitzgau, a farm of ten or twelve cows, with a proportionate complement of arable land, might be had for the same money. The people themselves are strong, healthy, and well made, though not remarkable for beauty. Good nature and honest simplicity are expressed both in their countenances and in the hearty salutation with which they greet the traveller; and a more intimate acquaintance confirms the correctness of the first impression. Their religion, was until a few years ago, without any exception, Roman Catholic, and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction divided between the Bishops of Brixen and Salzburg—the Ziller forming the boundary of the two dioceses.

In this valley, and amongst this population, it was that Protestantism, without any act of external aggression, and without any outbreak of individual zeal or internal heat, suddenly appeared, as the prophet says of righteousness, to spring out of the ground, and, almost before it was noticed, had attained a vigorous maturity. Not a single protestant place of worship or protestant community was to be found in the whole region round about. A century before, the archbishop of Salzburg, Count Firman, by the help of dragoons and gendarmes, had robbed the Protestants of their money, their landed property, their wives and children, and driven them half naked over the frontiers; and it seemed as if Protestantism in every form had been banished forever from the neighbourhood. But the Roman priest and his soldiers; in their haste to expel the heretics, had left them no time to take the cause of their heresy, their religious books with them. Copies of Luther's translation of the Scriptures, and sundry protestant devotional tracts, especially Schaitberger's Letter to his Countrymen,* remained behind, and in due time presented to the eyes of the astonished Romanists some hundred worthy successors of the Salzburg exiles. Some of the old folio Bibles had bound up with them the Augsburg confession of faith. A great outcry is often made about the Bible, the Bible alone, without note or comment; but the history of the Zillerdalian conversion furnishes an additional proof of the wisdom of our church in giving along with the Bible the Prayer-book, to serve as a guide to the most important truths. Had they found only the Bible, the Zillerdalians would most probably have been split into a number of insignificant little parties, and exposed to speedy destruction. The possession of a distinct compendium of the Protestant doctrine gave them a uniform system, enabled them to be of one mind, and to give one clear answer to their enemies. When once the good leaven had begun to work, various circumstances accelerated and extended its influence. The Tyrolese are accustomed to travel—many visit Bavaria. There and elsewhere some formed acquaintance with Protestants—visited their churches and devotional meetings—read their books—conversed with them upon religious subjects

* Schaitberger was one of the Salzburg Lutherans, driven away by Count Firman's persecution;—Though only a miner, he addressed a letter of consolation to his brethren, the power of which is still felt in his native country.

and then returned into their native valley with their Protestant impressions confirmed, and bringing back fresh supplies of Bibles and religious books, such as Arndt's True Christianity, Spangenberg's Sermons, Hiller's Treasury, &c. &c. On their return they conversed with their countrymen—their ideas of religion gradually developed and assumed a definite form—and a considerable number, scarcely conscious of the process by which the change was effected, found that their faith was no longer that of the modern church of Rome. Many felt scruples about assisting at the celebration of mass, taking part in the religious processions, or paying homage to the images of saints; others abstained from frequenting public worship; and at length some heads of families determined to take the legal steps for a public profession of Protestantism—the first of which was to send in their names as persons desirous to receive 'the six weeks' instruction.'

According to Austrian law, every person baptized within the pale of the Romish Church, who desires to join a Protestant communion, must first submit to be instructed in the Popish doctrines, during six weeks, from two to three hours every day, by a priest, that his change of religion may not be the result of ignorance. If the catechumen still persist in his intention, the priest gives a certificate of his attendance on this 'instruction,' with which he goes to the civil magistrate, who gives the so-called 'Meldezettel,' that is, a written permission to frequent Protestant worship. Without the priest's certificate the magistrate cannot grant the permission, and without this written permission no one bred a Roman Catholic dare be present at Protestant worship, or be received into a Protestant community. During the six weeks of instruction the law regards the catechumen as Roman Catholic, and in case of sickness it is the priest's office to administer the sacraments. Such is the Austrian idea of liberty of conscience, concerning which Romanists still make such a noise in this country. They would prove their sincerity much better by endeavouring to procure for Protestants such toleration in Rome, Spain, and Austria, as they themselves enjoy here.

The members of the Reformed Churches in Austria are still in a state of miserable oppression. The Roman emperors of the house of Austria observed the articles of the Westphalian peace with a true Roman veracity. These articles promised liberty of conscience, free toleration, public worship for Protestants; and yet in 1700 Charles VI. issued a law for Silesia, forbidding any one to become a Protestant on pain of banishment and confiscation of property; and up to 1781, in some parts of Austria, Protestant worship was forbidden, and a Protestant clergy unknown. The edicts of Joseph II. permitted public worship, a protestant clergy, churches, schools, consistories, and liberty of embracing any of the tolerated confessions,—that is, those of the Lutheran, the Calvinistic, and the Greek churches. This was no doubt a change greatly for the better, but the Protestants still have to bear with patience much that would, in this country, have produced open rebellion. It is unlawful to build Protestant churches with towers, bells, or an entrance from the street; in fact, with any appearance of a church. Protestants are obliged to pay the Roman priests not only the tithes, but the dues for baptism, marriage, and burial; and it is the Roman priest who keeps the official register of births, deaths, and marriages. The Roman clergy have the right of intruding into the chamber of the sick Protestant, but Protestants are not allowed to converse with their Popish fellow-subjects upon

religious topics.* Unless there be 100 Protestant families, or 500 souls, the erection of a congregation is unlawful.

Such is the Austrian law, and such the Popish idea of toleration now. But, miserable as it is, even this niggardly measure of religious liberty was most unjustly withholden from the Zillerdalians. The known, and written, and public law of Austria was basely violated, not by a tumultuous mob or a fanatic priesthood only, but by the hereditary and official guardians of the law.

In obedience to the law, nine men of irreproachable character, inhabitants of the villages of Ramsberg, Hollenzen, Maierhof, &c., applied in the summer of 1829 for the six weeks' instruction. Some of the priests, especially Gottsamer, then Dean of Zell, since dead, endeavoured at first, by fair and gentle means, to dissuade them from their purpose; others dealt more harshly; but, when it was evident that these persons had fully determined to renounce Popery, and the number of applicants for the six weeks' instructions continually increased, the clergy came to one common resolution to refuse it, until they should receive directions from their superiors at Innsbruck. The matter was accordingly communicated by the government to the two ordinaries, who approved the measure adopted by the clergy, and entered a formal protest against the erection of any Protestant worship in the district. The consequence was, that, a year after the application, the official of the local government gave, contrary to the law, a direct refusal to those who, according to the law, had sent in their names as candidates for the six-weeks' instruction. He said, 'That he had the Emperor's command to prevent the reception of any one for instruction until further orders arrived; and that until then he could not even receive a petition, as it was necessary that the Emperor should first consult with the bishops, and the bishops give their opinion.' Whether he spoke truth, and really had at the time the Emperor's command, may well be doubted; but certain it is, that, by whomsoever authorized, this refusal was a direct violation of the still-existing law.

There was no permission necessary. Neither the clergy, nor the local government, nor the Emperor himself had any veto in the matter. The law prescribed the six weeks' instruction; and so long as this law remains in force—and to this day it has never been repealed—no man could, with a shadow of justice, refuse or prevent it. The Edict of Joseph makes the instruction dependent solely on the will of him who wishes to abjure Popery. These nine inhabitants of Zillerdale had made known their will in the mode by law prescribed; it was therefore a base and unworthy shuffle, a mere trick of might against right, to pretend that any new permission was necessary.

The shame and disgrace of this dastardly oppression cannot, however, rest solely upon the shoulders of the provincial magistrates. The whole affair was referred to the highest authorities in Vienna, and came before the Emperor himself; and yet, during the seven years that these poor people remained in Austria, they never got justice; never were allowed the benefit of the express letter of the law; but saw clergy and nobles, and even the sovereign himself, combined in an anomalous rebellion against the laws of the land, for the purpose of oppressing them.

This gross injustice, however, neither shook the resolution of the applicants—nor prevented an imitation of their example; for in 1832 the number of those who declared their determination to forsake Popery had increased from 9 to 240 persons—chiefly shepherds, artisans, labourers,—some few farmers and freeholders. At this time the late Emperor Francis arrived in the Tyrol, and had an opportunity of hearing the wrongs of

the Zillerdalians from their own lips. They sent a deputation, consisting of three eminently respectable heads of families, to present a petition to his imperial majesty at Innsbruck. Their request was apparently too moderate to be denied. All they asked was to be associated as a filial-congregation to some already-existing Protestant community, and to be visited two or three times a year by a Protestant pastor. The deputies were admitted to an audience, and were received by the Emperor with his usual courtesy and condescension. After reading the petition the following conversation occurred:—

'*Empéror.* Who is it, then, that disturbs you in your religion? *Deputies.* The clergy.—*E.* What, then, is your belief? *D.* We believe the word of the Holy Scripture, according to the principles of the Augsburg Confession.—*E.* But surely you believe in Christ as well as I? In Italy there are people who do not even believe in Christ; that grieves me much. *D.* Yes, we believe in Christ as our Lord and Saviour, and only Redeemer; but the people in Zillertal will not allow us to say so.—*E.* The Catholics have no right to trouble you, or use ill language to you, any more than you have to do so to them. Formerly the Lutherans were not suffered over there in Salzburg; but things are altogether different now. I use religious compulsion towards none. But how did you come to your present opinions? *D.* We have Bibles amongst us, which are more than 200 years old. My grandfather, who lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died only three years ago, was accustomed to read the Bible from his childhood; my father likewise, and I too; and thus it has been with many. The doctrine was instilled by their parents.—*E.* Probably some remnant of the Saltzburgers was left behind. Were you Saltzburgers? *D.* Yes; we formed a part of the Saltzburg territory until sixteen years ago.—*E.* You are determined, then, not to remain in the Catholic church? *D.* Our conscience does not permit us without practising dissimulation.—*E.* That I do not wish. I will see what can be done for you.'

When the deputies, at parting, expressed their hope that he would not forget them, nor believe any slanderous reports concerning them, his Majesty made answer, 'I will not forget, neither will I believe anything bad of you.'

This conversation shows the view which the Emperor Francis took of the law of the case. He evidently thought that they had a perfect right to profess Protestantism, if they pleased, and was disposed to administer the law with equity. Pity that he was as weak as he was amiable, and that the keepers of his conscience were men who could prove that to keep no faith with heretics is the bounden duty of every true son of the church.

The anti-Protestants of the valley, meantime, were not idle. They sent counter-deputations, and presented counter-petitions, praying that no religious divisions might be permitted. In the Tyrol diet also, which was holden soon after, the matter was discussed. Some few, especially Dr. Maurer, burgomaster of the capital, spoke for toleration. But the clergy and the nobles carried a petition to the government, in which it was asserted that the toleration-edicts had not been published in those districts, and therefore could not be applied, *ex post facto*;—a pretence which could deceive no one at all acquainted with the facts of the case.

When the Emperor Joseph published his edicts, he sent them to the two sovereign-prelates, the Prince-Archbishop of Saltzburg and the Bishop of Brixen. It is true they quietly deposited them in the archives, but that does not at all alter the state of the case. The fact that the emperor sent them to these two prelates for publication and execution is quite sufficient to show that his imperial will was that they should

* Rechberger I., §§ 294, 296, &c.

serve as law in their respective dioceses; and more is not needful to prove that the Zillerdalians were entitled to the full enjoyment of all the liberty which they conferred. Indeed, it is a fact, that the anti-Protestant petitions from the Tyrol diet of 1834, and, again, of 1836, when presented to the different departments of the Austrian government for an opinion, were unfavourably received by all, not excepting even the Council of State. There was, however, an influence paramount to that of law and justice, which triumphed over both, and inflicted upon the Zillerdalians the grossest oppression. The refusal to grant them the six-weeks' instruction, and the withholding of an answer to their complaints, plunged them into the greatest difficulty, and exposed them to all sorts of petty vexations, as well as violation of their conscience. Not being allowed to separate, they were compelled to send their children to the parish churches to be baptized, and thus to lay upon their necks the yoke of Rome. It is nothing to the purpose to say that the Roman baptism is valid, and that this, therefore, is no great hardship. Let our Romanists and Dissenters say whether a law compelling them to send their children to the parish church to be baptized would, or would not, be a violation of the liberty of conscience. We confess our perfect persuasion that the Anabaptists are in grievous error, and rob their children of inestimable privileges and benefits, by withholding them from baptism; but we should deprecate heartily all attempts at compulsory baptism, and regard it as un-Christian tyranny. The consequences were, however, in the case of the Zillerdalians, worse than the act itself. Once baptized in the Roman Church, they were considered to be Roman Catholics, and therefore, as soon as they were old enough, compelled to attend Roman Catholic schools, and to receive the religious instruction there communicated; and in some cases, as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is there given to children of eight and nine years old, to receive the wafer, and thus join in an act which the parents considered contrary to Christ's institution—in that worship of the wafer which the book of Common Prayer pronounces to be 'idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians.' The attendance at the schools also was rendered as unpleasant as possible. Not only were the controversial points treated with great care and earnestness—(this was, in fact, nothing more than the duty of the Roman priests and schoolmasters)—but the heretics themselves were anathematized, and their persons so accurately described, that the school children could not help recognising a father, a brother, a friend, or a neighbour. The children of the Papists enjoyed the sport, and laughed at the confusion and grief of their Protestant playfellows—and after school ensued quarrels and fights; so that at last many of the latter refused to go to school, and then the parents were charged with disobedience to the constituted authorities. In one school the zealous master went so far as to divide the children into two classes,—Christian children and Devil's children; the latter, of course, containing none but the children of those inclined to Protestantism.

Another annoyance, which perhaps some may be more easily disposed to view in its due light, was the refusal to allow these people to marry. Not having been allowed to make a public profession of Protestantism, they were not permitted to celebrate marriage

according to the Protestant rites; and, being considered as heretics, they were denied the nuptial benediction by the priests of Rome. How men professing to be Christian statesmen could prefer the risk of introducing immorality rather than grant the liberty which the laws of Austria guaranteed; but, above all, how any persons calling themselves ministers of Christ could wish to punish Christians with one of the worst features of savage life, is truly inconceivable. It is another sad evidence of the tendency of Popery to harden the heart against the dictates of morality as well as of humanity; and it is most ungenerous in the writers of Popish theological journals to charge the Zillerdalians with a disregard of the sanctity of marriage, when their own diabolical bigotry alone prevented them from entering into that holy state of wedlock; and highly creditable it is to the morality of Protestantism to be able to state that during the eight years of their oppression—not more than two or three cases occurred of persons living together without the priestly benediction. Had many yielded to the temptation, to whom must the sin and misery have been justly ascribed?

The priests, however, were not content even with these means of forcing the stray sheep back. Both in the pulpit and in the confessional they warned their flocks against holding any intercourse with the heretics, and forbade the poor to accept of them an alms or a night's lodging. Nay, they would not allow the dead even the semblance of a Christian burial. According to Austrian law, where Protestants have no burial-ground of their own, they are allowed a resting-place in that belonging to Roman Catholics, may have the nearest Protestant minister to accompany the funeral procession, have the bells tolled, and erect a tombstone—but to the Zillerdalers this was refused. When one of their community died, if he had land of his own, there he was buried; if he had not, a place was looked out for him in a neighbouring wood. In neither case were the mourners allowed to offer up a prayer or to sing a hymn at the grave; and in both, the policeman and his dog were the only officials in attendance. The poor people were particularly grieved and indignant at the presence of the dog, which seemed to refer to the *sepultura canina*; and the most ignorant and the dullest could perceive that a religion which adds insult to injustice is not the religion of the New Testament. The inability to pay respect to the dead was, however, forgotten in the keen sense of want of all means of edification for the living. They had no schools for their children, no temple for themselves. All religious meetings were strictly prohibited. Their bibles and their books were their only resource, and even of these the priests endeavoured to deprive them. They conscientiously endeavoured to instruct their children and their households as well as they could—but to such of them as were only labourers or artisans this was difficult. Three of the most learned, Heim, Fleidl, and Gruber, tried to compensate for this deficiency by diligently visiting the scattered Protestants, and communicating what they could in conversation. The want of the Eucharist was deeply felt by all, and could not be supplied; for to the honour of these poor people be it remembered, that, though for eight years deprived of public worship and the sacraments, not one amongst them ever manifested the slightest wish to usurp the office of the priest—

hood, either by public teaching or otherwise. They waited in humble patience until it should please God to give them a lawful ministry, and looked immediately to himself for a supply of that grace, the external channels of which were denied them. Some did at first visit the Roman churches rather than be altogether excluded from public worship;—but the furious and damnable and personal addresses from the pulpit soon compelled them to stay away—and the same cause prevented the conferences which the priests held with them from being of any use. After a conference at Happach, which had lasted for several hours, and in which the people ably defended their faith from the word of God, the priest concluded with these words:—“I only wish that the Lord Jesus Christ himself might come into the room, that I might say to him, These are the people—make an end of them by casting them into hell-fire.”

It may be asked, how it is that the Austrians, who tolerate Protestantism in other parts of their dominions, did not suffer it in the valley of the Ziller. The simple answer is, that up to this time, there was no Protestant community in the whole neighbourhood, and the Romish clergy were afraid lest its appearance should be followed by the defection of most of the population; nor can we affect to doubt that they had good grounds for their fears. Had permission been given to open a church in the valley, many would have joined it who could not make up their minds to forsake houses and lands and friends for the sake of the Gospel. Their intense anxiety to prevent Protestantism from striking any root in the Tyrol appears, however, in the most distinct shape—first, from the imperial decree which they obtained, forbidding those who were inclined to the Reformation to purchase land or acquire any immoveable property in the country—and, secondly, from the final decree commanding them either to return to Romanism or to quit the Austrian dominions.

In the year 1834 they had received an answer from Vienna, dated April 2nd, informing them ‘That the government saw no reason for acceding to their request; but that, if they wished to secede from the Catholic church, they might emigrate to some other province of the empire where a Protestant congregation already existed.’ For such an emigration, however, the majority felt no inclination. They justly concluded that, if they must find a new home, it would be better to seek for one not darkened by tyranny. The necessity which compelled them to look out in quest of a new country taught them to prefer one where law not only exists, but is justly administered—where Christianity is not only professed, but proves its vitality by mercy and a meek instruction of the ignorant; they therefore applied for passports to leave the Austrian dominions, and, after a delay of seven months, received an answer, dated March 7th, 1835, which denied them even the privilege of a voluntary exile. The people were, however, not to be shaken. They now fully made up their minds to leave a country rendered so unhappy by unjust rulers, and in 1836 signified their resolution in due form to the magistrates, who reported it to Vienna. And now the Court, that two years before would not give them passports, commanded them to quit the Austrian dominions within four months. The particulars were communicated in the following letter of John Fleidl to some friends in Bavaria, early in 1837:—

Most worthy friends and brethren in the Lord.

‘We your Protestant brethren in Zillertal, inform you of the situation in which we are at present placed, and of which we were not aware when we sent to you Joseph Gruber. The matter stands thus: on the 12th of March the district-captain came to Zillertal and summoned us all, the first on the 13th and the last on the 17th of March, to appear before him, and we did so with all due obedience. Thereupon he stood up, and said that to-day he appeared not as district-captain but as the Emperor himself, to declare to us the Imperial decision of January 11th, 1837, as to the following points:—

‘1st. That we must return to the Roman Catholic Church or leave our Fatherland; that he will not tolerate any Protestant community in the Tyrol.

‘2nd. That we might have the choice either to be translocated into Austrian provinces, where there are Protestant congregations, or to emigrate into foreign parts.

‘3rd. That we must declare within fourteen days which we prefer.

‘4th. That from the date of our declaration a term of four months should be granted us to prepare for translocation or emigration.

‘5th. “If in four months ye are not ready for either one or the other, your freedom of choice will be at an end, the official authorities will summon you to move, and the Emperor will locate you where he pleases.”

‘Thereupon we requested passports that we might look about for some place to go to, to which the answer was,—“When you have made your declaration you shall have passports, but not before.” We then considered from all that we knew of old, and that we had just heard, that our brethren in the faith suffer oppression in Austria. We thought also of the 30,000 Saltzburger who, for religion’s sake, were obliged to tread the same path, and how the King of Prussia graciously received them. We have heard that the present King too is a good and pious King, and a friend of the Protestant church, and so, excepting eight persons who go into Austria, we ventured, in dependence upon God and the good King, to declare for foreign parts. Many now declared of whom we knew nothing before; the number of those who have declared for emigration is between 406 and 500 souls, and we intended, as soon as we could get a passport, to send one of the number to Prussia to pray and secure a gracious reception for all. But now they refuse the passport, and we do not know what is to be the end of it.

‘Now we remember the 5th point, which says, “If you are not ready within this term, the Emperor will locate you,” and think that they delay with the passport that the time may pass away, and so the last state be worse than the first. We therefore pray you one and all, most worthy friends, to intercede for us with the King, and to inform him of our condition; and as soon as one of us can get a passport, he shall go himself to Prussia, and we will look for you to give us information: but, should it happen that they will not give us a passport to Prussia, inform the bearer whether he could not enter Prussia with his labourer’s passport: he will return home at Whitsuntide. If it be possible for this man with his labourer’s passport to get into Bavaria and Prussia, we should wish to send him. If we only knew that

the King of Prussia would receive us, we would serve him faithfully and uprightly, as we have hitherto served the Emperor, who now persecutes us and drives us from our Fatherland.

‘We greet you one and all, and pray for all things possible.’

‘JOHANN FLEIDL.’

The good King of Prussia had, however, heard already the tidings of this oppression in Austria; and another good King, our own late Sovereign, had heard also the tale of cruelty and injustice.

It is a deliberate falsehood of Popish agents which represents the religious movement in Austria as a Prussian machination against that power. It is true that Protestants in Bavaria sent reports of the Popish persecution to Berlin so early as 1834, but the Prussian Government meddled neither directly nor indirectly in the affair. They hoped that the patience and quiet demeanor of the Zillerdalers would ultimately procure them toleration. It was not until the overt act of the decree of January 11th, 1837, that any Protestant court took notice of the matter; and after that silence would have been unpardonable. The Tyrol and Salzburg belong to the territory of the Germanic confederation;—and Austria, by signing the great fundamental compact of June 8th, 1815, had pledged herself to the solemn observance of its 16th Article, which says:—

‘Difference of religious persuasion can, within the territory of the Germanic confederation, form no ground of difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights.’

To the eternal honour of William IV. he it recorded that he was the first who moved in the matter. Again and again, in February and March, 1837, he called upon the King of Prussia to interfere. They had both been parties to the act of Confederation—they had both guaranteed its observance: they could not see its provisions trampled under foot, to the oppression and ruin of the Protestants of the Tyrol—without sacrificing every principle of self-respect, humanity, veracity, honour, and religion. The King of England and Hanover found no want of sympathy on the part of his Prussian brother, a worthy descendant of those Sovereigns who opened their arms to receive the victims of Popery flying from France, from Salzburg, and Bohemia. He was as determined as King William, but desired to act as gently as possible to the Emperor of Austria, and therefore, instead of adopting the form of diplomatic reclamation, which must have been attended with a public exposure of political delinquency and breach of faith, he quietly commissioned his chaplain, Dr. Strauss, who was going to Vienna, to intercede with Prince Metternich, that, to such families as preferred emigration into Prussia, permission and time for preparation might be granted, as he was willing to receive them all. A revocation or alteration of the decree of banishment was not asked for—for this reason amongst others, that a longer stay in the Tyrol under such circumstances could not have been desirable to the Protestants themselves. In fact immediately after the departure of the King’s chaplain from Berlin, on the 23rd of May, 1837, the Zillerdalian deputy to the King of Prussia arrived to solicit a quiet habitation for the victims of intolerance; this was the already-mentioned Johann Fleidl. He presented to the King the following petition, drawn up almost entirely by himself:—

‘Most Illustrious, most Mighty King,

‘Most gracious King and Lord,

‘In my own name and in the name of my brethren in the faith—whose number amounts to from 430 to 440, I venture to address a cry of distress to the magnanimity and grace of your Majesty, in your high character of Defender of the Gospel.* With my whole soul I desired to have advanced this prayer personally and orally, though I am content, too, if it be permitted to me to do so only in writing. After the lapse of an hundred years, another act of persecution and banishment is perpetrated in our Fatherland. Not for any crimes that we have committed, nor for any misdemeanors of ours, but because of our religion, we are compelled to forsake the land of our home, as the annexed certificate from the Landgericht Zell, dated the 11th of this month, will show. It is true we have the alternative of translocation into another Austrian province, or emigration; but, in order to spare ourselves and our children all further vexation, we prefer the latter. Once before, Prussia granted our forefathers an asylum in their time of need—we, too, put all our trust in God and the good King of Prussia. We shall find help and not be confounded.

‘We therefore most humbly petition your Majesty for a condescending reception into your states, and kind assistance on the occasion of our settlement. We pray your Majesty to receive us paternally, that we may be able to live according to the Faith. Our Faith is built entirely upon the doctrine of Holy Scripture and the principles of the Augsburg Confession. We have read both with diligence, and have arrived at a full knowledge of the difference between the Divine Word and human addition. From this Faith we neither can nor will ever depart; for its sake we leave house and land, for its sake our native country. May your Majesty graciously permit us to remain together in one congregation—that will increase our mutual help and comfort. May your Majesty most graciously place us in a district whose circumstances have some resemblance to those of our own Alpine land. Our employments have been agriculture and the breeding of cattle. Two-thirds of us have property—one-third live by day-labour—only eighteen have trades, of whom thirteen are weavers. May it please your Majesty to give us a pastor faithful to his Lord, and a zealous schoolmaster; though at first we shall most probably not be able to contribute much towards their support. The journey will be expensive, and we do not know how much we shall bring to our new home, and we and our children have been for a long time deprived of the consolations of religion, and the benefit of school-instruction. If want, should anywhere make its appearance amongst us, especially amongst the labourers, and those who are better off be not able to give sufficient relief, inasmuch as here they have to begin life over again, may it please your Majesty to be a father to us all. May it especially please your Majesty to intercede that the allotted term of four months, from May 11th to September 11th, may be prolonged until next spring. The sale of our farms, which has already begun, but which cannot be ended in so short a time without loss—the approach of winter—the infirmity of the old people and the children—make this prolongation of the term highly desirable. May God repay to your Majesty any good that your Majesty does to us. Faithful, honest, and thankful, will we remain in Prussia, and not put off the good features in our Tyrolese nature. We shall only increase the number of your Majesty’s brave subjects, and stand forth in history as an abiding monument, that misfortune, when it dwells near compassion, ceases to be misfortune, and that the Gospel, whenever it is obliged to fly from the Papacy, finds protection near the magnanimous King of Prussia.

† Schutzherr.

'The Tyrolese of the Zillertal, by their spokesman,

'JOHANN FLEIDL, from Zillertal.'
'Berlin, May 27th, 1837.'

This letter speaks for itself: there is an heartiness and openness about it which convince the reader at once of the truth of its statements: there is a tone of independence which spurns the idea of appearing as a beggar, and at the same time an honest avowal of the real circumstances of the exiles. Two-thirds of them had by honest industry acquired property: they did not, therefore, issue forth as a horde of needy adventurers. Their renunciation of Popery was not a profitable speculation, but a measure involving certain loss for the present, and the risk of temporal ruin for the future. Some amongst them were poor, and might perhaps require the assistance of Christian charity; and this they present to the consideration of the Prussian monarch. It is needless to say that this petition met with the attention which it deserved. Whilst Fleidl was urging his suite at Berlin, Dr. Strauss was successfully advocating the cause at Vienna. The Austrian ministers, ashamed at the presence of a foreign Protestant, consented to everything that was proposed, and tried too late to wipe off from their religion the foul stigma of persecution, and from their statesmanship that of tyrannous oppression. Their mock repentance had, however, come too late. The history of eight years' perfidy and injustice was not to be effaced by a few words of tardy compliment, nor the deliberate cruelty of their policy to be atoned for by a short-lived and compulsory civility.

The Zillertalers were delighted with the actual results, and set themselves vigorously to make preparations for their journey. The Prussian government behaved towards them with great consideration as well as good faith. Dr. Strauss met deputies from Zillertal at Kreuth, and communicated to them the ecclesiastical relations of Prussia; and a counsellor of state was commissioned to explain the civil duties to which they would, by settling in that kingdom, become liable. They were perfectly satisfied: the manner in which they had been trained had delivered them from all sectarian particularism, and led them to lay hold of the realities of the Protestant faith. Their religion taught them to submit to every ordinance of the civil magistrate: they therefore began with alacrity to build the carts and waggons for the journey, and to dispose of their houses, lands, and other effects: they soon found purchasers, and, contrary to expectation, were successful in disposing of them on favourable terms. It has been reported that the buyers were obliged to swear that they would never 'turn to the Bible'—but this is not true. The husbands, wives, children, relations, however, who wished to remain behind in their native land, were compelled to swear 'That they would never know anything more of the emigrants'—a fact which shows that the Popery of the present day is just the same as it was an hundred years ago, when it imposed a similar oath upon the Salzburg exiles, and that it is at all times devoid, not only of mercy, but of the common feelings of humanity. It is, however, but fair to add, that the Austrian government did not require the payment of the emigration-tax, and even furnished the poorest of the exiles with the pecuniary means of pursuing their journey.

Fourteen days before the expiration of the appointed term, the wanderers were ready, and the first division commenced their pilgrimage. The farewell to their homes and their friends was rendered still more trying by the last words of those who had been their enemies and persecutors. The bigots among the peasants now relented, and met them with every expression of regret; protested that they had no idea that their conduct would have led

to a result so serious and so sad, and besought them to change their mind; urged upon them that their exile would bring disgrace upon the Tyrolese name, and made them tempting offers of temporal advantage if they would remain in 'the Church.' One poor family, with seven children, had their effects packed upon a small cart or truck, ready for departure the following morning, when a rich relation came and offered the father a handsome freehold farm, if he would adhere to Romanism. 'I am not going to sell my religion,' was the calm reply. Even the priests did something to direct public attention to the exiles, though it must be acknowledged they did it in their own way. On the boundaries of the valley of Kutzen, one took for the subject of his sermon 'The judgment of God upon the Lutherans;' in the course of which he showed the hardship of allowing them to carry away the sum of 200,000 imperial florins: 'But, my devout hearers,' said he, 'they will spend a great deal of it on the road, and soon get rid of the remainder. Prussia is a poor land, the necessities of life are all dear there, and even mouse-flesh is sold for money.' This sermon shows, however, that the impression on their Romanist neighbours was not that want had compelled them to emigrate. The fact is, they brought into Prussia 50,000 reichs dollars, and about as much more remained due to them in their native valley.

According to the wish of the Austrian government, they took the route through the Imperial States, Salzburg, the Archduchy, Moravia, Bohemia—and in several divisions. The first, consisting of 150 souls, passed through Linz on the 7th September. As soon as the Protestant congregation at Rutzenmoos heard that a second division was to follow, they sent deputies to them as far as Bocklabrug to invite them to partake of their hospitality, and to attend the divine service on September 8th, the festival of the nativity of the Virgin Mary. Here the majority, for the first time entered a Protestant church. The pastor, Trautberger, preached upon the 23d Psalm; immediately after, the commissary of the march summoned them to proceed on their journey. This division was more numerous than the first, and amounted to 200 souls. To every two or three families belonged a common waggon drawn by horses. Many of the poor dragged along a small two-wheeled covered cart, containing their effects and their children. Amongst these was Johann Fleidl, upon whose cart sat his mother and four little children. On the Saturday they arrived in Sharten, the residence of a Lutheran Superintendent, where the inhabitants received them into their houses, but where they had to encounter the first manifestation of Popish unfriendliness. Even a priest participated in the guilt of this unkindness, and said, 'You are going to the place to which you properly belong, the desolate Riesengebirg: very few of you, however, will get so far; most will perish on the road through Bohemia.' 'That does not alarm us,' answered an artisan; 'if we live, we live to the Lord, if we die, we die unto the Lord.' A third and a fourth division speedily followed, and, passing through evil report and good report, kindness and unkindness, they came at last, at Michelsdorf, to the borders of that good land which the providence of God had opened to them, and which, if it did not flow with milk and honey, promised them the free enjoyment of that Word which to the Psalmist was 'sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.' The pastor, followed by a large portion of his flock, went forth to welcome them, and to say, "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord." It was a touching sight—at the head of the train advanced the fathers and mothers, tall and well-proportioned figures, wearing the well-known Tyrolese hat, and clothed in the costume of their country. It was easy to perceive

that the clothes had all been newly provided for the journey. Saturday the 23rd, at noon, came the second division, weary and wet from the heavy rain which had continued for several days; on the 30th, the third: and a few days after, the last and the smallest train. Schmiedeberg was to have been their first halting-place and temporary home, until the intended settlement could be prepared for their reception; and here, on the 8th day of October, they observed a day of public thanksgiving to God for their safe arrival. The Tyrolese assembled on the great open Place before the church, at the doors of which stood the clergy to receive them. The hymn was sung—

‘When Christ his Church defends,
All hell may rage and riot.’

The church-doors were opened and the clergy led in the people, whilst another hymn was sung—

‘Up, Christians, ye who trust in God,
Nor let man’s threats affrighten.’

The Exiles occupied the seats on the right and left, immediately before the altar. The service began with the hymn—

‘In God my friend I put my trust,’

Then followed an address from the altar, and all concluded with the hymn—

‘Now thank God, one and all.’

The church could hardly hold the crowds that streamed from all sides to take part in the solemnity. A few days after this, all the heads of families, as well as unmarried individuals, were summoned to the town-house, where they were presented with Bibles. The government at once made provision both for the schooling of the children and the instruction of the adults. A school-master from the Royal Seminary, in Buntzlau, was immediately appointed to the charge. From the hours of eight to twelve more than eighty Tyrolese children receive daily instruction, and from two to five, ninety adults. The instruction is stated to be in reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and Bible history. From four to five, more than twenty old people, at their own request, are taught to read, that they may be able to read the Bible themselves.

On the 13th day of October, being the birth-day of their illustrious benefactress, the Princess Marianne of Prussia, the school was consecrated and the school-master inducted; after which, the President of the province, Dr. von Merkel, addressed a few words to the children, and, on their dismissal, to the adults, saluting them as the new subjects of his monarch. A more remarkable proof of the kindness and firmness of the King could not have been afforded, than the appearance of Dr. von Merkel on such an occasion—for this functionary had long been known as the implacable opposer of orthodox Christianity, and the especial enemy of the Augsburg confession of faith:—as one who, if his power had been equal to his will, would not have yielded the persecutor’s palm to any Austrian Papist. The royal determination to protect these poor Lutheran confessors now compelled him to appear as their friend: and the fact furnishes a remarkable contrast to the conduct of the Emperor. The Austrian sovereign promised them every thing, granted them nothing. His humanity led him to pity them—his justice inclined him to secure to them the rights guaranteed by the laws of his country; but his religion was adverse to humanity and justice, and obtained the victory over his veracity. In the one case the piety of the monarch triumphed over

the hostility of the local government—in the other, the intrigues of Popish zealots overruled the natural feelings of Imperial humanity. The people of Schmiedeberg, however, partook heartily of the feelings of their sovereign, gave the Zillerdalers a cordial welcome, and were zealous in every little act of kindness which the necessities of their guests required. The Dowager Countess von Reden was particularly active in attending to the more destitute. Their spiritual necessities, meanwhile, were provided for by the clergy of Schmiedeberg and the neighbouring parishes. The first care was to prepare them for their reception into the Protestant Church of Prussia. For this purpose they were instructed three or four times a week, from their arrival to the 12th of November, when 197 adults were publicly admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. Their confession of faith was previously read by Johann Fleidl, after which, the Prince William, brother to His Majesty, preceded the men, and the Princess William the women, of Zillertal to the altar.

Soon after their arrival, nine members of the congregation went to their eternal rest. The cholera, which prevailed in the town at the time, carried off five; but even these had calmness in their last moments, and expressed humble thankfulness to God, who had permitted them to reach a land where they could be strengthened for their long journey by the body and blood of Christ, and look forward to a Christian sepulture for their remains. To attain this object was the only purpose for which some had left their native valley. Ignatius Hasser, an old man, and for three years previously crippled by paralysis, came with his will ready-made in his pocket. A feeble matron, who had passed her 81st year, continually urged her children during the journey, to make haste, lest she should die in the land of persecution and inhospitality. The prayers of both were heard, and within a few days after the close of their toilsome march, both were permitted to close their eyes in peace. One of the women gave birth to a child within an hour of the arrival. The family of the Count von Schulenberg hospitably received her into their mansion, and the noble host subsequently presented the child as sponsor at the font, where she received the name of Frederica Wilhelmina. Some marriages also soon followed. During the winter they were taken care of in Schmiedeberg, and in summer entered upon their new possessions in the domains of Erdmannsdorf, where each obtained a house and farm suitable to his means and his former position in the Tyrol. The colony itself has received the name of their old home, Zillertal. Reports have we know, been circulated, that the exiles are discontented, and already wish to emigrate again: but nothing could be more untrue. Those of the labouring class who were accustomed to leave the Tyrol annually in search of employment continue their periodic migrations, and are readily furnished by the Prussian government with passports for the purpose. The great majority, whom no such necessity compels, remain stationary:—all are happy, and thankful for the kindness with which they have been received, and the liberty of conscience which they enjoy.

Such is the simple narrative of this Austrian oppression, and of the happy deliverance of its victims. Prudence forbade the fires and massacres, the dragnades and confiscations of former centuries; but the denial of justice, the withholding of the religious liberty guaranteed by the law, the refusal of Christian burial, and the most barbarous and unnatural prohibition to enter into the marriage state, concluded at last by an expulsion from house and home, can be designated by no milder terms than that of persecution. When Protestants speak of the flames of

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Smithfield, or the horrors of St. Bartholomew's night, they are told that these things are not to be imputed to the religion of Rome, but to the barbarism of the age. They then point to the unprincipled perfidy which suggested, and the wanton cruelty which accompanied the revocation of the edict of Nantes; but again the times are made to bear the blame. The Saltzburg persecution, conducted by a Romish archbishop, rises up in the Protestant mind as proof that in the eighteenth century the practice of Popery was still the same; but it is once more replied that the true principles of civilization and toleration were not understood till within the last forty years. The history of the Zillertal exiles next comes to testify that even in the present age of supposed illumination the system of Rome remains unchanged—as intolerant, as tyrannical, as faithless, as it was in the darkest of the ages that have passed away.

Who that knows anything of the kind and amiable dispositions of the late or present Emperor of Austria would believe that any power on earth could have transformed them into the relentless oppressors of their loyal subjects, or induce them to break a distinct promise, and deliberately to violate the express articles of the most solemn treaties? It is beyond all doubt that no temporal power could have moved them to measures so repugnant to their nature and their honour; but Popery has blinded them to the perception of right and wrong, and made them insensible even to shame. There can be neither doubt nor mistake about the matter. The treaty of Westphalia, the Toleration-Edicts of Joseph II., and the Act of the Germanic Confederation, bound the Emperors of Austria to secure liberty of conscience to their subjects; and by their persecution of the Zillertalers these solemn international engagements have all been violated; a fact not very creditable to the house of Hapsburg, but momentarily instructive to Protestant nations and churches. They may learn that all Popish professions of liberality, or concern for liberty of conscience, are hypocritical; that if there be such a thing as religious liberty in the world, it is because God in his goodness has turned the scale of power and might in favour of Protestantism; and that if ever by our folly, or as a punishment for our sins, the Papists should become the strongest, that moment Europe will cease to breathe the free air of Christian freedom. Wherever Popery now possesses the power, liberty of conscience is unknown. The Pope suffers it not in his own dominions. He has of late compelled the benevolent King of Sardinia to abrogate almost all the old privileges of the Waldenses.* Bavaria returns to intolerance, and compels her Protestant soldiers to pay homage to the wafer. Austria contracts the little measure of freedom which her statutes had provided, and forcibly drives Protestantism out of the Tyrol. Popery is still the same in her dispositions, her aim, and her means, and therefore Protestant nations must still entertain the same distrust and exercise the same vigilance that they did two centuries ago. There can be no peace with Rome—nor any

security for liberty of conscience—except in the continued existence of European Protestant ascendancy. It is a sad fact, of which this history reminds us, namely, that neither sovereigns nor churchmen of the Roman school can be bound by treaties or oaths; that fear is the only motive, and force the only argument, that can induce them to maintain a semblance of mercy and veracity. Thankful we may be that, by the fundamental law of the land, this system of cruelty and fraud is for ever excluded from the British throne.

It may, however, be a question whether the members of the Church of England can contemplate with sympathy this secession of the Zillertalians from the Church of Rome, and their incorporation into the non-episcopal Church of Prussia. The conduct of our church in days past would certainly teach us to reply in the affirmative. Not now to refer to the early times of the Reformation, and to the support which the English Church and nation then uniformly accorded to continental protestants, we find a parallel case in the history of the Saltzburgers. When popish violence and faithlessness drove 30,000 of them from their properties and their homes, the Church of England did not look on in indifference. The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with the archbishops and bishops of our church at its head, immediately came forward to help and to comfort the poor exiles, and, where it was necessary, to provide them with a home and a temple. Their conduct and feelings are best described in the words of their own published report:—

‘In the beginning of the year 1732, the Society, when they heard the melancholy account of the sufferings of the Protestants in Saltzburg (having first obtained his Majesty’s leave) resolved upon doing all that lay in their power to raise collections for their persecuted brethren. To this end, in June the same year, they published *An Account of the Sufferings of the persecuted Protestants in the Archbishopric of Saltzburg*, and afterwards published a further account in 1733. These accounts being enforced by the generous example of many noble and honourable persons, as also by liberal contributions and earnest exhortations from the right reverend the bishops and their clergy, had, through God’s blessing, so good an effect, that the Society (besides making many large remittances to Germany) have been enabled to send over to the English colony in Georgia in the years 1733, 1734, and 1735, three transports, consisting of more than one hundred and fifty Protestant emigrants, who, with two missionaries and a schoolmaster, are settled by themselves at Ebenezer.*

Our church hailed these poor emigrants as brethren, and though doubtless such men as Wake, Gibson, and Potter, duly appreciated the apostolical institution of episcopacy, they did not deny the right hand of

* An Account of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Lond. 1740, p. 7. See also a most interesting little publication entitled ‘An extract of the Journals of Mr. Commissary von Reck, who conducted the first Transport of Saltzburgers to Georgia; and of the Rev. Mr. Bolzius, one of their Ministers, giving an Account of their Voyage and happy Settlement in that Province. Published by Direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1734.’

* The recent history of the Waldenses is deserving of a separate article—and we purpose to treat of it in an early Number.

fellowship to those whose hard alternative it was to choose between defective ecclesiastical government with purity of doctrine, and episcopacy with superstition and idolatry. It is foul and wicked slander which charges the assertors of apostolical succession and the divine right of bishops with a leaning to Popery or a disinclination to Protestantism. Perception of the sinfulness of schism does not necessarily imply a love of idolatry—neither does a desire to retain the venerable appellation of *Catholic* compel us to renounce the equally sacred name of *Protestant*. It is possible to consider want of episcopacy as a defect of constitution deeply to be lamented, and wilful rejection of episcopal authority as schismatical; and yet to believe that neither is so bad as the accumulated guilt of schism, heresy and idolatry, with which our church and our best churchmen have charged the system of Rome.* A higher churchman than the great Archbishop Laud can hardly be named, and yet he was not ashamed to defend the name of Protestant, or to protest against the Popish calumny which represents Protestantism as a bare negation.

'The Protestants,' says he to Fisher, 'did not get that name by protesting against the Church of Rome, but by protesting—(and that when nothing else would serve)—against her errors and superstitions. Do you but remove them from the Church of Rome, and our protestation is ended, and the separation too. Nor is protestation itself such an un-heard-of thing in the very heart of religion. For the sacraments both of the Old and New Testament are called by your own school *Visible signs protesting the faith*. Now if the sacraments be *protestantia*, signs protesting, why may not men also, and without all offence, be called *Protestants*, since by receiving the true sacraments, and by refusing them which are corrupted, they do but protest the sincerity of their faith against that doctrinal corruption which hath invaded the great sacrament of the Eucharist and other parts of religion? Especially, since they are men which must protest their faith by these visible signs and sacraments.'—*Conference*, edit. 1639, p. 135.

And again, he says—

'A mere calumny it is, that we profess only a negative religion. True it is, and we must thank Rome for it, our confession must needs contain some negatives. For we cannot but deny that *images are to be adored*. Nor can we admit *maimed sacraments*. Nor grant *prayers in an unknown tongue*. And, in a corrupt time and place, it is as necessary in religion to *deny falsehood* as to assert and vindicate the truth. Indeed this latter can hardly be well and sufficiently done but by the former: an affirmative verity being ever included in the negative to a falsehood.'—*Ibid.* p. 155.

The Zillerdalers found their lot cast 'in a corrupt time and place,' and were therefore compelled to deny falsehood. Indeed they were members of a church, in which, as the same great prelate teaches, it was not possible to continue without peril of damnation:—

* 'He who forsakes the English Church for fear of schism, to join in a stricter communion with Rome, plungeth himself into greater and more real dangers, both of schisme, and idolatry, and heresie.'—Archbishop Bramhall's Works, Vol. I., Discourse iii., p. 152.

'He that lives in the Roman Church is presumed to believe as the church believes; and he that doth so, I will not say is as guilty, but guilty he is, more or less, of the schism which that Church first caused by her corruptions, and now continues by them and her power together; and of all her damnable opinions too, in point of misbelief . . . and of all other sins also, which the doctrine and misbelief of that Church leads him into.'—*Ibid.* p. 296.

'There is a great peril of damnation for any man to live and die in the Roman persuasion; and you are not able to produce any one Protestant that ever said the contrary; and therefore is a most notorious slander, where you say, that they which affirm this peril of damnation are contradicted by their own more learned brethren.'—*Ibid.* p. 302.

On Laud's principles, therefore, the separation of the Zillerdalers was not only justifiable but necessary. Their misfortune it is that they cannot at the same time enjoy freedom from idolatry, and a perfect ecclesiastical constitution: but no member of the Church of England can doubt, that the Church which they have joined, whatever its imperfections, is better calculated for the edification of Christian men, and more pleasing in the sight of God, than the Church which they have left. It puts the word of God into the hands of its children—conducts his worship in a language which they understand—teaches them the creeds received in the Church Universal—and instructs them in the necessity of keeping faith and practising mercy even towards heretics. Indeed, what can be more repugnant to Christianity, or more displeasing in the sight of God, than the peculiarities of Romanism, a system of which the main features, as professed in its authorized standards and exemplified in its history, are perfidy, perjury, persecution, murder, treason, schism, heresy, and idolatry? For blots like these, no canonicity of orders can atone in the eyes of Him who says 'I will have mercy, not sacrifice.'

At the same time every Anglican Protestant must heartily deplore the existence of any imperfection in any of the Churches of the Reformation, and earnestly desire the restoration of all to apostolical order and uniformity. There is now no hope of any amendment in the Church of Rome, nor any possibility of reunion. At the time of the Reformation, the continental Bishops, with few exceptions, declared for Roman error; and yet, as long as a hope remained that they might repent, or that a general Council might correct abuses, it would have been wrong to erect new sees and appoint rival Bishops. The only *Catholic* course which the Reformed could have taken at the time, was the appointment of an interimistic administration. The wars which followed, the impotence and unrelenting hatred of the Papal Church, and the continued turmoil of European politics, have all contributed to the perpetuation of a form of administration which, as arising out of the circumstances of the time, could not have been intended to be unchangeable. It is time therefore for the Protestants of Germany to think of ecclesiastical arrangements more agreeable to the model of Christian antiquity, more calculated to procure an universal acknowledgment of the validity of their orders—more suitable to secure communion with the Church Catholic throughout the world—and more likely to preserve the blessings of the Reformation. There can

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FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain. By William H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.

be no doubt about the fact that the want of Episcopacy is the weak point of German Protestantism. It induces some Protestants to go over to the Church of Rome—it deters many Romanists from embracing Protestantism—and it prevents the pastors of the reformed faith from rising to that station which the Ministers of Christ ought ever to hold in a Christian nation. It is true that the Apostles, with one exception, were unlearned men, and occupied but a low rank in the world's estimation of dignity; but German Protestants do not contend for an unlearned Ministry:—they acknowledge the power of learning—they must also appreciate the influence of station. All things can be sanctified and made useful in the great cause of truth. Protestantism has not fair play in Germany. Even in Protestant countries and under the sway of pious Kings, the Ministers of an idolatrous system, the Popish Bishops, take precedence of the highest functionary of the Protestant Church. What is this but to put a premium upon error, and to disparage and discountenance truth? The compliment is received and regarded by Romanists as an involuntary acknowledgment of the invalidity of Protestant orders and the inferiority of the Protestant religion. Public homage is rendered to the sacredness and dignity of the episcopal office, and thus an immense momentum of influence given to Popery and turned against Protestantism: the consequence is, that but few Germans of rank or wealth devote themselves to the work of the Protestant Ministry, and that the order itself is rather patronised than respected by the higher classes of society. This may be of little consequence to the devoted Minister who looks beyond this world for his reward, but it is of vast importance to the cause of Protestantism and the best interests of society. Christianity can never flourish where a large and influential class think themselves too good for the Christian Ministry.

These evils, which can be remedied only by a legitimate episcopacy, are well deserving the attention of the Protestant sovereigns and divines of Germany. Protestant bishops holding their proper position in the Christian commonwealth will have a considerable influence in teaching the popish prelates to know their place—secure Protestant monarchs from those outbreaks of popish hierarchical insolence with which they are now troubled, and persuade the popish multitude that Protestants really have a church. A Protestant episcopacy would prove the great bulwark against the assaults of popery in Germany, as it does in England, and, above all, take away even the appearance of the evil of schism. Indeed it is most devoutly to be wished, if not hoped, that *all* the daughters of the Lutheran and Calvinist reformation may soon perceive that the corruptions of Rome, and the hard circumstances of the times, deprived the reformers of the benefits of an Apostolic institution, and be persuaded of the desirableness of restoring that form of government which prevailed in primitive times, and the want of which prevents communion with the largest portion of Christendom.

In the southern aisle of the cathedral of Granada a sombre Gothic facade attracts the eye, amid that glaring pile of white-washed Corinthian architecture. The pomp and circumstance of heraldic emblazonry, mingled with emblems of devotion and humility, appropriately announce the portal to the sepulchral chapel of 'los Reyes Catolicos,' the Catholic Sovereigns, as Ferdinand and Isabella are always entitled by the historians of Spain.* The interior is in perfect character; an impressive silence reigns in this dimly lighted chamber of the dead, and accords with that tender and religious feeling which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires. On each side of the high altar kneel the effigies of the king and queen, 'armed at all points exactly *cap a pie*,' while the absorbing principles of their policy, for which they lived and died—the expulsion of the Moor, and the conversion of the Infidel—are depicted behind them in coloured basso-relievs of singular antiquarian interest.† In the middle of the chapel are placed their tombs, and those of their immediate successors. These are composed of a delicate alabaster, wrought at Genoa with the richest cinque-cento sculpture. Ferdinand and Isabella, clad in simple costume, slumber, 'life's fitful fever o'er,' side by side, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union;—contrasting—the ruling passion strong in death—with the averted countenances of Joanna, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome and worthless husband; while below, in a plain vault, alike shrunk into rude iron-girt coffins, the earthy remains of prudence, valour, and piety moulder with those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long by-gone days, connect the spectator with the busy period, which, heightened by the present decay of Spain, appears in 'the dark backward and abyss of time' to be rather some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of history. Every thing at Granada, art and nature alike, the lonely Alhambra, the battle-field of the Vega below, the snowy Sierra towering above, more lofty and enduring than the pyramids, form common and the best monuments of the conquerors of the Moors, the true founders of the compact monarchy of Spain. These master-minds felt their real strength: it was then, in the words of an eye-witness, 'that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes;' that her flag was first unfurled in Italy and Africa to the wonder and terror of Europe; that a new world, boundless, richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap,—discovered at the very moment when the old

* Mr. Prescott calls them simply 'the Catholic,' 'because, if translated *literally*, it would have a *whimsical* appearance' (ii. 378.) Why! if *king* be not an *epicene* noun—*sovereign* is.

† Mr. Owen Jones brought home casts of these basso-relievs, which he has had engraved for his splendid work on the Alhambra. Mr. Roberts has introduced into his Spanish sketches the portal and tombs, Nos. 1 and 16.

Italian view: their leading principle of hatred and 'cacciare i Barbari d'Italia' induced them to touch on Spanish transactions rather as episodes than as subjects of themselves: while the Germans, who now justly take the lead in learning and research, had then no literature at all. The first of our own authors wrote under the greatest disadvantages. The suspicious policy of Philip II. against the foes to his faith and commerce, long prevailed among a people where, from non-intercourse with the world, prejudices have a tendency to become inveterate. So many obstacles to a right understanding were thrown in the way, that the distant and obscure periods preceding Charles V. were either abandoned to the poet, theatre, or tale, as events which hovered midway between truth and fiction, or were treated with the contempt of a *morgue littéraire*, as the rude polity of savage times, superseded by modern improvements, or as silly chronicles written when few wrote and fewer read. Even in our days, Roderick the last of the Goths, and the Cid, have been consigned to couplets; Granada and Gonzalo de Cordova have been bedewed with liquid odours under the Mantalini treatment of Florians, Chateaubriands, and the like. We protest against the romances to which the epithet historical has been misappended, especially in these days, when the ancient landmarks are removed, when we are called upon in our age to forget all we were taught to remember in our youth, when every blossom of the classics is pruned away by cold-blooded criticism: these pseudo-histories perplex the young student, who, unable to ascertain where romance ends and truth begins, is driven in despair into a literary scepticism. Subjects once monopolized by poets and novelists are with difficulty reclaimed by sober history; where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but grass will never grow.

A new and better order of things is announced by the work now before us, which we hail as a valuable accession to the common literature of England and the United States, that indelible bond of union. The colonies of Tyre, when separated from her, kept up a connexion by their worship of a common tutelary deity. America will always cling to her common worship of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, that glorious company of poets, philosophers, and historians, into whose communion it must be her highest ambition to be admitted. America must glory in such predecessors; all her hereditary yearnings turn, true as the needle to the pole, by the very condition of her relative position, which no charters of equality can repeal. England must always be the Eden from whence her fathers came forth. England is the holy soil where the bones of her ancestors repose. It is our 'impresmat' which alone stamps value on her authors, and we their arbiters rejoice like parents that our descendants should prove worthy of their sires, and of their birthright of freedom. We look with pride on the contrast presented by Spanish and English America:—the one a Frankenstein abortion of avarice; cruelty, and superstition; ignorant, poverty-stricken, turning its suicidal hand upon itself: the other, rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, giving birth to works which would do honour to the matured literature of England. Washington Irving and Prescott have repaid the debt long due to Columbus, to whose memory ungrateful Spain has never erected one poor pillar. That biography and

this history of Isabella, who has justly been called the mother of America (for she was the patroness of the discoverer, and a true friend to the aboriginal natives), issue with peculiar grace from the pens of Americans. Mr. Prescott, coming the last in the field, has many advantages over his predecessors.—The archives of Simanacas and the South American documents of Seville, were denied to Robertson by the jealousy of the Spanish government, who knew their dark deeds could not stand the light. Simanacas, even yet, has been imperfectly explored, and the mass of information which still lurks therein can only be compared to the unknown treasures which may lie concealed in the 'Aljamia' manuscripts of the Moriscos, or the Palimpsests of the middle ages. Already, however, the mysteries of the gloomy Escorial, and of the gloomier Inquisition, stand revealed in naked deformity.

We, in England, are too incurious, and perhaps too overwhelmed with our own unread tomes—'which come like shadows, so depart'—to be quite aware of the steadily-extending literature of our Transatlantic brethren. When we reflect on the character of their population, on the pressing demands for practical labour on every body and in every condition of life, they have done much and well. Nations, like individuals, must be placed beyond the depressing anxiety of want or danger, before they wander into the ungainful paths of speculative inquiry. The ages of Horace, Racine, Addison, came late in the existence of the empires of Rome, France, Great Britain. The untoward circumstances under which this work was composed are modestly mentioned in the Preface. Soon after the author commenced, in 1826, he was deprived of the use of his eyes for all purposes of writing and even reading, he was driven to depend on a reader unacquainted with Spanish, and thus worked his way through a mass of authorities, until he was enabled, by the unexpected recovery of his sight, to put the finishing touch to a ten years labour of unexampled difficulties and perseverance. It argued no common strength of mind to continue an undertaking, apparently so hopeless to a blind man; one requiring the mechanical office of the eye for references and collations.* Invention, wit, imagination, creative powers are at best but secondary merits in the judge and historian. A poet may be blind and fanciful by prescription.

Mr. Prescott, in the mechanical arrangement of his work, has not confined himself to a strict chronological narrative: he frequently breaks the chain of events to present a whole view of particular features. His chapters are concluded with critical remarks on the degrees of merit and credibility to which the authors whom he has quoted are entitled. His text is illustrated with copious notes, too copious indeed, for it often becomes a mere peg whereon they are hung.—

* Mr. Prescott was furnished from Madrid with copies of rare manuscripts and, writing in Boston, had access to the excellent Spanish library of Mr. Ticknor, long a resident in Spain, now professor at Harvard University. We have heard that this accomplished scholar is occupied with a work on Spanish literature, which we hope will add another star to his country's flag, and supersede the undigested erudition of Andres, the loose apologies of Lampillas, and the imperfect sketches of Bouterweck and Sismondi.

We prefer notwithstanding this abuse, the modern system, adopted by Robertson and Gibbon, and sanctioned by the Germans, to the continuous unbroken text of classical composition. Notes are a side-path to history, a vehicle of collateral information, albeit Adam Smith contended that they distract attention, and indicate unskilfulness in composition. The difference between the ancient and modern system is, after all, a question between the ear and the eye. The world now reads for itself, instead of being lectured and read to, except in the pleasing exception of sermons.

Mr. Prescott is a young and inexperienced author—from whose now fledged pen we anticipate works of increased and increasing excellence.* Dolts may be dismissed with the *peine forte et dure* of silence: but the gentle castigation which we are about to bestow on our beloved pupil, will without doubt be gratefully received by him as an especial mark of our favour.—We have read, and carefully re-read his book, which is something; and we honestly confess that we were better pleased with the first, than with the last perusal. We were hurried on by the absorbing interest of the subject, by the extent of curious information, by the general correctness of historical details, collected from voluminous, contradictory, and ill-arranged materials; we sympathised with the author, whose heart and soul are in his task; we admired his love for liberty, his fellow-feeling for suffering humanity, his abhorrence of all that is slavish, cruel, and mean, his modest, unassuming tone. Our attention was arrested to the substance of the text rather than to its style or the notes—to generals rather than particulars; and indeed this very effect is an evidence of the talent with which the author has handled a well-chosen and magnificent subject. We returned, however, to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies—to digest these literary delicacies with that sobriety which succeeds both to gastronomic and intellectual over-indulgences. Many of his notes, into which we then looked more closely, are extremely unsatisfactory. Of the accuracy of his quotations and references we cannot speak too highly; they stamp a guarantee on his narrative; they enable us to give a reason for our faith; they furnish means of questioning and correcting the author himself; they enable readers to follow up any particular subject suited to their own idiosyncrasy,—for selections indicate rather the genius of the selector, than that of the work from which he draws. This research and fidelity appear to be the marked features of Mr. Prescott's talent, which is synthetical, not analytical. He can collect facts, arrange details, and present a faithful and agreeable picture of the shell and husk of history. He is less successful in his attempts to unravel the web, to separate causes from effects, to distinguish motives from pretexts—in a word, to catch a fixed definite insight into the spirit of the fifteenth century. He cannot abstract himself from America and 1838; he cannot pass his soul into the bosoms of the actors of his history, nor judge of their merits and demerits as they did those of their friends or foes. He consequently is often inconsistent, illogical, and self-

contradictory, from a want of some settled standard; his pleasing work, lacking one dominant motive, too often resembles a melodious, but inartificial sonata; ever and anon we find him condemning as a vice what, when masked under another fashion, he has commended as a virtue. He will find, when he has got the key to the writing on the hearts of men, that the meaning is ever the same however the character or idiom may differ.

His style is too often sesquipedalian and ornate; the stilted, wordy false taste of Dr. Channing without his depth of thought; the sugar and sack of Washington Irving without the half-penny-worth of bread, without his grace and polish of pure grammatical careful Anglicism. We have many suspicions, indeed, from his ordinary quotations, from what he calls in others 'the cheap display of school-boy erudition,' and from sundry lurking sneers, that he has not drank deeply at the Pierian fountains, which taste the purer the higher we track them to their source. These, the only sure foundations of a pure and correct style, are absolutely necessary to our Transatlantic brethren, who are unfortunately deprived of the high standing example of an order of nobility, and of a metropolis, where local peculiarities evaporate. The elevated tone of the classics is the only corrective for their unhappy democracy. Moral feeling must of necessity be degraded wherever the multitude are the sole dispensers of power and honour. All candidates for the foul-breathed universal suffrage must lower their appeal to base understandings, and base motives. The authors of the United States, independently of the deteriorating influence of their institutions, can of all people the least afford to be negligent. Far severed from the original spring of English undefiled, they always run the risk of sinking into provincialisms, into Patavinity,—both positive, in the use of obsolete words, and the adoption of conventional village significations, which differ from those retained by us,—as well as negative, in the omission of those happy expressions which bear the fire-new stamp of the only authorised mint. Instances occur constantly in these volumes where the word is English, but English returned after many year's transportation. We do not wish to be hypercritical, nor to strain at gnats. If, however, the authors of the United States aspire to be admitted *ad eundem*, they must write the English of the 'old country,' which they will find it is much easier to forget and corrupt, than to improve. We cannot, however, afford space here for a *florilegium Yankynense*. A professor from New York, newly imported into England, and introduced into real good society, of which previously he can only have formed an abstract idea, is no bad illustration of Mr. Prescott's *over-done* text. Like the stranger in question, all is always on the best behaviour, prim, prudish, and stiff-necked, afraid of self-committal, ceremonies, remarkably dignified, supporting the honour of the United States, and monstrously afraid of being laughed at. Some of these travellers at last discover that bows and starch are not even the husk of a gentleman; and so, on re-crossing the Atlantic, their manner becomes like Mr. Prescott's notes; levity is mistaken for ease, an unpertinent familiarity for intimacy, second-rate low-toned 'jocularities' (which make no one laugh but the retailer) for the light, hair-trigger repartee, the brilliancy of high-bred pleasantry. Mr. Prescott

* While these sheets were going through the press we heard with pleasure that Mr. Prescott had undertaken the history of the conquests of Mexico and Peru.

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emulates Dr. Channing in his text, Dr. Dunham* and Mr. Joseph Miller in his notes. Judging from the facetious which, by his commending them as 'good,' have furnished a gauge to measure his capacity for relishing humour, we are convinced that his non-perception of wit is so genuine as to be organic. It is perfectly allowable to rise occasionally from the ludicrous into the serious, but to descend from history to the bathos of balderdash is too bad—*risu inepto nihil ineptius*. Mr. Prescott will, we trust, live to learn that nothing is more difficult or dangerous than wit, causticity, and epigram: nothing requires more tact and temper; it must unite the sharpness with the polish of the lancet. Notes intended to enliven the somewhat unavoidable gravity of history must be neat, and terse: they should run by the side of the narrative like some mountain-streamlet, the cheerful fresh companion which borders the dry highway, where the sparkle of wit, like the sunbeam, may dance lightly on the crisping ripples, gladdening but not overpowering.

Another serious objection which we desire to point out to Mr. Prescott is a tendency to sneer at monarchies, courts, chivalry, and all those nobler institutions, the lack of which (for their only aristocracy, joint-bankstocracy, is at a discount) forms the present weakness, and will eventually decide the problem of democracy now pending, in the United States. We lament that he should indulge in clap-trap diatribes which, at least in the old country, neither pass for novelties nor truths, about royal perfidy, royal dissimulation, royal despotism, 'royal recompense of ingratitude,' &c. &c. &c. (iii. 498.) What the court of Washington may be we know not; but, without affirming that all European courts, just now, are the homes of all the cardinal virtues, we protest against the republican sneer which escapes Mr. Prescott almost as often as he introduces the word. We protest against this implied superiority of the people, and against that *passim* misapplied expression. We ourselves are part of the people, and so, thank God, are the court, the camp, the bar, the mart, the church, the plough, and the shop. The people, in the new-fangled phraseology of physical-strength philosophy, are but one and the lowest of the sections of the community: they are, as Mr. Prescott might at least have read, the most short-sighted, the most ungrateful, with wants more pressing, passions more inflamed, prejudices more inveterate, judgments less enlightened, impulses more monotonous and headstrong, than all the other sections put together; superior only in brute force, the credulous dupes with which cunning men work their way into the palmy places of patriotism.

His sneers at 'court etiquette' (ii. 460) are not only misplaced but ungrounded; it was by upholding this royal state that the Catholic Sovereigns overshadowed and overpowered their rival aristocracy; but he is equally wrong, whenever *chivalry* comes into question. 'The age of chivalry,' said Burke, 'is

gone! That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.'—But we hope this is not quite true, even yet in Europe! Mr. Prescott is mistaken in supposing that *Rico-ombria* arose from wealth, and still more in imagining that a difference of rank existed between the *Rico omes*; there was no graduation of rank among *grandees* (i. 224); the very essence of that dignity consisted in their equality among each other, independently of title, whether duke or count, as well as of date of creation. He has read English history to little purpose if he thinks that knighthood was regarded with more especial honour in Spain than in other countries, or that 'the service to God and the ladies' was ever deemed in other parts of feudal Europe the 'extravagancies of the *trouvère*' (i. 40); or that the gentle passages of arms, 'los pasos honrosos,' were at all peculiar to Spain. In our opinion, much of the generous polish of Spanish chivalry was borrowed from the Moorish court; and certainly the centre of the European system was in the court of Edward III. and of his son the Black Prince, the patron and mirror of knighthood. We differ entirely from Mr. P.'s view of the 'empty decorations, the stars and garters of an order of nobility.' (i. 131.) Such empty decoration, which forgetting the tirade, he in another place most justly calls 'solid' (i. 265,) and in next page 'most grateful,' appeal to that desire which is instinctive in the good—

Διευ ἀριστερευειν και κλειρονον εμμεναι αλλων.

'A peerage or Westminster Abbey,'—'a crown or else a glorious tomb,' breathed life into the weak frame of Nelson. Napoleon's bit of ribbon led legions to seek 'the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth.' Mr. Prescott, who reads Virgil, will never find that the laurel wreath of the Olympic victors was gathered from the golden stock which bribed the calculating notions of Charon. What is the morbid greediness with which any nominal rank is coveted by all classes of United States, but the artificial substitute for the want of a higher order,—a craving to repeal their absurd theories of equality, which are contrary to the laws of society and experience? Mr. Prescott mentions, in a note, that the 'sentimental Bourgoins found it necessary to apologise to his republican brethren for noticing such important trifles' as Spanish genealogy; and with similar sentiment, he introduces in another note an extract from the 'lively Slidell,' which, by so doing, he adopts: 'the effigy of Ferdinand the Catholic at Madrid seems snugly seated on his war-horse, with a pair of red velvet breeches!' Our rooster sense of propriety is shocked at this inexpressible word. These pleasantries come with a bad grace from the son, as we learn from a full-length dedication, of 'the Honour-

* Dr. Dunham does history for Dr. Dionysius Lardner. His 'Spain and Portugal,' Cab. Cycl., is a delectable specimen of modesty, knowledge, and good taste. Mr. Prescott (who cannot be consistent) lauds the said compilation in his preface, and seldom fails, in his work, to give the Doctor his due quietus. See vol. iii. pp. 283, 285, 342.

* The only ladies in the United States are the omnibuses—or rather, as Joseph Hume called them in his Bill, the *omnibi*. These, it seems, are all *Lady Washingtons*, *Lady Jacksons*, &c. &c. We hope our author's popularity is already indicated by the existence of a *Lady Prescott*.

able William Prescott, LL. D.* We really are ignorant of the exact value of this titular *pot pourri*, in a *soi-disant* land of equality, of these noble and academic plumes borrowed from the wing of a professedly despised monarchy. We calculate, as all is not gold that glitters, that plush is not velvet although it be red.

In our more pleasing duty of pointing out excellencies, we shall select—for the work must be read itself—only those points and characters which present the peculiar interest of parallels afforded in our own history.

The opening sections discuss the rise and nature of the Castilian and Arragonese constitutions; and here very many deficiencies of previous historians are supplied. The Gothic power fell from public and private degeneracy. Spain, like Capua, avenged herself on her conquerors by her seductions; they became luxurious and unwarlike; divided amongst themselves by the rival factions of claimants to the crown, they could not stand. The persecuted Jews carried into Africa the secret of their oppressors' weakness. The African descendants of those expelled from Spain by the Romans (like the modern Moors) never relinquished their hopes of reconquest. Mr. Prescott does not sufficiently advert to their repeated invasions,* which failed so long as the Goths were united, but succeeded at one blow when they were divided and discontented under the profligate Roderick. The Saracenic deluge, rolling from the deserts of Arabia, was checked only by the mountains of Asturias. This invasion, apparently fatal to free institutions, accelerated their growth: the fundamental principle of the nomad Teutonic system,—legislation by a national assembly, the germ of modern constitutional liberty,—was engrafted by the Visigoths on the free corporations, the civic *municipia* of the Romans. The reconstruction of the Gothic institutions by Pelayus could only be based on those which had preceded. Gothic society, in the common calamity, was reduced to the primitive elements; amid the survivors, when prince and peasant alike were poor and homeless, personal merit soon rose above hereditary distinctions. The Goths, whose only knowledge was war, fought their way inch by inch. The Moors, slaking in their turn into dissensions and indulgence, retired; their aggressive character was gone: they seldom attempted to recover their losses. At last they took up their stand, for very existence, behind the mountain-ramparts of Granada, with the sea open to their African allies. The war had been carried on by both sides with merciless extermination; the wide waste, 'eremi,' 'dehesas,' the depopulated villages, 'los despoblados,' truly Spanish words, attest the deep scars of past desolation. The frontiers were purposely ravaged;† an Edom of starvation, through which no invading army could pass and live, formed the defensive glacis. New settlers were induced to inhabit these exposed frontiers, by bribes of privilege and immunities. They became asylums to refugees of all religions and countries,—the many who were ill-used, the more who thought they

were,—to serfs from distant provinces, who passed from the bitterness of feudal oppression into the personal security and dignity of the franklin. Armed for self-defence, protected by fortifications and the surer bulwark of civil rights, left to their own government and to individual interests and industry, they became rich, populous, and powerful; they obtained charters, 'fueros,' before the merchant-cities of Italy, and preserved them longer: that of Leon was granted in 1020, and there can be no doubt, from the expressions used in the deed, that others must have preceded it. The burghers elected their own magistrates, and returned members to Cortes, the revival of the Gothic 'concilia.' Towns were represented at Leon in 1188, which precedes by nearly a century the first English parliament, summoned by the Earl of Leicester. The members exclusively voted the supplies; taxes could be levied by their consent, and independently of the clergy and nobility, who, exempt themselves, did not foresee this real element of popular power. The Commons ratified the succession of the crown, deposed kings, set aside their testaments—watched over the violence of the aristocracy. Nobility, elsewhere a passport to privileges, was a civil disqualification; the nobles were long not permitted to reside within the walls, and when at last they were admitted into this theatre for the display of their rank and wealth, the citizens became the victims of their Guzman and Ponce de Leon, their Montagu and Capulet feuds. The citizens formed themselves into guilds according to their separate crafts; independent singly, they united into a Hanseatic league: this 'Hermandal' in 1315 included one hundred cities. In addition to these unions, certain districts of land formed independent 'imperia in imperio,' 'Behetrias.*' The power of the commons reached its zenith about 1393. Henry III. of Trastámara, during the civil war (the white and red roses of Spain,) was obliged to conciliate the people by new concessions; while battles and executions had grievously thinned the nobility.

The wealth of the ancient nobility was enormous; they monopolized the offices of state, the grand military masterhips, &c.; their estates were provinces—the king was the king only of the highways; their castles became dens from whence they levied black mail; they administered irregular justice in their halls, coined money, and, subject only to military service, formed the national force, one less fitted for a regular campaign than for a foray, and spent in its short-lived violence. The feudal system was that of an army in encampment; the *ricos omes* were the captains, and cantoned in the provinces; they headed their clans of retainers, each of whom felt himself individually elevated in proportion as his chief was honoured. Clanship, a slender tie in cities, binds closely in the wild hills. These lords dictated to their sovereign; in each conquest they went partners and claimed the lion's share; in

* From Antoninus (Jul. cap. 13), Severus (Ælian Spar. 64), to Wamba in 677. See Isadore Pac I. 3. St. Isadori Hist. Gothica, Æra 612.

† See for details—Semper, ii. 256.

* Behetria, is derived by Mariana (xvi. 17) from the Greek *ἱραπαια*. They elected their own rulers and changed them at pleasure; they were exempt from all taxes, recognised no authority but their own, and tolerated no resident nobility. These little republics (a subject of curious inquiry among Spanish antiquarians) were incorporated into the Crown by Don Pedro the Cruel. Covarrubias, and we think correctly, derives the name from *hetria*, which signified disorder.

short, in the words of Alphonso III., there were as many kings as there were nobles. The Prince's revenues were scanty and precarious—his legislative, judicial, and executive powers limited; his only strength consisted in the disunion of his masters—his nobles and people.

The Church was in reality a church militant; nobly born clerks would not sink their birth in their calling; holders of military fiefs, they owed the service of their retainers, who followed them into battle, on the terms the most agreeable to Spaniards—war to the knife against the infidel, plunder and indulgence in this world, salvation in the next: this feeling was fed by the military orders—monks in profession, soldiers in practice, men to whom the blade of the sword was a weapon, the handle a crucifix. Hence that serious chivalry, that deep religious patriotism, that proud sense of personal merit which enduring as the swell after the storm has passed, still marks the character of the erect, high-minded peasantry of Castile, never effectually beaten down either by Austrian or Bourbon despotism. The clergy were the depositaries of learning and the real ministers of the crown; to the influence of spiritual rank they added wealth, which they dispensed with bounteous hand; few churches can boast of having produced more exemplary or beneficent prelates than Spain.* This wealth was always increasing and never alienated; royally endowed with a share of every conquest, they possessed a mine in absorption; they had access to the dying rich in their weakest moments of mind and body, when the sinners bartered to pious uses estates which in fact belonged to their heirs, in the hopes of purchasing in the next world the happiness which wealth had (or had not) procured for them in this.

Such were the powerful bodies against which the crown, weaker than any one singly, maintained a constant and at last a successful struggle. The cities (like those in England) did not foresee the value of sending members; although feelingly alive to the expense of supporting them; by throwing that burden on the crown in 1422, they offered a pretext for interference; many omitted, and in time lost the right of returning. The Cortes, by a suicidal jealousy, limited in 1506 the number of cities entitled to a vote to eighteen, whereas in 1390 forty-eight cities returned one hundred and twenty-eight members: these eighteen were soon gained over when the crown had learnt the secret of corrupting the sources of popular liberties. When too late the Commons made head against Charles V., they were deserted by the nobility, who stood aloof by their own order, and were unwilling to support the people, whose insolent independence they resented. The nobles thus strengthened the crown, eventually, against themselves; the Cortes dwindled away, and the government was handed over to the irresponsible ministers of an absolute master.†

Such was the condition of Castile. The institutions of Arragon were more popular and very peculiar. Numanzia and Zaragoza attest the unchanged resistance of the Aragonese, who, according to the proverb, drive nails into walls with their heads: they have been rebels, from

Hannibal down to Ferdinand VII. Their historians wrote with the same sturdy independence: an indefatigable research into their country's history formed their passion. They spoke with a spirit of freedom even under Philip II. They doggedly resisted the introduction of the Inquisition and the shackles on the press (Mendez, 52, 54.) All this Mr. Prescott must be aware of, and indeed admits (i. 102:) he states, notwithstanding, that the comparative indifference of the Castilians to their constitutional antiquities appears to him *inexplicable*! (i. 89.)

Aragon became a powerful kingdom by the acquisition of the province of Catalonia in 1150, through a royal marriage. This gave an outlet into the Mediterranean, and led to foreign conquest and commerce. Barcelona, one of the finest cities in the world became the cradle of the troubadour: her princely merchants rivalled those of the Low Countries and of Italy. Trade, which makes men rich and happy, for the pursuit is occupation and happiness, was never deemed a degradation in Catalonia; and, to this day, the traveller, on passing the frontier, sees, in the industry and prosperity, that he has quitted Castile, which a contempt of commerce has rendered the poorest, and most benighted of kingdoms. The Aragonese monarchy was most limited: the king at first was elected by twelve nobles, who, considering themselves his equals, professed allegiance only so long as he fulfilled the conditions of his election; they claimed a right, if aggrieved, of renouncing this qualified allegiance, without thereby incurring the penalties of treason; they enlisted even under hostile sovereigns, and their king was obliged to take care of their families and estates during their contumacious absence. Ferdinand, who knew his countrymen well, said that it was as difficult to divide his nobles as to unite those of Castile. They had no Moorish enemy at their gates, no 'honourable foreign war to purify their bad blood at home;' they warred, *pour passer le temps*, against their king; at the cry of 'union,' they grasped the sword like our barons at Runnymede. Their common seal bore the significant impress of *armed men kneeling before the king*.

Their Parliament dated from 1133: it consisted of four branches, 'Brazos.' The *Hidalgos* constituted an intermediate order, between the nobles and commons. Their rules of parliamentary etiquette were very strict: they well knew how much substance is guarded by outward form. The sovereign opened the session with an address, which, disclosing nothing, appears to have been the model of our king's or queen's speeches; the house, having appointed different committees, divided itself into two parties, monarchical and popular; every individual member possessed a veto over every particular measure, and over the whole proceedings, by the exercise of which (a sort of motion for adjournment) the session could be terminated. Person and property were secured by a chief magistrate, to whom (though Mr. Hallam dissents) powers and duties were assigned which have no parallel in ancient or modern history. He was termed '*El justicia*,' the name of the abstract quality was given to the officer by a process analogous to our '*Mr. Justice*.' He stood between the crown and the people, chosen by the king from the intermediate order; he held his office for life, and could only be removed by the king and Cortes together; he was, *ex officio*, a privy councillor; he attended the king everywhere in the quality of his adviser and keeper of the royal conscience; he administered the oath at coronations—seated and covered himself while the king knelt bareheaded before him. He was responsible to the Cortes alone for the performance of his duties, and subject, in case of dereliction, to the penalty of death: a commission consisting of four members, one chosen

* When the monarchical power was fully established, there were never wanting advisers to suggest church spoliation to needy sovereigns. The Duke of Alva recommended to Charles V. those surplus appropriations which administered to the cupidity of Henry VIII. and the Russells of that day.—See Sempere, '*Considerations*,' &c., i. 246.

† The inveterate weakness of Spaniards consists in their incapability of cohesion or amalgamation. 'They never would,' said Strado, 'put their shields together' (iii. 233). 'They never would act,' says Florus (ii. 17), 'except desultorily and disunited.'

from each of the four estates, sat every year at Zaragoza to investigate his conduct. He possessed a jurisdiction concurrent with the Cortes, and was equal to the law itself—to interpret the laws is, in fact, to re-make them. He could stay, as by injunction, any process before an inferior tribunal; he could remove any suit, even from the royal court, into his own, by his '*firma de derecho*,' which may be compared to a *mandamus* or a writ of *certiorari*; he protected the personal liberty of the subject by his '*manifestacion*,' the Arragonese *habeas corpus* act, by which any person, either imprisoned by any tribunal, or apprehending that he might be, could demand his intervention. This high office obtained an increased consideration from the bold, upright, and learned magistrates by whom it was held: 'while in the rest of Europe the law seemed only a web to ensnare the weak, the Arragonese historians exult in the reflection that the fearless administration of justice in their land protected the weak equally with the strong, the foreigner with the native; and well might their legislature assert, that the value of their liberties more than counterbalanced the poverty of the nation, and the sterility of the soil.' (i. 88.) In those ages, legal theories were not yet reduced to exact practice, and it cannot be denied that the violence of the nobility and the aggressions of powerful kings occasionally broke down these barriers; but if we meet with such violations more frequently in the records of Arragon than in those of Castile, it is because the jurists and historians of the north were less shackled. Everything rotten in the state of England is published as carefully as similar or worse affairs are hushed up in Russia. The emasculated press of despotism deals only with the well-working and quiet of slaves, whose very chains are oiled and muffled. We are satisfied that, on the whole, a greater degree of liberty was secured and enjoyed in Arragon and Catalonia than in any other contemporary country in Europe—England certainly not excepted.

We own that Mr. Prescott has disappointed us in his silence on the condition of the middling and lower classes of old Spain; his illuminated pages glitter with kings, conquerors, cardinals, and barons—vain are his efforts to mask the sad fact—these monopolize his stage,—while the *people*, 'huffed, cuffed, and disrespected' are either overlooked, or put into the worst place to see the show, which they were taxed to pay for. He has told us nothing of their moral or physical condition, their manners, habits, education, religion, hopes or fears, their food, costume, occupations, relaxations. We hear how the great lived, but he lets the '*people*' die, '*obliti et obliviscendi*;' he has not been their chronicler, nor elevated to them, of whom he *says* that he is one, any sepulchre of alabaster. This even to us, who affect no levelling nonsense, appears wrong and silly. The middling and lower classes, in these up-heaving times, cast their coming shadows over sceptres and crosiers. The day is far spent, when intelligent men could professedly despise them.*

* P. Martyr opens his sixth Epistle with '*de populo, quem semper flocciaciendum censeo, nihil ad me*,' Pietro Martire de Angleria was a learned Milanese, born at Arona: he followed the Spanish court; he was the intimate and faithful friend of both Ferdinand and Isabella; and his letters, from 1487 to 1525, detail to his correspondents, men of high rank and office, the actions and opinions of his masters. These private and confidential reports, written from day to day, and from the centre of affairs, form the most valuable source of information as to this period; yet Mr. Hallam scarcely alludes to them; the ever modest Dr. Dunham states his facts in opposition to P. Martyr's. Mr. Hallam in his *Literature of Europe*, iv. 81. (relying on some nameless

We need not inform Mr. Prescott what a mass of materials may be collected in the chronicles, local annals, novels (especially the picaresque), and theatre; these '*rosæ inter spinas*,' these unobserved, uncollected, traits of national character, are numerous as they are sweet. We earnestly recommend to Mr. Prescott this '*unbroken ground*,' and sincerely trust that he will yet clear and cultivate it with perseverance and success.

The epoch of Ferdinand and Isabella was one pregnant with gigantic consequences. The latter part of the fifteenth century was one of those perilous climacterics, when signal changes take place in the social and political condition of mankind. The thrones of France, England, and Spain were filled by three extraordinary men, justly called by Bacon '*the three Magi of Kings*:' they saw the coming effect of predisposing causes, and seized the opportunity when the people, weary of civil warfare, and ground to dust by feudal oppressions, turned from petty tyrants to the throne. It was an epoch of expanding intelligence—paper, giving wings to printing, emancipated knowledge from the cloister. The needle and astrolabe had weaned-creeping commerce from the coward shores. The fleets of merchants returned freighted with the germs of peace, order, and civilization; gunpowder completed the triumph of intellect over brute force; the establishment of posts led to easy and constant interchange of ideas—to diplomacy, which, uniting Europe into one family, laid the foundations of the still existing balance of power. The royal authority was then, in the words of Louis XI., released from pupillage, '*mis hors de page*.'

The three great kings understood each other at half a word; a community of interests, and many coincidences of character and position, cemented a mutual good understanding. Louis XI., a wanderer and exile in his youth, succeeded to a kingdom free for the first time, by the expulsion of the English, from internal weakness. Our Henry VII., born of an almost private family, was bred up to no royal notions. Bosworth, and his marriage with the heiress of the house of York, put an end to the desolating wars of the roses. Ferdinand succeeded unexpectedly to the sceptre of Arragon: his marriage with Isabella, who came equally unexpectedly to that of Castile, united the two kingdoms—and thus insured the final ruin of the Moors. All these monarchs had alike been schooled to wisdom by adversity; and each proceeded to reform domestic abuses, a task more difficult than foreign conquests. United with their people, they waged war against their aristocracy, whose assistance they no longer needed, and whom, formerly uncertain allies, they now dreaded as rivals and enemies. Louis XI., cruel by nature, 'hewed his way out with a bloody axe.' Henry VII., averse to bloodshed, spread, by penal laws, his '*king's nets*,' a worse torture than the iron-cages of Louis. He broke down the entails of his nobles, as Ferdinand and Isabella did their castles. The latter resumed, moreover, all the grants which had been extorted from their predecessors. They annexed to the crown the grand-master-ships; they abolished private jurisdictions; they instituted

authority), says that these letters were not written as they profess, but at one and a later period. They are full, however, of little accidental traits of the moment—'*dum mensa preparatur*,' &c. &c.: and Juan de Vergara, who dined with him, has recorded the extent and rapidity of these antepandrial epistles. By the bye, Martyr is not, as Mr. Prescott imagines, a patronymic. Pietro Martire became a common Milanese baptismal name from the martyrdom of Peter the Dominican, of which Titian has painted his finest picture; and De Angleria was *not* the name of the place where our friend was born, but that of his noble family.

an armed police, 'La Santa Hermandad,' a civic and rural gendarmerie, obnoxious, indeed, to barons and banditti, but popular to all sons of commerce and peace. This safeguard of public order, cheaply bought at a small sacrifice of public liberty, always most difficult to establish either in an imperfectly or highly civilized condition of society, demonstrates equally wisdom and strength: deep-fanged prejudices cannot be extracted without a painful wrench. They next elevated the royal person to be the fountain of honour, the centre of a system round which their nobles, shining by a reflected light, should move mere satellites. Majesty, like a robe pontifical, was never seen but in worship. To be seated in the presence was an honour reserved to the conqueror of kingdoms and the discoverer of a new world. They thus established that magnificent etiquette of Spanish ceremonial, not from any personal pride, but from deeper policy:—in all their maintenance of state* there was nothing vain-glorious: in private life they were simple and unostentatious.

The three kings alike excluded their nobles from political office; they would not add to the *prestige* of rank the real power of place. They choose rather to advance lawyers and clergymen, *la carrière ouverte aux talents*: the latter not from religious grounds, but because they were better men of business than ignorant courtiers or soldiers. In this feeling proud Buckingham complains that 'a beggar's book outweighs a noble's blood.' Such ministers, standing between the highest and lowest classes, and belonging to neither, clung of necessity to the crown, and became more subservient instruments to their maker and only support. 'This,' said Bacon, 'made more for the absoluteness than for the safety of kings.' Louis XI. employed menials,—Olivier Le Dain, &c.; Henry VII. his Mortons and Foxes; Ferdinand took even Jews and foreigners (hateful to Spanish prejudices); and they all felt, in their hour of need, the resentment of their nobles. Louis XI. was perplexed by the 'ligue du bien public' put forward by well-born demagogues, who made the old cry of reform and the public good the old pretext for private tyranny and ambition: Henry VII. smarted under their support of pretenders: Ferdinand, at the death of Isabella, was rejected by his Castilian grantees, who went over to the Flemish husband of his daughter.

The 'Magi,' however, were their own prime ministers; business was their relaxation. Of high close minds, few were admitted into their secrets: observant, they spoke little, and then with openness of manner and flowing words which concealed thought;—the boast of Louis XI. was, 'porter son conseil dans sa tête';—yet he, like the others, was outwardly affable and condescending—rare and winning qualities in those haughty times. Henry VII. and Ferdinand had a peculiar tact of ingratiating themselves, and of worming out secrets. The constant success (the vulgar test of merit) of all their undertakings extended their reputation at home and abroad: they were often unjustly suspected, and as often received credit for results, which they neither anticipated nor occasioned, and when, in truth, from overcunning, and from a fear of being duped by others, they had overreached themselves. The only education given to Charles VIII. by Louis XI. consisted in the essence of his kingscraft, 'qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.' All were singularly anxious

to obtain secret and early intelligence: all had a rare talent in the selection of their agents. Unlike the economists of this day, who theorise as if men were all machines and alike, they played the game of policy by selecting pieces for moves which suited their exact power, whether knights or bishops. Diplomacy was a series of plots and counter-plots: an ambassador was, Sir H. Wotton said afterwards, 'an honest man who *lied* abroad for the good of his country.' 'Ils vous mentent bien,' wrote Louis XI. to his envoys; 'mentez vous bien aussi.' To tell a lie, and find a truth, was, says Bacon, a Spanish proverb, in which is condensed the policy of that age. According to Bayle,* when Quintana told Ferdinand that Louis XII. complained that he had deceived him *twice*, the answer was,—'He lies, the drunkard; I have imposed upon him more than ten times!' We doubt the truth of this anecdote, not from discrediting the mendacity of Ferdinand, but from thinking him far too wise to commit such a blunder; in possession of the substance, he would have despised the triumph of an empty boast. In those days all men were liars, not in haste, but from well-considered malice prepense;† but the French have termed him *The Perfidious*, whereas the plain truth was, that Ferdinand, in an age of universal political dishonesty, played his game better than his opponents. In his youth he was frank to indiscreteness: he committed himself by saying that he was not to be put in leading-strings, like many of the kings of Castile. He, indeed, forgot this saying; but his nobles remembered it for ever. 'Let princes beware,' said a yet wiser man, 'of short speeches, which fly abroad like darts shot from their secret intentions: their long speeches are flat things, and not noted.'

We have extended these remarks because Mr. Prescott, having no clear fixed opinion, at one time sneers at Louis XI. for 'descending to trickery,' at another, commends his 'consummate policy';—blames one prince here for what he condemns elsewhere in another;—and indeed is so in the dark as to the real state of things, that he seems to adopt the old absurdity of making Machiavelli the parent of political perfidy. Thucydides says of the Athenian Downing-street, 'τα μὲν ἔδωκεν ἡ πόλις, τα δὲ ἐκμετρίοντα δέχεται' (lib. v. 105.) Louis XI., who, at Peronne, could 'cry content to that which grieved his heart, and frame his face to all occasions,' was buried ere this 'inventor' of perfidy had left school. This 'pander to tyranny' was a foe to the emperor and the Medici: he was a republican and patriot not after the present degraded fashion, but a true lover of his country, for itself, not for himself. He wrote an *Italian* book, neither intending to invent nor to advocate anything unusual, immoral, or impracticable; nor was it ever thought to do so in his age. If he taught princes to become tyrants, he instructed the people how to destroy them. Borgia, Sforza, and their compeers, are dead; the book remains, and Machiavelli, 'tanto nomini nullum par eulogium,' is made the scapegoat of modern detestation for an odious obsolete policy. The great laws of right and

* Art. Amelot.

† Charles V. and Francis I. bandied to each other that compliment. The latter, the model of French chevaliers, broke the solemn treaties of Madrid and Cambray with 'an artifice,' in the words of Robertson, 'unworthy of a king.' Yet this was the man who could 'prate unnecessarily' at Pavia about having lost all except honour. What that meant, beyond the honour of being soundly beaten, we know not. He was taken prisoner when the Waterloo *sauve qui peut* was out of his power.

* Shakspeare, by one little trait, marks this habit of state, a second nature in their children. Catherine, divorced and dying, at peace with all, forgiving all, even Wolsey, forgot all, save that she was a queen, and daughter of a queen. Her Castilian blood boils at the omission of the usual ceremonial by the messenger: nor will any excuse appease her: 'But this fellow let me never see again.'—*Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.

wrong are indeed immutable; but, in the changeable customs and fashions of erring men, vices often, assume the forms of virtues, and virtues of vice. To judge fairly of the actors of that period, we must try them before their peers—not according to modern notions, but by those codes which were then in force: how otherwise can due honour be rendered to Ximenes, Columbus, and, more than all, to Isabella?

Ferdinand, maddened by the popularity of Philip after the death of Isabella, and the torture to a proud mind of being rejected and outwitted, forgot her memory. This most politic of kings, in the folly of anger, would have married even her niece and rival, the 'Beltraneja.' The nation revolted at this indelicacy. He then allied himself to the youthful Germaine, a relation of Louis XII., the worst enemy of Spain; a double error. His death was hastened (as in the case of Louis XII.) by this misplaced union of age and youth: his health was destroyed by stimulants which he used in the vain hope of procuring an heir, who, by succeeding to Arragon and Naples, might have deprived his daughter's husband of those pearls in the compact crown of Spain which it had been the policy of his own life to secure. Patience and temper, as was foreseen by the cooler statesmen of the time, would have insured his complete influence over Philip. Henry VII., who affected Ferdinand (the enemy to France) as much as one king can love another, counselled the young prince to listen to his experienced father-in-law. Philip who hated business and loved pleasure, yet, with the vanity common to weak minds, dreaded the being thought to be managed. He would have sacrificed the substance for the shadow, and was willing, as he replied to Henry, 'if Ferdinand would permit him to govern Castile, to allow Ferdinand to govern him.' The declining days of Louis and Henry were also harassed by jealousy of their successors, hateful to kings. The parsimonious Henry trembled at the maternal and better title of his magnificent son. Louis XI. with Turkish precaution, reared Charles VIII. in ignorance, as if that could prevent rebellion; for what is so dangerous as a fool!

Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married for her kingdoms, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling: his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death; but sank into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope which, if realised, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She travelled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm, when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

'A sad remembrance fondly kept.'

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined sullenly, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.

Ferdinand, restored to power by the sudden death of his young son-in-law, which baffled the calculations of trimming courtiers, forgave, as Regent of Castile, the resentment of the King of Arragon. He regained services if not hearts. Always on his guard, he had (like Bias) treated friends as likely to become foes, and then the worst, and foes as likely to become friends. It was our enemies, not our friends, said Cosmo Medici whom we were enjoined to forgive; but Ferdinand could not hate those whom he despised and had in his power—humiliation is sufficient punishment to the proud. He felt as Henry VII. did after his coronation that unsettled times relax all political principle—apostacy, by being universal, becomes more venial, and well-timed oblivion the best policy—*quidquid multis peccatum inultum*. If he was parsimonious, he was not, like Louis XI., a deviser of unjust taxes; nor had he, like our Henry VII., hands that took and never gave; whose early thrift grew old into avarice, into sordid miser love of gold for its bare sake. Ferdinand, taught the value of money by poverty in youth—how difficult to be obtained, how easy to be got rid of—esteemed it for its effects as the key to human hearts, the sinew of war. He knew the weakness of want, the innate strength of independence.

Dissimulation was common to all the three; they were all alike bent upon power, and intensely selfish; consequently their own worst enemies. Friends they had few (the common fate of kings). They had courteous, easy smiles at command—but not that frank cordiality which binds men's hearts; reserved themselves, they chilled others, who, abashed by superiority of rank, were still more depressed by the greater moral influence of superiority of intellect—an element of power rather than of popularity. Ferdinand, in passing through many varied stages of life, and consequent 'flux of company,' profited by such experience, rare to kings; but it had also its deteriorating influences. Mixed up from youth with intrigues, his heart was withered by poisonous, engrossing politics, and the unprincipled diplomacy of the day; he became suspicious, for he had been often deceived. He had been too much behind the scenes to value the profession of court or people—tinsel and fickle alike; and this detection of vice lurking under the mask of virtue, operates unfavourably on virtue itself: it generates a low opinion of human nature. The heart is illogical and draws general conclusions from particular premises—but in these times the premises were general. In judging Ferdinand we should bear in mind the dictum of Coke, 'that many things which are of the highest moral criminality, may be of the least disgrace,' and discriminate the shifting and transitory from the permanent, both in causes and pretexts.

These three great sovereigns, with all their domestic and foreign reputation, and the fulfilment in each case of the grand original scheme of ambition, were never happy. Their minds were perplexed with fear of change, with the dread of calamities which

never happened. Henry VII., according to Bacon, though he never knew what disaster was, was always sad and serious, full of secret suspicions and apprehensions.' Louis XI., says Commynes, endured continual misery, 'few days of joy and years of bitterness.' His only relaxation, and that he carried to weariness, was the chase, and he died the death of a wild beast in his lair, of which the inaccessibility marked his fears, the gibbets his cruelty. Unrestrained by religion during life, he clung to the quackery of superstition at his death. The latter days of Ferdinand have been described by P. Martyr (E. 565, 567): he, too, became irritable, fled from himself in violent hauntings, and at last sickened in a poor village—the monarch of so many kingdoms expired in the 'worst inn's worst room!' He was, however, occupied with state affairs up to the moment of his death, which was calm and resigned, untormented by the busy fiend of the distracted Louis, or the conscience-quails of the gripping Henry. P. Martyr, who had followed him through life, followed him to his grave as he had done by his gentle queen. The funeral pomp, winding slowly up the unchanged hill of the Alhambra, cast a gloom over the scarcely-forgotten triumphs of life, majesty, and victory.

In the nicer traits of character, Louis XI. was more repulsive and undignified; Henry VII. more learned, meaner, more pacific, not from want of courage, but from a greater spirit of the churchman and legislator. Ferdinand, less skilled in books, was more kingly, manly, and energetic than either: his was a mixed character of Italian shrewdness with Spanish chivalry. Machiavelli, biased by political and private hostility, has called him 'avaro e taccagno;' Voltaire, with more justice, 'sage et prudent.' If we weigh him with his contemporaries, whether kings or subjects, and consider fully the conventional maxims of his age, we shall, taking him all in all, confirm the verdict delivered by Shakspeare.—He was

'The wisest king that ever ruled in Spain.'

However mankind may differ in striking the balance of virtues chequered with so many faults, all will unite in admiration of the brightest star of that brilliant period. Isabella, the Elizabeth of Spain, is perhaps the most faultless character of history, the purest sovereign who ever dignified a throne: in all her relations of queen or woman, she was, in the words of Bacon, 'an honour to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain.' P. Martyr, who watched her public and private virtues, during a long attendance and intimacy, in the affecting letter which he wrote on the day of her death, when few dare lie (Ep. 279), sums up her character as one 'more divine than human.' She was brought up in privacy at Arevalo (like Elizabeth at Hatfield:) she grew up to be temperate in diet, hardy in body, honest in mind, and sound in heart; practical good sense was tempered with unaffected piety. A series of unexpected deaths opened to her a chance of succession. She became the head of the party opposed to the odious misrule of her brother, and was suspected and persecuted by him as Elizabeth was by Mary. She fled to Valladolid to escape an unworthy marriage, and was there met by Ferdinand, who, like Charles I., had flown to his infant in disguise and through dangers. They exchanged eyes and hearts: the royal marriage, rich in their own and their country's happiness, was poorly celebrated with borrowed money. The sprightly Voltaire, unable to resist the temptation of an epigram, has asserted that 'the Catholic sovereigns did not live together like husband and wife, but rather like allied monarchs, without love or hatred, with little inter-

course.' Of their early loves there can be no doubt. Their youth and beauty needed not the attaching tie of common misfortune. Mr. Prescott has drawn a correct picture of the royal couple (l. 216.) The amiable character of his talent never appears to greater advantage than in the pleasing delineations of the outside of history. Isabella was then most beautiful, and Ferdinand the most manly, gallant, and chivalrous in a court of chivalry. P. Martyr (Ep. 6,) writing to a friend in Italy, *eighteen years* after this marriage, (a tolerable test, backed by five living witnesses,) compares their union to 'that of two inspired deities of heaven, one soul in two bodies.' Ferdinand, there is no doubt, in an age of lax morality, when Moorish concubinage was almost tolerated under a different name, when illegitimacy was no bar to the inheritance of even the crown itself, was false to her—who remained to him a true and honourable wife, chaste to her grave; 'chastity itself,' says P. Martyr, (Ep. 278), 'she hung through life like a rich jewel round his neck, never losing her lustre; she loved him with that excellence that angels love good men.' When he was wounded at Barcelona, she never, day or night, left his bed-side; she deemed no office mean; she ministered to him and saved him. Her jealousy, child of love, was tempered with tact—rare and conservative talent in wives—she quietly removed from court all females whom he admired. When on her death-bed, at which time he happened to be unwell, she thought only of him, and the harmony of her soul was breathed out in her dying injunctions. She dwells, in her last will,* on their long conjugal happiness; she leaves him her jewels, 'that by seeing them he might think on her, and on the singular love she bore him.' She named the lowly place of her burial, 'unless the king, her lord, be pleased to prefer another place'—then she desired 'to be laid by his side, that their life-union might continue after death.' We have dwelt on these historical facts, because the error of Voltaire has been repeated by the 'servum pecus,' who find it more convenient to let others think for them than to think for themselves. Conjugal love is a pearl of great price in the bosom of a queen: Elizabeth would not know it, Catharine could not. It is indeed most rare. It shrinks, like the sensitive flower, from a life of public representation; hateful in its eyes are lords of the bed-chamber, Cupids in court dresses. Kings who are, or suppose that they are, beloved by all, cannot understand the value of one love, more or less. The concentrated preciousness of a true wife's devotion, doubling joys and dividing sorrow, is the boon of their humbler and far happier subjects.†

Ferdinand and Isabella had of necessity some separate interests; the sectional jealousies of their distinct and rival subjects placed barriers between a political fusion. The proud Castilians ill brooked a master from inferior Arragon. Isabella, by never forgetting her duties to Castile in her love for her husband, by a firm maintenance of her prerogative as Queen-proprietrix (*Reina propietaria*), and by a kind word spoken in time, led with a straw her touchy subjects, who would never have been driven by the sword of Ferdinand; yet all this was done

* Robertson doubts the existence of this will. Mr. Prescott could not learn where it was. We have held the original in our hand at Simancas.

† Henry VIII., in describing the virtues of the ill-fated Catherine, gives a true portrait of her mother—

'If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saintlike, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens.'

without clashing; for the marriage bond imperceptibly neutralized the political separation. The combined influence of sovereign and woman appealed to a loyal chivalry, who bowed to the Virgin as their goddess, to the Queen as their gentle mistress: their very obedience to her marked their independence of her husband. She could do no wrong; white hands neither injure nor affront; yet with all her gentleness, Isabella, (like Elizabeth) was jealous of her power, and upheld her prerogative with strong unbending arm; like her, she was in fact the head of her church; she made and could unfrock her prelates; like our haughty Bess, she feared neither Pope nor Spaniards, accomplishing the same ends by different means. The Spanish kings, having no territorial disputes with the popes, and being the leaders of the Moorish crusade, had long possessed great influence at Rome, which was increased by the conquest of Granada, became paramount after Charles V. had elevated his tutor to the tiara. Kings, however, had begun to discover the weakness of that ideal power. Henry VII. 'really religious,' said Bacon, 'could see through superstition, and was inclined to pare a little from the privileges of the clergy.' Ferdinand and Isabella did the same; they drew a distinction between the spiritual and temporal power, between the vices of Borgia and the position of Alexander VI., notwithstanding that it was he who first honoured them with their title of Catholic. They were excellent Roman Catholics, but indifferent Papists. Isabella in 1482 not only rejected the nephew of Sixtus IV., appointed by his uncle to the See of Cuenca, but ordered all Spaniards out of Rome, and refused to receive a legate: again in 1485 she rejected Borgia, named to Seville by Innocent VIII.; she punished all her clergy who dared to appeal from her to Rome; she abridged their civil authority; she nominated to all preferments, and selected, with few exceptions, men of piety and learning, who did honour to their patroness. In her civil government she was merciful, but just; she refused the life of a noble criminal, who offered as the price a sum equivalent to her annual revenue; she had no mawkish compassion for crime; she purchased not popularity by letting slip felons. 'It was a good old custom,' says Mr. Prescott (ii. 242), 'long since fallen into desuetude, for the monarch to preside in the tribunals of justice at least once a week.' Isabella sat on the queen's bench at Seville: but this absurd custom was soon discontinued. Judge Story will inform his countryman that there cannot be a surer sign of bad laws, and of their being ill administered, than when sovereigns, like Charlemagne while dressing, or Saint Louis under an oak tree, decide on what they do not understand. This 'golden age of justice' suits the golden age of nomadic hunters. The security of person and property before a Moorish *cadi*, assisted by a bowstring and bastinado, instead of a bar and bench, explains the practical working. Isabella prepared the way for sounder jurisprudence and practice. She commenced a codification of the confused and clashing laws of Spain; her 'Ordinances reales' formed the base of the 'Nueva recopilacion' of Philip II.

Isabella possessed, in common with Elizabeth, a love for learning and learned men. Both appreciated and rewarded merit; Isabella with greater liberality. Both were remarkable for vigour, penetration, courage, and magnanimity. Our Elizabeth was more masculine—she inherited much of her father's violence and impetuosity; insincere, arrogant, incapable of forgiving injury—unworthy of her greatness in her petty jealousies, her love for finery and admiration, she had none of the graceful sensibilities, the warm-hearted, tender delicacy, of Isabella, who in her domestic character, the *to idos*, the true

province of woman, was most exemplary, as daughter, wife, and mother. A second Penelope, she superintended the education of her daughters; they were taught useful arts in addition to accomplishments; they were all married to kings—the wall of brass with which Henry VII. boasted that he had surrounded England. All those gentle faculties—which possibly lay dormant in Elizabeth, under the chilling weight of celibacy, and the possession of solitary power—did not however unman the spirit of Isabella; the soul of Cæsar was enshrined in the form of Lucretia: during a popular insurrection at Segovia, she advanced alone, and awed the multitude by the divinity of majesty. She braved hardships, long journeys on horseback; she hurried to the post of danger, regardless of weather or ill health; she eased her body in armour, which is still preserved a precious relic at Madrid; appeared at the head of her armies, and like Elizabeth, at Tilbury Fort, communicated to them her dauntless spirit. Ferdinand always consulted her in emergencies; she was too high principled, too great, to descend to dissimulation. She arrived in person, at critical moments, the harbinger of victory. The artillery was under her especial management; she perceived the power of this force, hitherto undervalued from being worked inefficiently: she was the soul and spirit of the campaign, by providing the finances and commissariat: 'Belli nervos pecuniam utpote aliquam alimenta.' (P. Martyr.) She pawned her jewels to pay the troops; she watched over their comforts; she first established military hospitals; she maintained a rigorous discipline; her camp resembled a republic of Plato's (P. Martyr); need it be said that her armies were victorious? Spaniards have all the physical capabilities of forming the finest soldiery in the world; they have usually failed from want of food, clothing, and, in a word, from the misconduct of their superiors.

The capture of Granada was the zenith of Isabella's happiness—the noontide of her course of glory: dimmers like evening clouds gathered thick around her setting; deaths, many and unforeseen, had opened her way to the crown; others now, one by one, wore away her heart; tenderness, her greatest charm, was the source of her greatest sufferings. She buried all her earthly hopes and joys in the grave of her only son, John: her prophetic eye too clearly saw, in that most calamitous event, the death-blow to the Spanish monarchy, doomed thereby to be placed in the hands of foreigners. This Prince was of most excellent promise, the Marcellus of his age.* The death of his sister Isabella, the mental aberration of Joanna, the misconduct of Philip, beat down the bruised reed: a settled melancholy came over her.—This hereditary taint, derived from her mother, was more marked in her children and descendants:—Catherine, her daughter, is described by Bacon as 'a sad, religious woman'; Charles V. and Philip II., according to Badoer, and Granvelle, were phlegmatic and melancholy; they shrouded their gloom in the congenial seclusion of St. Juste and the Escorial: Charles II., the last of the line, weak in body and mind from childhood, was a fit king for a decaying and effete monarchy.—Isabella's dying thoughts were for her people's good; her last acts for the protection and emancipation of her poor Indians. She expired gently, peacefully, and full of hope, on the 26th of November, 1504, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her reign. Mr. Prescott, who has ably drawn a parallel between her and Elizabeth, dwells justly on the difference of their deaths. The body of Isabella, unem-

* The Prince died soon after his marriage, and was followed to the grave with a national grief, unparalleled save in the recent case of our Princess Charlotte.

claimed, according to her orders, was borne to Granada by the faithful Martyr, who has described the misery of that journey. (Ep. 289.) Her value was proved by her loss: she was the good genius of Spain and of her husband; his Josephine—from the moment she departed, his star was on the wane; she had tempered his suspicions, warmed his parsimony, and checked his despotism. At her death a signal was given to intestine dissensions, miracle, and public injury; her wise ordinances were neglected; her errors only perpetuated and acted on.

The blot of her reign was the Inquisition. Mr. Prescott has scarcely, perhaps, done justice to her claims of exemption from the heavy responsibility (ii. 120); she was only an accessory to the fact; like all Spaniards of that age, she was over-righteous, and her zeal consumed her kingdom; yet those actions, which foreigners have condemned as her great and indeed only faults, were considered during her life, engraved on her tomb, and have been immortalized by every historian of Spain, as her brightest virtues. Heresy in Spain, involved feelings of peculiar horror. It had for ages been the cry in a war '*pro aris et focis*;' not for mere dogmas, but for very existence. The cross was the banner of Spain; difference of creed was the sole, the sustaining excitement; enemy and dissent, infidel and renegade, were pitted against faith, religion and loyalty; all the strongest feelings of moral influence, each alone enough, were mixed up in the contest. Intolerance was patriotism; and Isabella, suckled in this frenzy, became the tool of Ximenes. She 'made a priest her book, wherein he would record the history of all her secret thoughts.'

This man, most eminent as a churchman, a statesman, and a general, was born of a good but decayed family, and distinguished for early academical success. He completed his education at Rome: after proving his inflexible character by a six years' contest with the Archbishop of Toledo, he obtained, only to relinquish, preferment. He became a Franciscan monk; the usual mortifications of a conventual novice being insufficient to satiate his ascetic ambition, he fled into a forest, and vegetated in a den on herbs, the Bible his sole study and companion. In those days, when to renounce the world was thought the best school for statesmen, his sanctity procured him the important post of royal confessor. P. Martyr, who foresaw his greatness, as Fox did that of Wolsey (Ep. 107) describes his first appearance at court—his wan and wasted frame, barefoot, and clad in sack-cloth—yet erect, undazzled, and commanding respect. On the death of Mendoza, the great cardinal of Spain, the queen nominated him to the archbishopric of Toledo, which Ferdinand had in vain solicited for his natural son. Ximenes, now sixty years old, resisted for six months the acceptance of the primacy of Spain, and yielded at last, reluctantly, to the express command of the pope—a rare instance of sincere *nolo-archiepiscopari*. Magnificent and stately in upholding his dignity, he observed as an individual the strictest rules of his mendicant order: he wore no linen, slept on a hard pallet, which he concealed in his couch of state; practised the most austere abstinence, doubly difficult amid surrounding luxuries. He journeyed on foot, begged alms, and mended with his own hands his coarse frock; occupations fitted, indeed, to monastic idleness, but a waste of precious time in a public minister. He became an ecclesiastical reformer, and armed with good intentions, never forgiving himself, he never forgave others. His measures were so destructive to

the comforts of holy men that thousands fled from reform into the land of the infidel. He was admonished in vain by Adrian VI. to relax: he persevered, and succeeded. After having reformed the church at his personal risk, he next proceeded against heresy, to the national cost. Granada was quiet and prosperous under the mild influence of the Archbishop of Talavera, a good and wise man, who preferred the gentle wisdom of St. Paul (Titus, iii. 10) to the fires of persecution. Ferdinand and Isabella had hitherto, in spite of popular pressure, honourably maintained their treaties with the Moors. It was this good faith which had induced so many cities to fly to their protection, and surrender without defence. Pulgar (ii. 55), who was by no means more bigoted than his contemporaries, always makes some apology for the too liberal terms granted and observed by his royal masters to the infidels. Ximenes, in an evil hour, undertook their conversion, first by bribes, then by threats, and at last of course, by violence. The Moors, sore from recent defeat, rose in rebellion; how great a matter a little fire kindleth! Ferdinand, who disliked him, and knew the value of his rich and peaceful subjects, in vain reproved his rashness: Ximenes, backed by the people, maintained that 'a tamer policy might suit temporal matters, but not those of the soul.' A servile war ensued: fertility was arrested; blood poured out like water; and a hatred deeper than hell engendered, by the mistaken zeal of a monk, the conducting-wire of popular prejudices. Ximenes now, with scholastic casuistry, proclaimed the Moors to be rebels, because they had resisted his infraction of treaties. 'God's enemies' were to be exterminated like wild beasts. This fatal innovation led, and justly, to the ruin of Spain: for let no rash statesman make changes in solemn settlements, in the vain hope that he will be able to check or regulate the consequences. To these Ximenes was either blind or indifferent: his stern character rose above the thoughts or weaknesses of human nature. He would have lost the whole world to have gained, as he thought, one soul. He was a monk, and fit, in the words of Bacon, to become a severe inquisitor. How can a monk be a philosopher or philanthropist? Discipline and implicit obedience are his noviciate; degrading offices of servitude wither his self-respect; he becomes a formalist, a slave to system, to unworthy notions of the Deity, which narrow heart and intellect, until mortification and interrupted sleep, breaking mind and body, stamp on the downcast unrepining countenance the triumph over humanity, the prescribed immutable submission of Egyptian sculpture. Irremissible punishments, executed without mercy, and familiarity with penance, deaden pity; their ears in the confessional are the sewers of human infirmities—a denial of human merit, their language in the pulpit. Enslaved, cowed, and beaten down in youth, they become despots when in power; the pharisaical pride of spiritual self-superiority assumes a dictatorial tone: obedience is better than sacrifice. They have renounced the beautiful world, to which they are dead, its social, its domestic joys. They know not the softening influence of father, husband, friend, of charity and good-will; unnatural celibacy, and the egotism of solitude, shut up their affections; miserable themselves, they scowl, like Satan, on the happiness of mankind. To such men, whose tenderness is never

called into action, St. Dominick bequeathed the organising of the Inquisition; to men who, having nothing to do, made evil their good, and gave up time, thought, body, and soul, to the executing their remorseless commission. This is the blot of Isabella's reign: the dry-rot was introduced by the same hand which reared the fabric of Spanish prosperity.

The Inquisition, nursed in France under Saint Louis, slumbered for want of fuel after the extermination of the Albigenses. It was revived against the Jews, who, debarred from other professions, traded in money, and must have become sufficiently odious by their mere wealth to the poor and proud Spaniard. They had long been protected by the Spanish kings, who knew the value of capitalists in an age of poverty. Many, as persecution increased, were induced to become Christians, in order to save their ducats; but this availed them little. They were then accused, among other offences, of having tails; and if the people could believe that, like Lord Monboddo, they could believe anything. Debtors have, however, a well-grounded horror of their creditors (if they cannot pay them) without the dread of this Satanic appendage. 'Marrano, Christiano nuevo,' soon became synonymous with renegade, a being despised alike by those whom he deserts, as by those whom he joins. Thus Jewish conversion was stopped. The clamour of the *People* prevailed: their passions are seldom controlled; to the cry of bloodshed, fire, and pillage, once raised, they always respond. This *vox populi* was readily interpreted as *vox calii*, when kings, cardinals, nobles, and commons, all alike longed for a share of the plunder; for the Jews were 'richer than the Christians,' says P. Martyr (Ep. 92), thereby revealing the secret. The same pen which signed the capitulation of the Alhambra, the treaty with Columbus, executed the fatal edict for their expulsion. They in vain offered large sums of money to purchase toleration. Isabella was told that it would be re-selling her Saviour; Ferdinand was convinced by a more cogent argument—the advance, by the archbishop, of the proffered amount; and the Spanish historians eulogise this 'sublime sacrifice of temporal interests to religious principles, in which the Divine Justice was delighted.'

There is nothing the literature of Spain is more proud of than the Inquisition. Cities have contested with hot rivalry for the glorious distinction of having been the first seat of that *holy* tribunal. The great claim for the beatification of San Fernando, put forth by Philip III. in 1627, was, that he had carried, like a second Abraham, fire and fagots himself.* All travellers report that the *auto de fe*† was considered by far the most magnificent spectacle of Spain. The presence of majesty, elsewhere the harbinger of pardon, was there the signal of greater bloodshed. The Inquisition is dear even yet to Spanish hearts. The snake is scotched, not killed. Royalists and consti-

tutionalists, differing wide as the poles asunder, agree only in religious persecution. Sir Charles Vaughan wrote in 1811 'that the Cortes were anxious to maintain the Inquisition in all its forms—the only branch of government to which they seemed disposed to communicate any energy.' The north of Spain was on the point of rising against its British defenders, solely from a report that they would put down the Inquisition, which the clear-sighted Duke had foreseen would be 'disagreeable to the clergy, and to the great body of the people.' (Gurwood, x. 474.) Canicero—(i. e. Butcher—fit name!)—published at Madrid in 1816 a defence of its re-establishment. Llorente, who has shown all the hidden atrocities, 'found Roman Catholics in London who advocated this *work of Romanism*.' (Preface, xxi.)

Ferdinand was delighted with this engine of finance and high police. Montanus,* writing in 1557, states that it was devised (like the penal statutes of Henry VII.) more to increase the exchequer than for the furtherance of religion. That idea was scouted at Rome by the infidel Leo X. If a few men, by perversion of judgment, have burnt their fellow-creatures for the love of God, hundreds have done so for the love of money. We cannot doubt the mistaken view of duty in Ximenes, and hope, in charity, that Torquemada, the incarnation of Moloch, was a monomaniac. Their integrity and blameless private lives stamp the sincerity of their Romanism. A true Roman Catholic must, of necessity, be a persecutor of heresy, through which, he believes, immortal souls are lost to all eternity: intolerance again is the support of papacy. When heretics are strong, they are consigned to God; when weak, to the fire. 'Quod ferrum non curat igne curatur.' Those Roman Catholics who act otherwise are either trimmers or hypocrites. We have extended these remarks in justification of Isabella, whose weak side was abused; for

'Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied.'

The crime has entailed on Spain a heavy and just retribution. She is almost blotted from the map of nations: she is poor, enslaved, ignorant and ferocious. The Inquisition destroyed the former manliness and independence of Spaniards, and fitted them for a despotism. A power of mystery brooded over the land; invisible spies, more terrible than soldiers, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty save justice or mercy. The fear of this tribunal, from which no secrets were hid, locked up the heart; it generated mistrust and suspicion; soured the sweet charities of life; frank communication, which relieves and improves, was at an end—'adempto per *inquisitiones* et loquendi et audiendi commercio.' (Tacit. Agr. 2.) The nation quailed under the depressing influence, which hung like the sword of Damocles over body, soul, life, property, honour. It engendered the sickening necessity of flattering those the most feared and hated—habitual duplicity and hypocrisy—a devolution of oppression—the despot's and the bondsman's spirit—for they are never disunited—until the continual per-

* Ipse vice famulorum ignem et ligna in eis comburendis administrabat.—Pineda. Memorial. 85. Mariana. xiii., 12.

† We refer our readers to the official relation of a grand *auto de fe*, celebrated at Madrid before Charles II. in 1680, with engravings. It was drawn up, under authority, by Jose del Olmo, a familiar. The miserable kingling, alike weak in body and intellect, is compared, in the preface, to Jupiter with his lightnings at Crete, . p4.

* A discovery and Playne Declaration of Sundry Subtill Practices of the Holy Inquisition of Spayne. London. 1568.* See also Dr. McCrie's excellent 'History of the Reformation in Spain.'

nure of dead-weight broke down the social and intellectual spring.

Among other results, this grand iniquity blighted the opening buds of national literature,* which had been ushered in under happy auspices. In no country was printing so welcomed. Mendez attests the number of volumes which issued forth in the fifteenth century, when not many less printing-presses were at work than under Ferdinand VII. Isabella was the patroness of scholars, who have repaid her with immortality. She encouraged the admission of books free of duty, because, in the words of the decree of 1484, they brought honour and profit to the kingdom by the facilities they offered for promoting knowledge. At that period the royal councils were directed by the great Cardinal Mendoza—the king cardinal—the ‘third king of Spain.’† He was born of a family in which talent and patronage of talent were hereditary. He was brother to the Conde de Tendilla, the first and excellent governor of the Alhambra, by whose persuasion P. Martyr (the Politian and Asehan of Spain) was induced to leave Italy. P. Martyr was appointed tutor to Prince John: his schools were frequented by the sons of grandees, who then first began to ‘think that letters might be no obstacle to the profession of arms.’ Isabella encouraged this feeling. She employed the Spanish Erasmus, Antonio de Nebrija, a pupil of Politian’s, to translate his Grammar into Spanish, in order, as he states in the preface, ‘that religious women and virgins dedicated to God might know something of Latin without the participation of men.’—Italy was to Spain what ancient Greece had been to Rome: Rome was the Athens to which they resorted: Rome provided learned men, and was the school of arts, taste, and literature to the rude and martial Spaniards. The allegories of Dante and sonnets of Petrarch were imitated by Juan de Mena and others. We have no room now for this wide and interesting subject, beyond the remark that the ballads, like native wild-flowers, are the original and real literature of Spain. Springing from the Moorish contest, they breathe the deep and serious thoughts of troubled times, the loyal military spirit of victory, or the plaintive lament of reverses: they are records of love, gallantry, and adventure: they are remarkable for the absence of the humour of the English, the venison pasties and flagons of Dian’s foresters, and of the indecency and sensuality of the French, the gloomy spectres and horrors of the North, and even the fanciful genii of the Arabians. These distinctive peculiarities may be attributed to the censorship of ecclesiastics, the southern quality of the climate, the cheerful and temperate character of chivalrous troubadours.

* Mr. Prescott, in some very weak remarks, announces his surprise that the Inquisition should have been ‘revived at the moment of the revival of knowledge.’—i. 378. It would have been very strange if the ‘Mystery of Iniquity’ had not suggested some diabolical machinery for counteracting, or at least checking, the easily-foreseen consequence of mental illumination.

† He was thus openly and seriously addressed, not ‘pleasantly,’ as Mr. Prescott says (iii. 469), whose pleasantness are serious. P. Martyr writes to the cardinal, ‘Hispaniarum primas—in quo orbe tu tertius es et jure merito rex—tota orbis terrarum gubernatio, si tuis humeris inhereret, collum tibi flectere vel digitulum vix sufficerit.’

The rapid progress of Spanish literature, under the patronage of Mendoza, is the best proof of its innate capabilities: the developement was nipped by Ximenes, his successor, who, while founding universities, cut at the roots of all real improvement. His object was to make knowledge the handmaid of error, the vehicle for the diffusion of fallacy, a means to force mankind to think, not as they themselves, but as Rome chose. In Granada alone, under the pretence of destroying the Koran, he burnt 80,000 volumes of Arabian literature. Conde* attributes to this modern Omar the existing ignorance of Moorish agriculture and manufactures. The distinction between sacred and profane learning, devised by far-sighted bigotry, has always spurred on the destructive energy of fanatics. The library of the Marquis de Villena, the good duke Humphrey, the first Meccenas of Spain, was burnt as ‘magical’ by the monk Lope de Barrientos.† The records of Mexico were destroyed by another son of darkness, the mendicant Juan de Zummaraga; Torquemada burnt Hebrew Bibles at Seville; the bonfires of ignorance blazed far and wide—‘in libros sævitum;’ the impotent malice which provoked the magnificent indignation of a pagan philosopher—‘scilicet illo igne vocem populi Romani et libertatem senatus et conscientiam humani generis aboleri arbitrabantur.’ (Tacitus, Agr. ii.)

The vigorous intellect of Ximenes, devoid of wit, fancy, taste, or imagination, was calculated only for legal or exact studies; his sole relaxation was monkish casuistry; his fame as an encourager of learning is based on his celebrated Polyglott Bible, which is generally called the Complutensian, from having been published at Alcala (Complutum). We conceive that, during his sojourn in the forest, to which he always resorted as the happiest period of his life, he must have taken St. Jerome, the great hermit of his age and the prototype of biblical translators, as his model. Ximenes, a blind instrument in the hand of Providence, was the first to circulate the Bible, the sure antidote to those fallacies which he hoped to bolster up by fire and persecution. Bonner, the Torquemada of Wolsey, did precisely the same thing. Ximenes had, however, no idea of propagating a translation of the Scriptures among the laity or unlearned—the ‘vernacular’ was fit only for godly treatises of pious men, legends and traditions. Thus when Talavera wished to translate them into Arabic for the Moors, he replied, ‘That truth was a pearl too precious for swine, and that whenever the Bible should be rendered into the vulgar tongue, it would be pernicious to Christianity;’ meaning, by that

* Conde Xerif. Aledris, pref. p. 8. The Arabian library in the Escorial is a creature of accident, not design. A ship freighted with 3000 volumes, not for the Spanish, but Moorish king, was taken in 1611 by the former. The Moor offered a ransom, which was accepted, but not concluded, owing to a civil war in Barbary. Accident has since greatly diminished the treasure thus acquired by accident; and in spite of the Escorial and all that it does hold, there is less of Arabic lore in Spain than in any other European country.

† Ferdinand Gomez, the king’s physician, wrote to Juan de Mena (the Spanish Chaucer) to say, that ‘this monk could no more read them than the Emperor of Morocco, nor understand them than the Dean of Ciudad Rodrigo.’ (Nic. Ant. Bib. Vet. x. 3, 155.)

slight misnomer, the errors of Rome.* He contended (taking Pilate for his example!) that the three languages of the superscription on the cross were those only to be allowed: and he placed in the triple columns of his book the Latin version of St. Jerome between the Hebrew and the Septuagint, in order, as he states in the preface, that the version of the *Roman Church*, which represents *Christ* on earth, might occupy his position! Ximenes spared no expense in procuring learned men and ancient MSS. Leo X., to whom the book was dedicated, sent him many from the Vatican. It was begun in 1502 and finished on the 16th of January, 1517; the last sheet was brought to Ximenes shortly before his death, when he thanked God that he had lived to see the completion of his greatest work. Leo X., who began to suspect the justice of Cardinal Pole's warning as to the danger of encouraging learning, and to foresee that the Bible would break up his monopoly of 'profitable error,' delayed the licence till 1520, the general publication till 1522; and the edition was limited to 600 copies. The original cost exceeded 50,000 ducats, a sum almost equivalent in present value to a quarter of a million sterling.† Biblical critics having differed with regard to the accuracy of the text, Professor Moldenhauer, in 1784, went to Alcalá on purpose to examine the original MSS. He found that a librarian had (not at that time, as Mr. Prescott states, iii. 401, but), thirty-five years before, sold them as waste paper to a rocket-maker, who had worked them up in his vocation.‡

Ferdinand and Ximenes soon perceived the tendencies of a free press. Regulations were introduced in 1502 and concluded in 1558, when it was consigned entirely to the tender mercies of inquisitorial censorship under pain of death. § The suspicion against books was next transferred to those who read them—lean, hungry, Cassius-looking, dangerous men. The inexperienced student everywhere has a tendency to become a Radical. He is misled by the declamation of the slave-holding patriots of antiquity, until the practical guillotine and physical charism come in as a corrective.

Printing the Bible necessarily produced the Reformation; the privileged pope and emperor took alarm and

* This, and the burnings, effectually checked the study of the Arabic language in Spain, and the diffusion of translations. When the devil interrupted Luther at his studies, the reformer threw his inkstand at his head. Holy water is not more hateful to the prince of lies than ink, one drop of which makes thousands, millions, think.

† It is now become very rare: a copy on vellum (of which three only were printed), and supposed to be the identical copy reserved by the cardinal, was sold in 1829 at the sale of Mr. Hibbert, who also possessed Luther's own copy of his own Bible. It produced the sum of 522*l.* and is now in the possession of Mr. F. H. Standish, a bibliographical treasure which would exalt the humblest and stamp dignity on the proudest collection in Europe.

‡ Marsh. Michaelis, iv. 440, 2nd ed. 1802. The Gotho-Spaniard was beat by the liberal republicans of France. The archives of Simanca were thrown into the cattle ditch for the sake of the string with which they were tied. The librarian there, who saw it done, told us this fact on the spot. The vellum MSS. of Las Cuevas, at Seville, were, as Laborde confesses, made up into Cartridges by Marshal Soult. *Itin. d'Esp.* iii. 265, ed. 1828.)

§ Recopilacion, lib. i., tit. 7. Ley. 21, 23, 24.

made common cause—though Charles V. warred against the Protestants, not because they were Protestants, but because their Saxon patrons stood up for the independence of Germany. Spain, which gave birth to St. Dominic, became the champion of popedom. Mark the retribution. The first discontent of Luther arose from the sale of papal indulgences having been taken away from his Augustine order and given to the Dominicans. Clement VII., siding with Charles V., refused, to Henry VIII. that divorce which Alexander VI. readily conceded to Louis XII.; thus, Protestant England was naturally brought into collision with Roman Catholic Spain, as leaders of antagonist creeds. Philip II. 'wasted marrow, bones, and all' on his braggadocio armada, invincible until beaten; then followed the tremendous reprisal, the sack of Cadiz, entailing bankruptcy on Spain, which never was, and never will be, superseded. The Inquisition, interfering with the commerce of Holland, led to its loss, after an expense which exhausted the mines of Mexico. By a singular contradiction Charles V. and Philip II., who were ruining themselves in the support of Romanism, were dragged into war and defeated by Clement VII. and Paul IV., who planned coalitions against the overgrown power of their most dutiful sons;—the eternal city was brutally sacked, and the pontiff made prisoner by the very armies that upheld the cause of Rome against the Lutherans of Germany.

Meanwhile, the fiery spirit of Ximenes grew younger and stronger as his body grew old and weak; civil and religious submission was his watch-word, and he lived to carry his point. Checked by the mild influence of Isabella, at her death he plunged into new enterprises—he lived for action. The magnificence of his plans endeared him to Spaniards. It has been the secret of the popularity of the Albornoz and Mendizabals, who have fattened by pandering to this besetting delusion. While the great Captain counted his beads, a hermit in disgrace, the sword-girt monk carried war into Africa: victory sat on his plumed mitre; his well-organised arrangements, unshrinking courage, and heroic decision did more to ensure success than the standing still of the sun on the day of attack, a celestial accommodation which escaped the observation of vulgar astronomers, Oran, Algiers, and Tunis became the fruits of an expedition planned, defrayed, and conducted by him. Dugusted by the discovery of the secret and hostile instructions of Ferdinand, he retired to Alcalá, with an old man's love for the scenes of his boyhood; he declined a triumph for which he was too great; he passed (like Washington and Wellington) without effort or complaint, regret or remonstrance, into private life; the conqueror became merged in the diocesan and the founder of colleges. Although Ferdinand disliked him, and never forgave his holding the primacy of Spain to the exclusion of his bastard, yet, like Louis XIII. in regard to Richelieu, he fully knew his value; he appointed him regent by his will. The cardinal, nearly eighty years of age, was called, like Paul IV., into care-lined ermine at a moment when repose is graceful and decorous, when the lengthening shadows marking the silent flight of time announce the close of life; crosier, sceptre, or sword never trembled in his aged grasp. He assumed, during the absence of Charles, the whole government, with an unaffected simplicity and consciousness of power, αἰώς ω, which neither offended nor surprised—such was his official experience and the invincible force of integrity, the magic of a master-mind, the fascination of constant success. He devoted himself with single-hearted energy to the performance of his duty to his king and church; he stood forward in the gap; he beat down a turbulent opposition by arms, the last argument of kings; he organised a civil force, strong in the people's support, and realised the dream of Machiavelli; he

grappled with difficulties, and by so doing conquered them; he was not idiot enough to attempt to conciliate those who are not to be conciliated, nor to hope to disarm enemies by a fear of giving offence; he obtained peace by preparing for war; his iron arm kept down the discontent of Spaniards, which fired at the exactions of the Flemish favourites of Charles. Successful in all his plans, he was not enamoured with place or power. After his oft-repeated and most urgent entreaties, Charles came at last. The news of his long-wished-for arrival operated as a cordial on the death-stricken Ximenes: he advanced by slow stages, 'an old man broken with the storms of state,' to meet his king; but his silver hairs could not purchase the forbearance of the ravenous tribe who followed the royal stranger. They persuaded their young master to write a cold letter of thanks and of official dismissal. Ximenes, who had been too long in power to be surprised at ingratitude, indignant and lion-hearted to the last, attempted to scrawl an answer, fell back, 'gave his honours to the world, and slept in peace.'

Such was Ximenes, whose very errors were stamped with more than *Dantesque* character of power. A Mons. Richard has published a parallel between him and Cardinal Richelieu. Certainly both were cardinals, prime ministers, ambitious, and despotic, but all this was a resemblance rather of situation than of personal character. Richelieu was supported by the Crown, which was supported by Ximenes. Richelieu was devoid of religious sincerity. His faith was subservient to his policy; he oppressed Protestants in France, and upheld them in Germany. He was dishonest, sensual, ostentatious, fond of flattery, tremblingly alive to libel, unforgiving, cruel, devoid of real courage, a false crouching courtier, a nepotist, a mass of pure unmitigated selfishness. He founded hotels for himself, not colleges for others. He expended millions, not on the Bible, but on purple and fine linen. Insolent in life, hated in death, he was accompanied to his grave by the yells of the people, their dirges to tyrants; though, blinded by self-love, his last words were, that 'He had no enemies save those of the State.' This vain Frenchman resembled the false *clintant*, the theatrical pretension of a picture by David, erecable alike whether armed with paillet or guillotine; the proud Spaniard awed mankind with the severe, almost appalling, grandeur of a prophet by Michael Angelo.

Our Wolsey appears to us to have proposed Ximenes to himself for a model; but he was his inferior in the quality of his virtues as well as vices. Both rose by their talents, both remembered their schools—Alcala, Ipswich. Both were patronised by the leading prelates of the day; one confessor to his queen, the other chaplain to his king. Wolsey was subtle and insinuating, full of personal feeling and *parvenu* arrogance; profligate in youth, and placed in the stocks for drunkenness, he contrasted with the ascetic mortifications of Ximenes;—one all private humility and sincere indifference to dignities, dying in honour, and entombed amidst the praises of friend and foe; the other, all pomp and pride, grasping at mitres, pandering to a sensual monarch, wallowing in wealth and

self-indulgence, and, when stripped of all, bemoaning on his death-bed his neglected Maker.

Mr. Prescott modestly expresses his sorrow at finding himself anticipated by Mr. Irving in two of the most brilliant portions of his theme, the conquest of Granada, and the history of Columbus; and we fully enter into the natural feeling, '*pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint.*' But if he will correct certain blemishes of style, which are unworthy of his talents, amiable character, and literary perseverance, he has no cause to fear a competition with Mr. Irving. The world is wide enough for all. There is nothing new under the sun. '*Le beau est mon bien, et je le reprend ou je le retrouve.*' The novelty consists in the fashion, the '*callida junctura*' of the workman; '*à l'œuvre on connaît l'artisan.*'

As to the affair of Granada, the two authors have little in common beyond the subject. Irving, avowedly imitating Froissart, only professed to take a contemporary view, to describe effects, not causes, minute events, moving incidents, the interest of the day. His therefore is an account of sieges, costumes, and banners, Moors, 'Allah akbar,' personal prowess and adventure—a sparkling sketch with not much in it, a vignette for an annual. Mr. Prescott's intention was to take a wider scope, like one that stands upon a promontory and spies afar. His book was destined for the study, not the drawing-room; a bill of fare less abounding in the pleasing trifles of sugared confectionary, than the substantial chimes of Homeric heroes. His aim, of which, however, he too often loses sight, is to paint a grand historical subject, to discard common and trivial occurrences, and dwell upon those landmarks which affix character and identity to the scene; to paint with the broad effects of Rembrandt. The details of the conquest of Granada require no notice from us. The effects are less understood. This possession of the Moors, the apparent weakness of Castile, was, in fact the secret of Castilian strength. The struggle, like the breeze upon a lake, kept fresh the energies of the nation. While the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was thought by the infallible Pope to be a divine judgment, turned out to be a divine blessing by the dispersion of knowledge, the capture of Granada, which the same Pope pronounced to be a compensation for the infidel success, proved the cause of the ruin of Spain. It paved the way to the loss of all liberty, to apathy, stagnation, corruption, and decay.

Certainly Washington Irving had many qualifications for writing the life of Columbus—a real tale of sorrow and romance: nor can we too much praise the talent with which he has, on the whole, combined historical accuracy with poetic feeling; but still he is an advocate, and not seldom his zeal betrays him. Mr. Prescott, though heartily sympathising with the hero, has throughout endeavoured to maintain the impartial spirit of a judge. The life of Columbus is one magnificent tragedy; the plot, the discovery of a world; the moral, the vanity of human wishes—a good man struggling with undeserved misfortune. The drama opens with the splendid conception, not the child of accident, but of long-matured design; the progress is impeded by delays and difficulties, until the spurs of patient merit are succeeded by the triumph. Then comes a change of scene, envy, persecution, disappointment, and death. The portrait of this great Italian, prefixed to Mr. Prescott's third volume, is evidently by an Italian hand. The oval, somewhat lengthened face, the thoughtful, expressive eye, an eagle's in repose, the steady, open regard, the grave, modest, commanding dignity—self-respect tempered with respect for others—the mournful cast of countenance, prescient of ill-requited merit, the ample, intelligent brow, the small,

* He was said to have been poisoned. The vulgar are disposed to ascribe the death of great men to foul means. Eighty-one years of age was surely sufficient, and at a period when life was less prolonged than at present. Few of his great contemporaries even reached the grand climacteric—the fatal sixty two. Mr. Prescott (iii. 498-505) subjoins in a note some poor and misplaced jests;—'die and endow a college or a cat.' &c. &c. Ximenes lived to do the former.

determined mouth, the *recherche* of costume, the helm and battle-axe, laid aside but ready, contrasting with the medal in his hand—all combine to pourtray the man of taste and the soldier.

Columbus was born about 1435, of poor parents, near Genoa, which disowned, while unknown to fame, him who is now her greatest boast. He loved the sea from boyhood, with that irresistible instinctive yearning, that foresight of success, which marked the early career of our Captain Cook. Portugal was the England of that age, and took the lead in maritime discovery. Prince Henry, from his lone watch-tower at Sagres, anticipated the circumnavigation of Africa. Columbus, married to a sailor's daughter, had learnt amid the storms of Iceland that practical seamanship for which, like Cook, he was pre-eminently distinguished; that accurate observation of the elements and heavens which he so often turned to good account; that witchcraft of knowledge which appeared superhuman to superstitious and ignorant mariners. He supported himself, at first, by making charts. A vague idea, fed by vulgar credulity, and learned speculation, based on some poetic aspirations of the revived classics, was then generally prevalent, that a path of glory opened by the west to Asia, to Cathay, to the fairy-land of Prester John—a region of spice and pearls, barbaric pomp and gold. The prophetic eye of Columbus pierced through the twilight which broke on the long night of the dark ages: the train of his innate impulses was fired, and when he had carefully satisfied his mind, conjecture became conviction, to which he adhered with impliable tenacity. Mystical and religious, he considered himself an instrument in the hands of Providence, to carry, as the dove (Columbus) the olive branch, the gospel to benighted worlds. This and his own honour were the pivots of his mind; never, even while a beggar, would he abate one jot of his lofty pretensions. He treated with kings as one who could confer kingdoms; and when his plans were rejected at Lisbon, he departed in disgust, the world before him.

There is a convent of Franciscans at St. Maria de Rabida, near Mougier—it still remains much as it was—an unknown stranger begs at the porter's lodge a crust of bread and a cup of water for his little boy. The Prior, passing by, is arrested by his striking appearance—that stranger is Columbus.—Juan Perez de Marchana, the Prior (an honour to his name and calling,) had been confessor to Isabella: he became a second father to the child, and a patron to the father. Furnished with a letter to the Queen, the foreigner arrives at court at the moment of the war against Granada, when every nerve was strained for a popular, practical and definite object. The Catholic Sovereigns have been reproached by writers influenced by feeling, and by a knowledge of subsequent events, with folly and inattention to his proposals. They could not have been expected to relinquish a substance for what then *must have* appeared a shadow; they did not, however, reject him—he was referred to a commission of divines at Salamanca, for religion was then mixed up in every thing. The beautiful convent of Dominicans where the conclave met has also escaped the destroying French: the traveller may still tread those halls where the arguments of Columbus were rebutted by texts from Saint Augustine; where the great man was silenced by college tutors, who accustomed to teach others, were not to be taught. He was thought an atheist, a reckless adventurer, a fool, by real fools, who despised what they could not understand; his plan was

pronounced to be 'vain, impracticable, and unworthy of support.' To assert that the earth is round, or that the sun is stationary, was considered heresy in Spain until 1747!! Galileo, in Italy, retracted his errors on his knees. Columbus returned to court, rejected but not dejected; his earnest self-confidence, if it could not ensure conviction, obtained respect from Isabella; there was a sympathy in their kindred minds; she supplied him in the meantime with a home and maintenance. After seven long years of hope deferred, the good Prior comes in person to plead his cause. Isabella is convinced, while all around are incredulous—she pawns her jewels to defray the expedition.* We have stood upon that bridge at Pinos from whence Columbus, retiring for ever, was recalled. At the age of fifty-seven, and older than mere years, he prepares for the voyage; in these days of a north-western steam trip, we cannot understand what must have been the awful launching into the unknown deep, which no ship had traversed, from whence nought but tempest-wrecked fragments had drifted back. They embark in open-decked caravels; the desponding crew bid the living world farewell—they venture on the waste of waters; the trade-winds, which waft them rapidly from Europe, seem to oppose return; the needle, their only guide, varies; clouds assume the shape of headlands; the mirage of the deep mocks their land-sick eyes; they mutiny, when on the verge of the discovery, from intense nostalgia. Columbus had set his life upon the east; another day of trial is granted. He keeps the night-watch, for he has forgotten sleep; when, sweeping the horizon, his anxious eye first catches the flicker of a light—'tis land. To him was reserved the first sight of his new world, the eternal monument of his fame. The great ocean secret was now solved; the rising sun revealed verdant isles sleeping in innocence and beauty on the crystal waters; the despised foreigner in one moment was worshipped by his mutinous crew as a demigod; they fell at his feet, now the dispenser of honour and fortune,

'And bless'd the wondrous man.'

Columbus, by gentle usage, conciliated the natives; they never forgot his kindness, which the Spaniards never remembered; his policy was marked by good faith, justice, and humanity; he was guided by sound views which were in advance of his age; he respected their women and their chiefs. A vein of poetry and religious gratitude breathes through his matchless account of this event; with true Italian perception of beauty, he is never weary of contemplating these blessed islands, in which the Spaniards, to whom profit was and is beauty, saw nothing. He establishes a government, and provides rules of conduct during his absence; his value was best tested by his loss; ere his departing ship was out of sight his councils were forgotten; then followed the fearful excesses of unbridled lust, and of remote, unquestioned, delegated power. Alas! for this paradise of the sea; an eternal spring, a bountiful, uncursed soil; a simple, naked, virtuous population; kind and hos-

* To Isabella is due the glory of having thus secured the first possession of the New World to Spain. But for her, Columbus would have gone to England, and Henry VII. listened readily to maritime speculation.

pitable men, groups of beautiful women, 'with ever-smiling faces, and songs, from morning till evening, came dancing forth from their palm-groves, like Dryads,' says P. Martyr, 'to welcome these supposed visit rs from heaven;' fiends rather, who were soon to convert their innocence into guilt, their liberty into slavery. The poor, happy, ignorant Indians, called *savages*, forsooth, by these worthy descendants of the Goths, were subsequently handed over to the polluted dominion of galley-slaves, convicts who had cheated the gibbet, demons let loose from the Spanish prisons, and worse than the fallen angels, never having been good! Columbus returns to Spain without one reproach on his conscience, without one drop of blood on his hands; his frail bark, laden with the freight of the New World, encounters a hurricane; his thoughts at that moment are recorded in his journal—they turned to his poor boys at Cordova, his unfortunate crew, his own loss of glory. He lands in Spain like a spirit from another world; he visits the Catholic Sovereigns at Barcelona—his progress was one triumph; cities empty themselves to say 'This is he.' The sovereigns rise at his approach and seat him in their presence; his gray hairs and commanding aspect mark him as the hero of the pageant. To complete the picture of the times, Alexander VI., a disgrace to his order and to human nature, a feeble, profligate old man, by one dash of his pen confers on the Spanish crown the Empire of the New World—'the reward of heaven for the conquest of the Moors, and the expulsion of the Jews!' This happy month was the short and winged honey-moon of the life of Columbus—the sorrows of his youth and manhood formed the sad presage of his declining fate. On his return to San Salvador he found the country desolate; he became the butt of calumnies which were credited, because, as he says, he was 'absent, envied, and a foreigner.' He was persecuted by Fonseca,* a colonial incubus and over-secretary, a creature made up of schoolboy conceit,† petty spite, and official insolence, whose name is coupled with the ruin of America and the recall of Columbus. Bobadilla is sent out, a special commissioner, armed with dictatorial powers; but here we must quote Mr. Prescott (iii. 19):—'It is impossible now to determine what motive could have led to the selection of so incompetent an agent for an office of such high responsibility. He seems to have been a weak and arrogant man, swelled up with immeasurable insolence by the brief authority thus undeservedly bestowed on him.'

* Fonseca, the evil genius of Columbus, and for thirty years in office, was a jobber, a hypocrite, and a slaveholder. Spanish historians have never dared entirely to expose his iniquities; the censors protected one of their own order. His quarrel with Columbus arose about the number of the Admiral's footmen, not aid-de-camps. Father Boil, a missionary of Fonseca's, was another sore in the side of Columbus; his quarrel arose from the Admiral's putting him, in a time of scarcity, on short rations like the rest. The inflamed Boil returned to Spain bursting with the humours of discontent. By such dirty pulleys are the scenes of history raised or lowered.

† We believe it was Lord Melbourne who, on a recent occasion, concentrated the results of considerable experience and observation in this brief commentary on a Ministerial colleague's eulogy of a young political economist:—'He's clever enough; but I don't like those fellows that are always cock-sure of every thing.'

Columbus is sent home in chains by this silly violent minion; he refuses, with an uncomplaining, indignant sense of injustice, to have them taken off during the voyage; he lands at Cadiz in fetters, which are struck off by the first burst of popular indignation—the tribute of sympathy to undeserved persecution; Columbus preserves them, monuments of the reward of his services: they were

'Hung in his chamber, buried in his grave.'

Isabella, always his friend, soothes the pang which worth should never know; the venerable Admiral, who could withstand prison and disgrace, falls subdued in tears at her feet. Bobadilla, superseded, sinks into contempt and insignificance; the usual sequels of official rank unaccompanied by real talent, and founded either in fear (the basest of motives), or in the interested fawning of low followers and fortune-hunters. He embarks for Spain in spite of the warnings of his injured and forgiving victim; his crimes and ill-gotten treasures were buried in the deep by an avenging hurricane—only one small ship, which was freighted with the property of Columbus, escaped. The Admiral, after enduring all the miseries of repeated shipwrecks, destitution, mutiny, distress, and sickness, forgotten by his king and people, returns from his fourth and last voyage, buffeted and worn out, broken in mind and body: to fill up the cup of his afflictions, he finds his only friend, the Queen, on her death-bed. Ferdinand, who took no interest in his discoveries, beheld him as an unwelcome creditor, one whose claims were too just to be disregarded, too great to be allowed: thus left in his age, 'naked to his enemies,' he pleaded in vain that, 'having served for his sovereigns as if to gain a paradise, he was a homeless beggar after a service of twenty years.' He died at Valladolid (aged 70) on the 20th of May, 1506, with a full confidence in the justice of posterity: his death was calm and happy; he looked forward to a world 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Yet his very bones were denied rest (the last prayer of Shakspeare): they were moved to Seville, to Santo Domingo, and finally in 1795 to the Havannah, with a pomp which marked the self-love of the Spanish authorities, rather than the respect due to the dust of him who died friendless and forlorn.* They now remain in that island, the first almost of his discoveries, and the last rag of the vast colonial empire of Spain.

The character of Columbus is best portrayed in his private journal, in which he recorded his secret sorrows and joys, the true barometer of his feelings. It is written in an artless, earnest style, and contains the soundest, most practical, and sagacious views, mixed with visions of a poetical and religious enthusiasm; the recovery of the holy sepulchre is never absent from his thoughts; it was the first provision contemplated when he first sailed, till last in his last will. This was not peculiar to him—it influenced the gentle Isabella, the hard-headed, hard-hearted Ximenes, the licentious, thoughtless Charles VIII. As with Isabella, the redemption of souls, not the acquisition

* Humboldt, the moral discoverer of the southern new world, indignantly remarks—'Wherever we traverse Spanish America, from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, from Trinidad to Puerto Rico, from Panama to Vera-guas, we nowhere meet with a national monument erected by public gratitude to the glory of Christopher Columbus.'

of base lucre, was the paramount object of Columbus; his devotional character breaks out in the beautiful nomenclature given to his discoveries; he thereby recorded his faith, as Captain Cook did his friendship and patriotism. We are ashamed to add that San Salvador, the first-seen land, which saved him from the sea and dishonour, now bears the vulgar Brandywine appellation of Cat's Island!

Columbus was temperate—his mind, absorbed in his great cause, could not descend to low pleasures. Feeding constantly on lofty hopes, he acquired an exaltation of character which fools thought madness; but there was a method in that enthusiasm, that '*poco di matto*,' which Bacon thought essential to those who aspired to great things. It was this inspired monomania which sustained him through frustration of purpose, fond hopes disappointed, unexpected evils realized. He was a gentleman in mind and manner; there was nothing mean or grovelling in his eccentricity, nor did his peculiar views ever cloud his judgment on any other topic. He exhibited, in the highest degree, fitness for the great object which he accomplished; self-possession, fertility of expedient, presence of mind, professional skill, unremitting attention to the health and welfare of his crew, steady performance of duty, justice, humanity, discipline, personal intrepidity, truth to himself and to others. Columbus was the sport of seeming accidents, the term our blind ignorance applies to those events by which an inscrutable Providence brings about its own good purposes. Like Moses he was doomed to behold, but never enter the land of promise to which he had guided others: the golden will-o'-the-wisp flitting before his eyes continually eluded his grasp. On the 7th of October, in his first voyage, had he not changed his course to W. S. W., he must have made the Floridas, and have given a Spanish population to North America. Again, had he not on the 12th of November turned to E. S. E., he must have sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. He died ignorant of the real extent of his discoveries, but was spared from seeing his honour perpetuated on another's name—the fulfilment, nevertheless, of his own predictions!

Whether the discovery of the New World has been a blessing to the natives or to their discoverers is a wide question: we think not. That another awful event which occurred two years afterwards, and changed the face of Europe—the invasion of Italy by the French—was a source of misery to civilization, admits of little doubt.

Louis XI. transmitted the great and compact power of France to his uneducated son: Charles VIII., deformed in body and depraved in mind, thirsted for conquest; his dreams of Charlemagne were seconded by his restless people, who, deprived of their accustomed wars at home, sought a safety-valve in foreign aggression: Charles was a mere weed, carried forward on the waves. Lust for conquest has ever since been the business—war, the recreation of the French. This 'contest for glory' was the type of the flagitious invasion of Spain by Buonaparte, whom Mr. Prescott can compare to Gaston de Foix (iii. 417)—a simile of dissimilitude—while he can see no parallel between the Great Captain of Spain and the greater captain of England!

Naples was the prize—the pretext a claim to its crown, of which Mr. Prescott has clearly shown the groundlessness. The bastard branch of Aragon had reigned in quiet possession, recognised by popes and kings, for three successions, to the exclusion both of the house of Anjou and of Ferdinand the Catholic: the latter, notwithstanding, was always considered by the Spaniards to be the rightful heir, which he really was according to former treaties. The weapon by which Italy was to be destroyed was forged by one of her own children. Ludovico Sforza (the Moor) ruled at Milan during the minority of the

young duke, a grandson of the king of Naples. He tempted Charles to revive the antiquated pretensions of the house of Anjou in the hopes that a war carried by the French into Naples would give such occupation to that power as to ensure the non-interruption of his own usurpations at Milan. Charles caught at the glittering bait, and secured, as he imagined, the connivance of Ferdinand, by the surrender of the mortgaged provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne; a treaty of alliance was formed between them, into which was introduced the usual formula: '*the vicar of Christ excepted*.' Ferdinand, by extending this to include Naples as a fief of the church, defeated the whole object which his rival had in contemplation. He thus recovered the long-sought-for keys of his dominions, which the wily Louis XI. never would have given up; while Charles relinquished for a shadow, which he could never retain, a substance which never could have been taken from him.

Italy was then in her zenith: compared to the rest of Europe, she was a paradise, a garden of delight; protected by the Alps from the rude North, girt by the Mediterranean (the high-way of commerce), her valleys overflowed with milk and honey, her mountain-tops luxuriated with cultivation. She formed a world within herself, floating in an atmosphere of policy and refinement of her own. Yet, devoid alike of the charm of innocence, or of the strength of virtue, her gift of beauty was fatal. She was unarmed. The intellectual Italians were unwilling to disturb their polished ease and literary indulgence by 'noisy drums and villanous saltpetre.' Gentle as doves, yet wiser than serpents, the encounter of knowledge was their arena of honour. Wealth enabled them to hire others to do for them the work of fighting—and they had pride in directing from their quiet cabinet the brute machine: they ruled, like their spiritual head of the Vatican, by no force save that of opinion; laughed at the bubble of military glory as the fallacy of feudal barbarism; despised courage, which they held to be a thing of nerves, sinews, and digestion—not even a moral quality—common to good and bad alike—sometimes based in the bully's want of feeling for others—oftener the child of cowardice itself, a greater fear of being thought afraid. The condottieri, the leaders of these hireling legions, economised their men as their stock-in-trade, and, having no personal feeling in the dispute, and being liable, like advocates, to be retained in some future cause by their immediate opponents, they carried on a warfare which was defensive rather than offensive: no Death rode on their pale horses. A defunct enemy was no gain, whilst the loss of a comrade diminished their own pack. A live prisoner who would pay ransom was the real prize. This system of tactics was perfected by Sir John Hawkwood, an English condottier, and the real inventor of the modern art of war. Machiavelli relates, that at the important battle of Zagonara, in 1423, three men only were killed, and those by mud and heat. This '*pochissima uccisione*' has passed into the chivalric paper achievements of the Spaniards, '*los muy valientes*.' Quesada gained his celebrated victory at Veger, in 1831, with the loss of one hero killed, and two brave men bruised. The Italians, not cruel for cruelty's sake, reserved death for the poisoned cup and the assassin stab, as surer methods than the chance shot of a soldier. Hence, when the vials of wrath were emptied on the fair valleys, from a quarter whence no danger had been anticipated—

when the accustomed mutual forbearance of death was disregarded by these blood hounds—when the 'furia Francesca' broke down the sanctuaries, and defiled the holy places—Italy swooned away panic-struck and paralysed in horror. The deluge poured on unresisted and irresistible: the Vandal Gaul came again, with merely chalk in his hand, said the Pope, to mark his billets. Desolation marched in the van, famine and disease in the rear: the Italians then felt their weakness, the French found and abused their strength. Lust, impiety, plunder,* insolence, merry cruelty, did their worst. Then was first introduced the 'system of terror' by which France has desolated the earth, and which 'no other power in Europe ever had or ever can have recourse to.' (Gurwood, x. 367.) The first holocaust was the brutal and needless sack of St. Jean: that *Saint Jean* has been avenged! Afterwards in Capua, during a *parley*, 7000 citizens were butchered in cold blood. Peter Martyr predicted alike the havoc, the short-lived triumph, the destruction of the 'locusts,' and the irreparable injury to his country. (Ep. 124.)

While the French were wallowing in their sty at Naples, converting friends into foes by insolence and impolicy, Ferdinand set on foot the first armed coalition of Europe against the common enemy. Charles VIII., roused from the felicity of a dream, fled with half his army, and forced a passage through the allies at Fornovo. The French, irritated by the recoil of their own iniquities, rendered savage, like birds of prey, by having tasted blood, retired, hissing with spite, poisoning and blighting the soil, scarring the land in petty mischief. Those who escaped soon forgot, in the stews and flesh-pots of Paris, their deserted companions; their runaway leader rubbed his hands like Buonaparte over the fire—'Cela vaut mieux que Moscou.' The French who were left behind in Naples were commanded by Montpensier, a chief of a breed hardly yet extinct, who never could get up till noon. They were opposed by the Great Captain, the only *really* great captain Spain has ever produced. Her remarkable immemorial incapacity in that respect has been noticed by the ancients. (Justin, ii. 44.) It has pervaded all her annals, and is confirmed by him who knew them best: 'not even the struggle for independence could produce one man with any knowledge of the real situation of the country;' (Gurwood, ix. 524; vii. 48, 244)—there was throughout an entire 'and real dearth of men even of common capacity,' (ibid. v. 170)—enough of 'children in the art of war, doing nothing as it ought to be done, but running away.' (Ibid. ix. 366.)

Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova, of the noble house of Aguilar, was born in 1453, in troubled times, the cradle of master-spirits. A younger brother (an element for making a name), he grew up in war to be active and robust, qualities always necessary in a general, and still more so in that age of personal

pro prowess. Ever the first in attacks, the last in retreats—he was in courts the 'prince of cavaliers'; his costume was magnificent beyond his means: his elder brother (sicut mos illis) paid and reproached in vain. Gonzalo, though clad in brocade, rushed into the water to carry Isabella from a boat; which gallantry, like the velvet cloak, was the stepping-stone to the good fortunes of this Spanish Raleigh. Gonzalo served at the conquest of Granada; he was selected, from his knowledge of Arabic and his diplomatic talents, to conduct with Zafra the negotiation of the surrender. An estate near Granada was his reward; another, and near the same site, has been given to our captain,—the royal Soto de Roma, where we have spent pleasant hours, winged as sunbeams.

Isabella, although she took no part in the Naples campaign, which regarded Arragon, recommended her gallant pilot to Ferdinand. He was appointed to the command, over the heads of his seniors in rank. The queen was 'uniformly' his true friend, and supporter—his George IV.,—which was felt and gratefully acknowledged. (Gurwood, x. 81.) Gonzalo lands in Calabria; the King of Naples loses the battle of Seminara, which he fought in opposition to the advice of Gonzalo—(an Oceana—Gurwood, viii. 158)—who, after this, his only defeat, thought of the Italians as the Duke did of the Spaniards after Talavera. It appears an idle tale of Florian's, when we read that Gonzalo placed his only strength in his *Spaniards!* on whose *courage, nerve, and discipline* he could *implicitly* rely!—while he counted the Italians as *nothing*. How times are changed! Our Duke, a man not liable to fear 'trembled!' when he thought of anything that depended on the Spaniards; 'a curse instead of a benefit to the nation which they are employed to defend,' (Gurwood, vii. 256;) fortunate if they do not run away' (Gurwood, vii. 568); 'disgraced for constant and shameful misbehaviour before the enemy' (Gurwood, v. 80, 84).

Gonzalo retires into Calabria, where he keeps up a Guerilla Moorish desultory warfare; he was left, like 'all Spanish armies, in absolute want of everything, and at the most critical moment' (Gurwood, xi. 85, 276). He then deeply felt the value of Isabella and her well-organised system of supplies. In these untoward circumstances he exhibited all the talents, both of a consummate partisan, and of an able general; quick to profit by the least errors of his opponents; secret to plan; rapid to execute; everywhere at the same time; neglecting nothing; reconnoitring and superintending everything; 'hitting his enemy as hard as he could, and in the most vulnerable place,' (Gurwood, xi. 547); full of foresight, circumspection, and prudence, he gained ground inch by inch; pounced upon Laino (Ciudad Rodrigo); forced the French into a convention at Atella, where he was hailed by acclamation as the Great Captain; and he indeed is great who achieves great deeds with limited means. After the final expulsion of the French he proceeded to Ostia, and having routed a bandit horde, entered the eternal city in triumph. He was received by Alexander VI. as the 'Deliverer of Rome;' and, though decorated by him with the golden rose, reproved the Pontiff for his vices; or, as Mr. Prescott (ii. 432) expresses it, breathed an 'unsavoury rebuke.' It was something in those days to have hearded the old man of the seven mountains in his own lair. The iron Alva, some years after—

* Mr. Prescott (ii. 392), 'gentle with these butchers, thus blandly records the first war waged against the fine arts. 'Charles however, took care to secure to himself some of the spoils of victory, in a manner which we have seen practiced on a much larger scale indeed by his countrymen in our days. He collected the various works of art with which Naples was adorned—everything which was capable of transportation.'

wards, trembled in the presence of Clement VII., even while his prisoner.

In the mean time Charles VIII. dies. Louis XII., who differed from him in everything except a greediness for Italy, agrees on a partition of Naples with Ferdinand, who wisely thought that it would be easier to reconquer the half than the whole of that kingdom. Gonzalo is again sent to Italy to take possession of the Spanish moiety: but, before he landed, he, in conjunction with the Venetians, captured St. George in Cephalonia from the Turks, with whom the king of Naples had allied himself, to the particular horror of the Most Christian and Catholic sovereigns, who forthwith professed to take up arms for the sake of religion.

Another French army is sent into Italy: in process of time the disputed and ill-defined boundary fires the train of their hatred to Spaniards. This had been so ill concealed, that their Massenas proclaimed that they were coming to 'drive them into the sea.' Gonzalo, overmatched in numbers, falls back on the Adriatic. He makes his great stand at Barleta, his Torres Vedras, the only spot unconquered by the French. He remained there caged up during many sad months of neglect and privation. The comparison between him and our Duke at Lesaca, and between the conduct of their governments at home, presents the most marvellous parallel afforded in the range of history. Gonzalo never in the darkest moments 'despaired, when ministers thought his case hopeless' (Gurwood, vi. 346); when left by his government to his own invention, as to money and other respects' (Gurwood, v. 569); 'not treated with the common confidence which he might have expected' from those *he was saving!* (Gurwood, x. 313). 'The service was stinted in every branch' (Gurwood, xi. 386); 'although he did everything in his power to point out wants and have them supplied' (Gurwood, xi. 154); although his necessities were perfectly well known at home, whether from wicked carelessness, official delay, poverty, false economy, despair in ultimate success, or from a mistaken policy that the war might support itself, nothing was done for him, nor for 'the brave army which struggled through its difficulties.' (Gurwood, xi. 628.) Yet he cheered up his men with the hopes of coming succours, and concealed the misconduct of his employers. He was too really great to resign in a pique. He was too real a patriot to sacrifice his country's interests to avenge himself of scurvy treatment from shabby friends. He continued to 'slave like a negro' (Gurwood, viii. 180); 'with more than he could do' (ibid., ix. 54); 'in the field and on the road all day' (ibid., xi. 123); 'going through what no other officer in the service could have endured' (ibid., viii. 277); 'not believed at home' (ibid., viii. 62); bearing every possible difficulty and neglect 'with patience, *great patience*' (ibid., viii. 76.)

His soldiers at length mutiny from absolute privations. 'No money had been paid for three months' (Gurwood, x. 125); he 'shuddered' when he wrote home so often and in vain! (ibid., xi.—*millies repetita*)—'want of pay was the true cause of all the misery and military misbehaviour' (ibid., ix. 466.) He quells the mutiny 'with an iron hand' (ibid., xi. 151); he was not hampered by newspaper Solons, by 'no flogging' democrats, who 'make command before the enemy impossible'; he was afflicted with no king-acting, gaol-feverish vanity; no 'supposed

mercy—often [ay, always] extreme cruelty in the end, and the cause of the loss of life of valuable men. He was never cruel; and if a terror to evil-doers, he was a kind patron to the good. He rose under difficulties, which he beat back by grappling with them boldly, not by pitiful make-shift expedients. He kept his army together by his unbounded personal influence, 'mira auctoritas apud omnes.' (P. Mart. 486.) His men knew and trusted him, he knew and trusted them. He also knew their enemies; and like our Duke, and most unlike all Spaniards, never underrated their formidable military qualities. He foresaw that the 'furia Francesca' would waste itself against his Fabian tactics. He remained in his 'den' deriding their taunts; and, on their making an ungarded opening, dashed out and advanced to Cerignola, the ancient Cannæ. He formed his lines behind a ditch in a vineyard, which he saw was the true key of the position. The French advanced in 'the old style,' were checked by this unforeseen impediment and wavered; Gonzalo seized the moment,—'Up, guards! and at them!' Then followed the old 'Sauve qui peut!' just 'in the *old* style'—(Gurwood xii. 529); an hour decided the complete rout; the French fled, leaving in his hands camp, baggage, colours, artillery, and a multitude of prisoners. Gonzalo used their officers kindly; the men he sent on board the galleys. He could place no confidence in French parole (ibid., viii. 62, *et passim*); to have exchanged them would have been 'giving them to the enemy' (ibid., xi. 105.) He entered Naples in triumph, to the *inexpressible joy* of the inhabitants; thus delivered from the licentious tyranny of the invaders.—Compare Salamanca (ibid., ix. 241) and Madrid (ibid., xi. 354.)

Gonzalo was soon summoned from his duties of peace into action; the French, 'always prodigal of their men' (Gurwood, xi. 93), pour in another hornet swarm; previous defeats had not abated their vanity nor confidence: they thought, says P. Martyr, that no one understood the art of war but themselves. Tremouille, their leader, told the Spanish Ambassador that he would 'give 20,000 ducats to meet his great captain!' 'Your predecessor would have given double *not* to have met him at Cerignola' was the reply. So spake the exile at Elba of our captain—'Je n'ai pas encore frotte mes mains avec lui!' Waterloo settled that point. The opposing forces encamped on each side of the Garigliano, amid the marbles of the Minturnæ, where Marius was concealed—the ancient histories are revived by the new interest shed by the deeds of Gonzalo over their time-honoured sites. The French got wearied with inactivity and became careless. Gonzalo again seized the right moment and crushed them at Garigliano—a Vittoria. The French were again stripped of everything but their skins—all was again lost save the honour of losing all. The conquerors, pushing on, found the French chief's supper prepared—with the same delicate anticipation which was shown at Oporto to our Duke by Soult, and again at Bruxelles by the Count de Merode. The miserable remnant of the French hosts, the finest army, says P. Martyr, which the sun ever beheld, crawled and limped back through Italy, scorned and hooted at, crippled, scarecrow, prodigal, husk-fed legionaries, the poor ill-requited victims of their leader's incompetence. The blood of murdered peasants rose in armed crops of avengers. The 'roads were strewn with carcasses of Frenchmen put to death by the people.' (Gurwood, iv. 317: Oporto, Santarem, *et Peninsula passim*.) 'The worst evils which they suffered in their retreat were the fruits of those lessons of blood which they had taught.'

* As old as Livy (x. 28)—'prima eorum prælia plus quam virorum, postrema minus quam feminarum.'

They drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness, which they had mingled for others. They retained nothing of their conquests but the dishonour and disease.

'Parthenopes regnum simul olim, Galle, luemque
Cepisti :—restat nunc tibi sola lues.'

Gonzalo entered Naples triumphantly for the third and last time. Having sheathed for ever his victorious sword, he exhibited in his civil office of viceroy those talents which had distinguished him in the field—justice, fortitude, temperance, magnificence, magnanimity, liberality, gentleness, wisdom. He had learnt, like our Duke, how to defend, conquer, and govern kingdoms—both bred up in the school of service, not stunted in the narrowing circle of red-tape offices, they necessarily were financiers, judges, diplomatists, and governors, the component parts of true Great Captains.

Full of decorous gravity, stately without overbearing, Gonzalo was indifferent to honours and advantages for himself, but most chary as regarded them for his comrades he gave up his own share of booty; he impoverished his private fortune by paying those who were neglected by the king; he carried the personal chivalry of the age to rashness, and to the last adventured his precious life in common forlorn hopes—the proper duty of a soldier of fortune, but an unjustifiable risk in the directing general-in-chief. Like Napoleon and Wellington, he never was wounded: chosen instruments in the hand of Providence for their great destinies, they bore a charmed life. Gonzalo's chief excellencies were 'prudence' and 'firmness,' qualities all but unknown to Spaniards (Garwood, vii. 173); he was never boastful or 'eager to fight useless battles with disproportionate means' (ibid. viii. 411); he trusted in the victory of skill over brute force; his beautiful armour (one of the relics of Madrid) is chased with his emblems, the cross-bow, and his motto, 'Ingenium superat vires.' The statues of Industry and Fortitude still decorate the exterior of his sepulchral chapel, with the deep-cut record, 'Gallorum ac Turcorum terror,' which the French, from not understanding, omitted to deface. Gonzalo, unlike most of his countrymen, had no 'low intrigues' (ibid., v. 100; vii. 37); neither did his golden mind stoop to contaminate his honour with the dross of peculation—*τις μισθον η χρηματα*. His treatment of the 'quantities of papers and vouchers required by the auditors of accounts' (Garwood, vi. 92) has passed into a proverb, 'Las Cuentas del Gran Capitan.'

Gonzalo continued to govern Naples, gaining the esteem of all parties, when the knell of Isabella's death—the fatal warrant to Columbus—struck heavily on his ear: he too knew and felt the irreparable loss. Ferdinand, who up to this moment had honoured and trusted him, now became alarmed at the popularity of his powerful viceroy. He suspected his allegiance, now that the strong tie was snapped. He hurried from Spain at the political crisis after the death of Philip, in order to dispossess Gonzalo of an imaginary sceptre, thereby risking the loss of one at home which was his own. Gonzalo anticipated his thoughts and his arrival; he placed himself at once in the power of Ferdinand, who, having appointed his own grandson as viceroy, which gives a key to his motives, dissembled until his return to Spain, when his suspicions and neglect drove Gonzalo from his court.

He retired to Loja, where, in the bosom of his family, beloved by all, honoured by all, save his king, he died in 1515, at the fatal age of sixty-two; his wife only survived him a few days. His ostensible malady was a quartan ague, the legacy of the marshes of Minturnus: it was at least hastened, however, by the pining under

placeless disgrace, which no Spaniard can withstand. Even Gonzalo lacked the imperturbable *μεταβολη* of the Duke of Wellington: he could not remain unmoved on the pedestal of his own greatness. It might well be expected that Ferdinand, who disliked Ximenes because raised by the Queen of Castile, and not by himself, would less affect one, the beauty of whose daily generosity made his parsimony appear more odious. Henry VII. hated Stanley, because he who could raise to kingdoms might dethrone. Ferdinand, whose whole policy had been to depress his aristocracy, could not be anxious to elevate one whose glory, talent, and popularity already overshadowed the crown, whose services had outstripped that convenient merit which reward can reach. The old Captain, however, had not been prepared for this; he became querulous, and wrote and said sharp things, which he forgot and Ferdinand remembered; he urged the fulfilment of inconvenient promises from the king when he was not in the giving vein—rejected all proffered compromise—and, when Ferdinand relented, declined his invitation to court, and refused to give his only daughter to the king's grandson. He forgot that, with those born to title and wealth and spoil from childhood, denial creates distaste, and a little heaven sours the whole lump of former merits: he forgot that those who serve kings or people must, when they cease to please, not only be cast away, but persecuted, for human nature hates those whom it injures—and the injuries inflicted by the great and aged are heavy, serious, and real, not easy to be forgiven and pitied like the angry spurts of the young and generous. Whatever were his causes of mistrust, they were buried by Ferdinand in the grave of Gonzalo.

The dying Captain repented of three things,* one of which, never revealed by himself, has been very generally interpreted to be his regret at not having declared himself King of Naples; and the thing is no doubt possible. The avowed subjects of his contrition were his breaches of safe-conduct pledged to the Duke of Calabria and Cæsar Borgia. Robertson and all the world have re-echoed the note of reprobation; which at all events proves that no other charge could be brought against his public or private character. Mr. Prescott† ascribes these sad errors to the 'laxity of the age'; and undoubtedly the tissue of honor was coarsely woven, and men were more anxious about their interests than their reputations. 'A prudent prince,' wrote Machiavelli, 'will not observe his engagements when they would operate to his disadvantage, and when the causes no longer exist which induced him to make them.' We conceive however, that Gonzalo was far above the ordinary vices of his contemporaries. He acted, like Ximenes and Isabella, from higher though mistaken motives: he had gained nothing (we are ashamed to

* The grave Cato Major also repented him of three things—having left a day unoccupied; having gone by sea, when he could have gone by land; and last, though not least, having confided a secret to a woman. (Plut. in vit. xi.) This at least Gonzalo did not do either to wife or daughter.

† Bacon, who occasionally practised what he preached was of opinion that 'not too much of the honest is a property conducing to fortune'—he does not say to honour. Mr. Prescott seems to favour this doctrine. 'It is not too much to say that such a treaty, depending for its observance on the good faith and forbearance of the stronger party, would not hold together a year in any country in Christendom, even at the present day, before some flaw or pretext would be devised to evade it.'—(Vol. ii. p. 558.) Nothing like the 'Maine' chance.

test him by this utilitarian touchstone) in detaining either of his prisoners. We trace his error to a mistaken chivalrous feeling of loyalty and military obedience; those who have read the early Spanish chronicles need not be told that the essence of the true *hidalgo* was this devotion to his king—the feeling that as *his* agent he could do no wrong. The royal firmness, even were it a sentence of death, was obeyed promptly and respectfully by the Moro-Spanish knight:—the beautiful play of ‘*La Estrella de Sevilla*,’ turns on the hero having murdered, on a hint of the king, his bosom friend and the brother of his mistress. It was in this chivalrous sense of self-sacrifice, we conceive—on the principle of implicit obedience which the Soldier-Jesuit Loyola afterwards embodied into his Order—that Gonzalo, though he had pledged his word, felt compelled, on receiving the subsequent command from Ferdinand, to put his private feelings out of the question. We grieve that he should have done so; and it is well to know that he himself grieved for it on his death-bed. Borgia deserves no pity; he united in himself all the worst features of Italian cunning and treachery, of Spanish lust and avarice, of French insolence and cruelty. The young duke, heir to the crown of Naples, was surrendered to Ferdinand, his worst foe: he died in 1550, after a captivity of nearly half a century: we have often paced his castle prison at Xativa, and lamented the hard fate of an amiable and truly royal prince.

Such were the few errors and many virtues of the Great Captain. It was reserved for our greater, and the greatest the world has ever seen, to conquer India in his youth, to save Europe in his manhood, and in his green and vigorous age to rescue England from being untrue to herself. He has been spared to stay the plague, to lead back a wholesome reaction, after the temporary delirium of revolutionary phrenzy—*serius in caelum redeat*. Gonzalo slumbered at Granada, in the convent of Hieronymites. The chapel was desecrated by the French, who insulted the dead lion, from whose roar their forefathers had fled. We have often gazed upon the slab which covers the vault: to that we must all come at last. We are not aware that his epitaph has ever been given in print; perhaps, while we now write it down, the very graven stone may have been torn up and smashed in the destructive impiety of the ungrateful, degraded Christians:—

‘Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova,
Qui propria virtute
Magni Ducis nomen
Proprium sibi fecit,
Ossa,
Perpetuae tandem
Luci restituenda,
Hoc interea tumulo
Credita sunt;
Gloria minime consepulta.’

We must not conclude without offering some little apology to Mr. Prescott for having bestowed our space more on his subject than on his book. We repeat, however, that the book must be read—and we hope it may be read with some additional advantage, by those who shall have done us the honour to consider our remarks on several of its most important topics, and our attempts to supply some of its most obvious deficiencies. We must also repeat our opin-

ion that, with all its errors and omissions of manner and matter, Mr. Prescott's is by much the first historical work which British America has as yet produced, and one that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began.

From the Athenæum.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

J. W. PARKER.

THE object of this little work is one of the highest importance; it is designed to point out the importance and responsibility of the station occupied by women in civilized society, to explain their consequent duties, and suggest the means by which they may be most efficiently discharged. Though it is not so stated in the title-page, it is sufficiently manifest that the writer is a lady; the work is strongly marked by the best characteristics of female mind,—large sympathies, abiding affections, logic of the heart rather than of the understanding, the power of persuading rather than convincing. “Woman's mission,” according to the authoress, is “to advance the moral regeneration of humanity by means of her social influence.” That influence is first felt in childhood: the position of mothers, in reference not only to their daughters but their sons, is one of great responsibility.

“They, as the guardian angels of man's infancy, are charged with a mission—to them is committed the implanting that heavenly germ to which God must indeed give the increase; but for the early culture of which they are answerable. The importance of early impressions—of home impressions—is proved by the extreme difficulty of eradicating or counteracting them if bad. Conscientious teachers of youth can bear ample testimony to this fact. They have often occasion to lament with grief and humiliation, the powerlessness of their most devoted endeavours to remove early bad impressions—or to do anything more than just palliate the effects of unfavourable domestic influences—of an unhealthy domestic atmosphere. It is the mother who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the moral atmosphere.

But it is not enough that mothers should attend to the moral training of their children; they must aim at preserving an intellectual superiority, else their influence cannot be lasting.

“The error, then, is a very lamentable one, into which some very conscientious women fall who, on entering life, allow themselves to be so engrossed by present duties as to forget other and more important duties which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by-and-bye. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be the guides of early manhood—and here intelligence must aid devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and many give up in early married life all continuance of intellectual cultivation; these find in after life, not only that they are inferior to what their duty and position require of them, but they often discover with grief and surprise that they are inferior to what they themselves were in their youth. The maternal influence, so valuable at all periods of life, and so especially valuable at this period, gradually loses its power; narrow views and sentiments hinder its operation, for the young have little indulgence for the frailties of others, though needing so much for their own.”

Much has been written on the proper position of

woman in society, and the influence which she has a right to exercise. That influence, in the opinion of our author, ought to be private and domestic; she deems that woman mistakes her station, and descends from her sphere, when she mingles in the contests of political strife, or displays herself in the arena of religious controversy.

"Participation in scenes of popular emotion has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence, therefore everything tending to blunt the one and sour the other is sedulously to be avoided by her. It is of the utmost importance to men to feel, in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister, that they are appealing from their passions and prejudices, and not to them as embodied in a second self: nothing tends to give opinions such weight as the certainty, that the utterer of them is free from all petty or personal motives. The beneficial influence of woman is nullified if once her motives, or her personal character, come to be the subject of attack; and this fact alone ought to induce her patiently to acquiesce in the plan of seclusion from public affairs."

But in order that woman should fulfil her mission, occupy her proper station, and rightly use the influence at her command, she must be educated for that mission, trained to that station, and supplied with means for the exertion of that influence. But is female education conducted with a view to those objects? The authoress examines our two systems, the education of accomplishments and that of the mental powers:

"The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. Has any thing in these educations prepared her to make a wise choice in marriage? To be a mother! Have the duties of maternity,—the nature of moral influence,—been pointed out to her? Has she ever been enlightened as to the consequent unspeakable importance of personal character as the source of influence? In a word, have any means, direct or indirect, prepared her for her duties? No! but she is a linguist, a pianist, graceful, admired. What is that to the purpose? The grand evil of such an education, is the mistaking means for ends; a common error, and the source of half the moral confusion existing in the world. It is the substitution of the part for a whole. The time when young women enter upon life is the one point to which all plans of education tend, and at which they all terminate: and to prepare them for that point is the object of their training."

Having shown the evils of a system which ends with the introduction of woman on the stage of life, and supplies no guide for her conduct afterwards, it is necessary to seek for these evils, and suggest a better system:—

"The grand objects in the education of women ought to be the conscience, the heart, and the affections; the development of those moral qualities, which Providence has so liberally bestowed upon them, doubtless with a wise and beneficent purpose. Originators of conscientiousness, how can they implant what they have never cultivated, nor brought to maturity in themselves; Sovereigns of the affections, how can they direct the kingdom whose laws they have not studied, the spring of whose government are concealed from them? The conscience and the affections being primarily enlightened, all other cultivation, as secondary, is most valuable. Intelligence, accomplishments, even external elegance, become objects of importance, as assisting the influence which women have, and exert too often for unworthy ends, but which in this case could not fail to be beneficial. Let the light of intellect, and the charm of accomplishments, be the willing handmaids of cultivated and enlightened conscience."

In all the present systems of female education, it has been deemed expedient to banish from the school-rooms everything which could inform the young that such a passion as love has existence. The writer of this little volume condemns this exclusion, as necessarily tending to prevent education from bearing on future duties:—

"Who would believe that this love, so denounced, so guarded against, so carefully banished from the minds of young women, is the one principle on which their future happiness may be founded or wrecked? It is sure to seek them, (most of them, at least,) like death in the fable, to find them unprepared,—too often to leave them wretched."

On the subject of marriage we find little said, and even that is not new; but the chapter devoted to Maternal Love opens a wide field of philosophic reflection. What considerations are suggested by the important distinction between maternal instinct and maternal affection!—

"The instinct induces a mother to bestow fondness and caresses on her child, to tend its sick couch, to watch over its health and comfort, regardless of her own. Beautiful manifestations of a beautiful and kind provision of Providence! But except that mother have the courage to deny her child's unreasonable desires, to thwart it, (even on the bed of sickness and in the hour of glee,) if its future moral interests require it, we must confine our admiration to the instinct, and withhold it from the individual. This is the true maternal affection, the true development of that divine and holy love to man, which, regardless of inferior considerations, seeks only his moral and ultimate good."

One of the inferences deduced from this distinction is equally striking and true:—

"This may serve to account for a fact so well known as to be proverbial—but of which, as far as I know, no philosophical explanation has yet been attempted—viz., that spoiled children are always selfish, in other words, they receive the expression of passionate affection unconsciously and ungratefully, and give no affection in return. Now it is to be remarked that the effects produced by any influence respond exactly in *their* nature to the nature of that influence.—And this may account for the fact, that the passionate indulgence of instinctive fondness, unrestrained by moral principle in any of its manifestations, produces—not answering fondness—but coldness and indifference. Here the nature of the effects respond to the nature of the influence. The influence is an exhibition of selfishness—the effect is an exhibition of selfishness likewise—unthankfulness and insubordination. On the contrary, the exhibition of the moral principle is unselfish, for I suppose that none but a mother can know the self-sacrifice requisite for the exercise of it in repressing the instinct. The effect responds—it is the production of unselfishness likewise—obedience and gratitude."

The influence of what may be called Moral Maternity is examined at considerable length, but nowhere is its importance more forcibly shown than in its effects on the formation of character.

"The character of the mother influences the children more than that of the father, because it is more exposed to their daily, hourly, observations. It is difficult for these young, though acute observers, to comprehend the principles which regulate their father's political opinions; his vote in the senate; his conduct in political or commercial relations; but they can see,—yes! and they can estimate and imitate, the moral principles of the mother in her management of themselves, her treatment of her domestics, and the thousand petty details of the interior. These principles, whether lax or strict, low or high in moral tone become, by an insensible and imperceptible adoption, their principles; and are carried out by them into the duties

and avocations of future life. It would be startling to many to know with what intelligence and accuracy motives are penetrated, inconsistencies remarked, and treasured up with retributive or imitative projects, as may best suit the purpose of the moment. Nothing but a more extensive knowledge of children than is usually possessed on entering life can awaken parents to the perception of this truth; and awakened perception may, perhaps, be only awakened misery."

Having explained the nature of personal influence, and the means by which it is to be secured, the writer directs attention to that which should be both the foundation and pervading principle of the whole,—religion of the heart. She dwells with great force on the peculiar applicability of Christianity to the female character, recording that women were "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," because the pure, loving, and self-denying doctrines of "the meek and lowly Jesus" found a ready echo in woman's heart.

"It seems to be particularly a part of woman's mission to exhibit Christianity in its beauty and purity, and to disseminate it by example and culture. They have the greatest advantages afforded to them for the fulfilment of this mission, and are under the greatest obligations to fulfil it. For woman never would, and never could have risen to her present station in the social system, had it not been for the dignity with which Christianity invested those qualities, peculiarly her own—no human eye could thus have seen into the deep things of God—no human penetration could have discovered the counsel of Him who has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong! No human wisdom could have discovered that pride is not strength, nor self-opinion greatness of soul—nor bravery, sublimity—nor glory, happiness—and that our highest honour, as creatures, is submission; as sinners, humility; as brethren, love."

We cannot close this little volume without expressing the gratification we have derived from its perusal. Too many moral reformers of the present day bring discredit on their cause by advocating a system of rigid asceticism, an isolation from the rest of mankind, equally selfish and unnatural, and a course of self-denying ordinances, which so far as pride is concerned, might become a course of self-gratifications. No such lessons are to be found in this work; it leaves us still mental and moral beauty to admire, physical and intellectual pleasures to enjoy, and all the sympathies of our nature to cherish: without prohibiting these sources of delight, it shows that they, as well as the nobler faculties, may be pleasantly and profitably devoted to the best of all purposes, the glory of God and the good of man.

RECORDS OF AN EXPEDITION UP THE QUORRA WITH LANDER.

BY COMMANDER WILLIAM ALLEN, R. N., F. R. G. S., &c.

In proportion to the success which has crowned the efforts of adventurers, the rage for African discovery appears to have subsided; and public curiosity has cooled, when, in fact, it ought to have acquired a stronger stimulus. If we compare the former with the present state of the question, we shall find much substantial knowledge, in place of the visionary ideas which sent so many enterprising travellers in search of a mysterious river, vaguely referred to in remote ages, and subsequently described in so contradictory a manner, that but for the perversity of our nature, which prompts us to seek for an imaginary, rather

than a real good, it would never have called forth the spirit of enterprise. The same propensity has caused the object, when attained, to be no more thought of; and apathy has succeeded to excitement. The prestige even of the name is lost, since the mysterious Niger has merged in the unpretending and native appellation of Quorra. This may be accounted for, in some measure, by the failure, in a mercantile point of view, of the last spirited endeavour to explore and bring to light the hidden resources of the country. The attempt, however, may be productive of signal advantages, if properly followed up; and it is surprising that a fresh impulse, stronger than that which formerly prompted the search after a Niger, or a Prester John, has not been given by the new and easy access which has been obtained to the very centre as it were of mystery.

To the geographer, the politician, and the philanthropist, what an immense field is opened! Vast countries, of which the names even were but imperfectly known, are brought within the knowledge of the former; while the attention of the latter will be directed to the grandest and most important object that can be contemplated by a benevolent mind; namely, the means of rendering our knowledge profitable to the great cause of humanity, by introducing some portion, at least, of the civilization of which we boast into benighted Africa: thus making some reparation for the wrongs we have heaped upon her.

Although the public mind, like that of a spoiled child, being continually provided with fresh excitement, can hardly be expected to revert to subjects on which the established period for wondering has already been bestowed, I may yet hope for the sympathy of my brother officers, in both professions, who have all, more or less, been engaged in arduous enterprise; and since it was not in my power to give to the public at large my journal entire, I trust that a few sketches from it, which I propose to lay before them, will not, even after the lapse of so long a period, be found devoid of interest, especially when the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed are understood; and which I will briefly mention, in order to account for making my *debut* so late as an African traveller.

My gallant brethren are perhaps already aware that the expedition which I accompanied, as passenger, on the part of Government, was fitted out by some spirited merchants of Liverpool, with the sanguine hopes of its proving a profitable speculation. These hopes, however, from a variety of calamitous causes, were doomed to meet with disappointment. On the return of the surviving officers of the expedition, the Board of Admiralty thought that those who had been at the expense of fitting it out were entitled to priority in giving an account of it; and, in compliance with their Lordship's wishes, I withheld my journal from the press for a year; but at the end of that time the publishers, who well know the state of the public pulse, declared that the crisis was past, and that the two goodly octavos, of which I had cherished hopes of appearing as the author, were no longer marketable commodities. Incipient authors will understand and sympathise with my disappointment. But my readers will probably congratulate themselves on being spared the perusal of the dry parts of my narrative, while I present them with what I consider to be the best portions.

The origin of my connexion with this ill-fated enterprise, which was undertaken in consequence of the favourable reports of Messrs. Lander of the abundance of ivory, &c., and the desire of the natives to trade, was as follows:—On the first rumor of its being in preparation, Captain Beaufort, the distinguished officer at the head of the hydrographical department of the Admiralty, who himself contributes so much to science, and eagerly seizes every opportunity for the advancement of it, thought it would be advantageous that the expedition should be accompanied by an officer of the Navy, who, being wholly unconnected with the commercial part, would give his undivided attention to scientific observation. He did me the honor to confide this charge to me, with instructions to make such a survey of the river, as my limited and totally unaided means would allow. Previously to sailing I remained a month at Liverpool, where I received much kind attention from Mr. Laird, sen., and the gentlemen of the committee.

Our voyage out, though long, was unattended by any event of sufficient importance to come within the limits of an abstract. We arrived at the entrance of the river on the 20th of October, 1832, when the annual flood was beginning to subside, which dearly-bought experience afterwards taught us was the period for leaving it; and we felt the effects of that dreadful climate, on the threshold as it were of our enterprise, in the loss of Mr. Harris, the master of one of the steamers, and two seamen, who died of the fever which afterwards so fearfully thinned our ranks.

We very soon became acquainted with the sable potentates who reign over the neighbouring swamps, and who all assume the title of kings. There was old King Fourday with his three sons, King Jacket, King Gun, and King Boy. The latter has already acquired some renown by having ransomed the brothers of Lander, who, it will be remembered, were captured by the Ibu people in their voyage down the river. We found him on our arrival bargaining with the master of a palm-oil ship, for the sale of a promissory note which had been given him in payment of the ransom; and, in the course of the negotiation, he received a hearty slap on his royal jaws for having given the lie direct. I mention this little incident in order to put my readers at once in possession of the kind of diplomacy which is practised by white traders at these courts.

Notwithstanding their high-sounding titles, these pseudo-kings are but petty traders, who have a few canoes and slaves, and, in consequence, possess a certain influence with their countrymen. Fourday is a benevolent-looking old man: he was quite delighted with a present of a scarlet uniform coat, and sat in it the whole day, drinking raw rum, and saying "Very well" to everything; which, I believe, is the amount of his knowledge of English, though he seemed to think it expressed volumes, if we might judge from the variety of tones in which he uttered it. His people did not appear to pay him much respect, for when he could contain no more rum they allowed him to stagger to his canoe, none of his slaves or attendants putting themselves in the slightest degree out of the way to assist him. Indeed he would have vacated the throne for a watery grave, but for the assistance of our sailors, who remarked, as they hoisted him over the side, that he "had very nearly lost the number of his mess." It is quite astonishing to

witness the quantities of raw spirits which these people swallow. Boy had always a full decanter placed before him, which, with a very little assistance from his mate, or prime minister, he never failed to empty. Indeed, he sometimes called to have it replenished; when he used very little ceremony, merely saying "Bring rum." He is too good a judge of the *cratur* to allow it to be watered. The natives danced and sang half the night on the shore abreast of us, and shouted with a speaking trumpet, of which instrument they are very fond, the chief frequently using it to hail the man next to him in the canoe; but its principal application is in the invocations to the deity or Dju-dju: they are quite delighted with the supernatural tones of the echo, and deem these answers to be favourable, being neither discordant nor dissentient.

The Rio Nun, which we had entered, is a noble estuary, having on each side, for about three miles, firm banks with magnificent forest-trees. Above, are numerous branches intersecting the mangrove swamps. We were quite ignorant of the proper channel, and there was evidently a conspiracy to prevent our finding it; but the old chief seemed quite neuter, being satisfied at having found a channel for the rum. One of his boys or slaves, however, named Louis, who spoke a little English, French, and Spanish, besides Ibu and his native tongue, vehemently opposed them all, and told us, in a mixture of the first three, that Boy wanted to take us by the Brass creek, where he had assembled some men, in hopes the vessels might be wrecked, and he calculated on enriching himself by their plunder. Louis said he could not imagine why the negroes were so bent on the destruction of the white men, who, for his part, he thought must be great and good people, since every good thing came from them. He was determined not to allow any one to do us harm, if he could prevent it, and if for his devotion to our interest he should be banished his native land, or rather, swamps, for there is no dry land in Brass, our country should be his country. The poor fellow so won on us by his warm professions of attachment, that Lander engaged him as pilot as far as Ibu. In order, however, to avert the consequences of King Boy's indignation, we put him, at his own request, in irons, so that the chief interceded in his behalf, thinking he was an unwilling servant, and not having understood Louis's polyglot communications.

Boy had many reasons for being exceedingly averse to our going up the river. In the first place, knowing that Lander had threatened to oblige King Obi to make ample amends for the unjust attack which his people had made on him, he feared that, by appearing to assist us, he might lose the friendship and trade with the Ibu chief, as well as the supply of yams, for which the Brass people depend on him. Secondly, he apprehended, very justly, that if we could penetrate into the country of the Bushmen, others could do the same; and thus he would no longer be the medium of communication between the interior and the palm-oil ships. Finally, he believed that God Almighty had made the river for the sole use of the black men. We, however, kept him in tolerable good humour, by administering frequent potions of his favourite beverage; and after his men had danced and sung for our amusement, he must needs tread a graceful measure himself; so, startin

up "full of the god;" he staggered and capered about with ludicrous agility, at the imminent risk of a ducking; as our little deck was neither wide enough nor sufficiently protected for such vagaries. We sent him and his royal papa away "quite fu;" they promising, however, to be with us early in the morning, to accompany us to Ibu, in order to settle the *palaver* with Obi.

Although Louis had plausibility on his side, it would not have been safe to have trusted him implicitly. I went accordingly with Mr. Hill to examine the creek, by which he said we could "catch big water," and abreast of which we were anchored in the Alburkah. We found he was correct. On returning we might easily have lost our way, if we had not kept in view a gap in the trees by which we had entered this labyrinth, as we were surrounded by forests of mangroves, and our only light was from the stars and three beautiful planets. It was a most delicious night, and I enjoyed boating among the swamps of the Quorra more than I could have imagined. All were in high spirits: the Krumen enlivened us with their cheerful song, and the woods echoed to a chorus in about half-a-dozen languages. Louis, who was a cripple, was struck with admiration at the strength of the Krumen's lungs and arms. He said, "For true, *di verite*, they savy pass all black men;" meaning that they are superior to all, which is a very just encomium, for they are a most invaluable acquisition to our ships on the coast, and have saved the lives of many whites, by the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they relieve them of all the work.

Sunday, 28th Oct.—The other steamer, the Quorra, came up to our anchorage, having been employed wooding, and we entered Louis' Creek at seven in the morning, losing sight of our other companion, the brig Columbine; and were thus cut off from the civilized world, seeking unknown lands and nations, strangers to our language and customs. I know not how my companions felt on this eventful occasion: my own feelings were of a very varied nature. The enthusiasm with which our interesting enterprise had inspired me was certainly mingled with some apprehension as to its result; since it was uncertain how long we might be cut off from our resources, and all those connexions which form the principal charms of existence. We had already fatally experienced the baneful nature of the climate on European constitutions. How few of us might return to show the effect produced by the novelty of the scenes, and the change of habit, we must necessarily experience! Volumes of thought crowded on me, and I dare say on others; but if any were depressed it was not apparent, and all seemed in excellent spirits. For my part, I felt proud of the service with which I was honoured, and commenced my duty full of high hopes.

As I have undertaken, perforce, to relate what I consider may be amusing parts of my narrative, I am obliged to give a mere abstract of my journal of the voyage up to, Ibu, a distance of about 100 miles, which occupied ten days. From the appearance of this celebrated river at this part we could form no idea of its real magnitude. The whole of this distance is alluvial, and is, in fact, the delta of the Quorra, which begins a few miles above Ibu to throw off its branches, intersecting the low land by numerous creeks; a necessary consequence of the very little

rise and fall of the sea-tide on the coast. The waters are finally discharged by twenty-two mouths, occupying an extent of about 180 miles of coast. Nothing is to be seen for the first seven or eight miles but mangrove trees, growing in the water, with no appearance of land. Above this some stunted palms and shrubs make their appearance, and at twelve miles the mangroves are no more seen: the banks become firm, with small patches cleared and cultivated with a few plantains. These become more frequent, and at twenty-three miles we saw the first little village: previously to this we perceived no signs of life, except, indeed, now and then a solitary crane standing at the water's edge, and myriads of mosquitoes. The banks soon became clothed with trees, of a magnificence such as those only who are acquainted with the vigour of tropical vegetation can conceive. Of the numberless valuable trees which here waste their youth and maturity, as far as man is concerned, one alone, the palm-tree, would be sufficient to raise the natives from among the lowest in the scale of nations to comparative opulence. They are so abundant that nature seems to have presented this heedless people with an inexhaustible source of wealth. Higher up, the villages become larger and more frequent: most of these received us in a friendly manner, and brought small presents of provisions. One, however, opposed our progress, which led to their destruction. As this has been already partly described, I shall merely say that I considered it as a very "untoward event," in which there was more valour and less discretion displayed than the occasion required. It is some consolation to know that the villagers were the aggressors, having seized our pilot.

At first the river is barely two hundred yards wide, and Louis Creek, where we left the estuary, is not in one place more than forty. Of course, it increased in breadth above every deltoid branch it throws off, and about Ibu it is not less than one thousand yards. The report of our approach preceded us: most likely a messenger had been despatched by Boy, although he disclaimed it. All the chiefs of the villages above that we had destroyed congratulated us on our arrival; in the same manner as Sir Murray Maxwell was complimented by the Chinese Admiral, after having silenced the forts and dispersed the fleets of junks with a broadside. We were, however, informed that we had done a good service to them, as our late enemies had always levied a tax on all canoes passing their village. As we came near to Ibu, we were met by the King's brother, with eight large war-canoes. He came as ambassador from Obi, but did not venture to approach us until we had sent old Pasco, the chief of the Messengers, to him. A treaty was easily negotiated, by which it was stipulated that Obi should furnish us with two bullocks, ten sheep, and six hundred yams, all good of their kind; and, on our part, that the said Obi, autocrat of Ibu, should be admitted to our friendship, and all the privileges and advantages which we accord to the most favoured nations.

It was of importance that we should take advantage of the good disposition of the chief: we, therefore, prepared to pay him a visit immediately on our arrival; and in order to increase the effect by the magnificence of our appearance, Lander put on a General's uniform. I wore my own; and some of the officers of the expedition put on fancy coats of many colours, turbans, sashes, &c. We went in the large boat,

with a prodigious umbrella of all the colours of the rainbow over our heads. Pasco, the chief of the interpreters, with his subordinates, variously but gaily dressed, preceded us in the jolly-boat, having old Jowdie, a Doma slave, whom Lander had purchased on a former journey, seated in the bow, in the character of Saliki-n-Maikidi, chief of drummers, the proudest of the proud. Not satisfied with having on a good drummer's jacket, he covered himself with ornaments of every kind he could lay his hands on, and which were more remarkable for variety than taste. He seemed, however, to think himself the most important personage in the entire *cortege*, as he exerted his strength upon the sheepskin with considerable effect; that is to say, with more noise than music, giving ample note of our approach. King Boy, who accompanied us with all his canoes, vainly attempted to marshal the procession, and clear a channel through the immense number of natives, who almost precluded the possibility of advance by paddling about in all directions with canoes of every dimension—from the large war jilligi, capable of holding thirty or forty *pullaboya*, besides warriors and passengers of all ages and both sexes, to a little frail thing, in which one person only could sit, with his legs projecting beyond the gunwale, as there was no room for them inboard: yet they paddled boldly, threading the openings between the larger craft with great swiftness and dexterity. Some canoes were paddled by eight or ten women. On we went, amidst the shouts and admiration of the natives; the numbers increasing, until there was scarcely room on the surface of the little creek to contain all the canoes, many of which got entangled and upset among the overflowed bushes, affording some ludicrous scenes. On the right bank, through every opening between the magnificent trees, and even among the branches, were innumerable heads piled one above another, all striving to catch a glimpse of the passing procession, which must have had more comparative splendour than the proudest pageant in the eyes of a civilised multitude. They were dazzled by a magnificence greater than the most glowing imagination among their poets (giving them credit for having such) could conceive, and they did not fail to testify their sense of it by the wildest and almost frantic gestures. After rowing about a mile and a half in this manner up the creek, we landed, and walked through green lanes, an immense concourse of people hurrying us along, so that I had little time for admiring some of the most picturesque and beautiful vistas I had ever beheld, with groups of trees, such as painters would delight in studying. We passed many square, or oblong houses, forming two sides of a court, the others being enclosed by palisades made of branches of the palm-tree. The gateways of these were filled with people gazing at us: the women, however, if observed, generally ran screaming away. Lander recognised his former hostess among them, and was quite glad of having an opportunity of showing his gratitude for her kindness to him, when in adversity and bondage, and when she could have had no hope of ever being rewarded. The poor creature was much pleased with the distinction shown to her, although at first she seemed to doubt whether the jetty hue of her hand would not be sullied by coming in contact with his, which, to her, must have been of a most unsightly and unnatural colour. A woman who stood at a gate,

with a Kakanda hat on nearly two yards wide, was so enormously fat as to draw an involuntary exclamation from us all, which she seemed to take as homage to her charms, since she was very complacent on the subject, receiving our notice like one accustomed to think herself worthy of admiration.

Most of the women here wear leglets of ivory, some of which are so large and heavy, that, but for early habit, they must find them a great incumbrance and inconvenience. As they are put on in early youth, they have not even the advantage of acquiring this habit gradually; the burden is in inverse proportion to their strength, and the poor young creatures walk in evident pain, with a shuffling, shambling gait, like a horse with a clog on his leg. There were some, however, who, I suppose, having acquired a considerable callosity of the ankle, appeared to find them no impediment to their agility, and they made a famous clattering as they ran along. Many of these ornaments were, I think, five or six inches deep, and I must say, whatever may be thought of my taste, that, contrasted with their jetty, shining skins, they gave a very dressy appearance to the Ibu damsels, who had, indeed, little else with which to embellish their persons; not that they appeared to be vain of "beauty unadorned," as they assembled all sorts of incongruous ornaments. Glass-beads, were, of course, in great estimation, and they generally seemed to have devoted no small attention to the arrangement of their woolly *coiffure*.

We rolled on with the tide of men, through many green lanes covered with luxuriant grass. The houses became more frequent, but separated from each other by gardens of plaintains, cocoa-nuts, &c., all very neat and clean. At length, having walked about a mile through these interesting scenes, we arrived at a large open space or square, in the centre of which was a small shed. I thought this was the palaver-house; but it was evident ours was not to be held there, as no preparation had been made in it for our reception. It was probably the *Palais de Justice*. Long, low buildings, with thatched roofs, occupied two sides of this square; on the others were magnificent trees, which threw a delightful shade over the whole multitude. We were led to the building on the left side, which appeared to be the dwelling part of the palace, although there was little in its architecture indicative of a royal residence. The *vestibule*, however, was embellished by a rudely-carved figure in wood, which, after many conjectures, I conceived might have been intended to represent a woman; but although I was so slow in perceiving its merits, it was, no doubt, considered by the swarthy dilettanti to be a *chef d'œuvre* of the fine arts, and as worthy to be admired as she of Medicis. It was certainly held in high veneration, as was apparent from the votive offerings of red mud profusely plastered over it, to the utter concealment of all the anatomical skill which may have been displayed, thus rendering it a thing for conjecture. There was, however, no time for connoisseurship. We were quickly conducted through two long and empty court-yards, and barn-like apartments, to a smaller court, partly surrounded by a sort of portico or thatched verandah. Here we had leisure to recover ourselves, and get cool, if such a thing were possible, in so small an enclosure, filled to choking with black people, who are at all times a great obstruction to the passage of sweet air. Our

dilemma being perceived, abundance of fans, made of bull's hide, were put immediately in motion; and I had a young prince on each side of me, restoring my almost suspended animation. In some extraordinary scenes, which I have witnessed in the course of my wanderings, I have frequently been startled by a mental flash of comparison between a present and a former parallel situation. Previous to my departure from England, which seemed but as yesterday in memory's glance, I paid homage to the greatest potentate of Europe, my own Sovereign. I was now about to be presented to the most powerful prince in this part of Africa; and before his Majesty entered, there was ample time to look round at the courtiers, borrow a hint of etiquette, and admire the decorations of the presence-chamber.

The floor and wall of the verandah were *tapisées couleur d'argil*; or, in Plain English, freshly plastered with clay for the occasion, which having been sudden, it was consequently wet, and very yielding; which latter quality was an ingenious substitute for cushions and ottomans: mats were spread on this for the most distinguished persons. The ample throne was of the same costly and plastic material, but of a more delicate colour, as also were the parts immediately adjacent. On it was placed a cushion covered with an enormous leopard's skin. In front, at the edge of the verandah on the right hand, was a grotesque figure carved in wood, about two feet high, holding in one hand, if hand could be discovered, a thing like a sword; in the other, a small elephant's tooth. On the left was also something; but what it was I lost myself in divining. I can only say, that it was like an immense, round, flattened basket pincushion; but I suppose it held a distinguished rank among the Penates, as it was completely blackened by the libations poured on it to Dju-dju. Near the entrance of this extraordinary throne-room I noticed a large copper vessel, "in form very like a sarcophagus, which was so battered, and had acquired so many *reliefs*, both *alto* and *basso*, in the hard service through which it appears to have gone in its previous capacity as a boiler, that it was quite refreshing to one's love of antiquities; and I was willing to persuade myself that this costly *dash* of a palm-oil captain, might be some undecipherable piece of ancient sculpture, in which had been embalmed the honoured remains of a by-gone mighty king of Ibu. The court was crowded with people, most likely of the first rank and fashion: this, however, as they seem here to despise the extraneous and invidious distinctions of dress, I could only surmise, from the great decorum and propriety of their conduct,—being, indeed, frequently helped thereunto, by sundry thwacks on their bare, shaven, shining heads, which looked and sounded like empty, polished cocoa-nuts, administered by the gentlemen-ushers, who bore wands, or rods, both black and white, very much resembling broom-sticks. Opposite to the place where I was sitting was an opening in the wall, filled with the heads of the king's wives, female slaves, and some half-dozen little royal niggers; the latter, insensible to the benefit of beholding us, were screaming most piteously, for they were almost squeezed to death. I cannot compare this doerance of heads to a parterre of roses, "plates of strawberries and cream," or any other thing of acknowledged beauty, unto which we are wont to liken the dear women of favoured England, unless,

Indeed, I choose to brave the fate of punsters, by saying it was the most luxuriant growth of *twolips* I had ever seen, I looked, however, in this dark *quadro* in vain, with the hope of discovering some reason to admire the taste of his Majesty of Ibu. But, alas! they all seemed to have served rather as models for the Venus at the entrance, than to be the representation of anything absolutely and *bona fide* human, at least, according to the ordinary method which dame Nature has chosen for herself; as if some Ibu Pygmalion had attempted to rival her, and start a new idea of the human face divine. The women of this country are, however, said to be pretty negresses: in one walk I certainly saw many who, having the advantage of youth, had some pretensions to comeliness; and the fame of Adizetta, King Boy's Ibu wife, has been celebrated by the Landers. The attendants of this Chief had places of honour assigned to them; they wore the serjeant's swords which Lander had given to their master; some, moreover, displayed the vanities of dress, in coloured shirts, or Manchester cotton handkerchiefs, round their loins or heads. These being luxuries in which few of the Ibu nobles could indulge, those from the Brass country looked with great contempt on the poor *bush-men*.

When all had taken their places, and had become more quiescent, the animal heat generated by so many moving bodies, like that of a hive when the bees are thrown into a consternation, gave way to the more natural and wholesome heat of a vertical sun, darting his undiminished rays into the small enclosure. This was comparatively bearable, although we began seriously to contemplate the idea of making an escape, when King Ubi entered by a small wicker door, with a quick, easy pace and manner. He saluted us all very cordially, and took his seat on the throne, placing Mr. Lander on one side, and Mr. Laird on the other. Boy, with some of our gentlemen, sat on a mat under the verandah. I preferred taking a station in the middle of the court-yard with Dr. Briggs, under the gay umbrella; whence I could see all, and had the advantage of fresh air; at all events, I had more than my share of it. His Majesty, King of Ibu, is not, I think, more than thirty-five years of age, rather tall and slightly made, with a countenance more prepossessing than otherwise; which, however, I could easily fancy might be changed, on any strong excitement, to a very savage expression. He was dressed in a coat and tight pantaloons made of scarlet flannel, garnished with silver tinsel lace and *keyhole plates*, besides divers other equally appropriate ornaments sewn on different parts, where chance—not usefulness, and still less taste—had guided the hand of the decorator. His royal brow was graced by the conical cap of which Lander spoke in his journal, made of strings of coral from the top to the bottom; around it were also bands of the same, but the little looking-glasses which whilome adorned it, holding as proud a place as the rubies, sapphires, &c., of other crowns, were wanting: perhaps they had purchased provinces. He had also many strings of coral around his neck and ankles; his feet were allowed to spread unconfined and unhobbed by pump or Wellington. From the restlessness of his eye, it was evident that he was not free from fear; however, he was much pleased with our visit, and conversed freely by means of interpreters, with Landers, who showed considerable tact and

knowledge of African diplomacy in managing the palaver. Obi readily agreed to the demands made on him, by way of compensation for the losses which he had caused the Messrs. Lander in his attack on them. In fact, there could not be any difficulty in the arrangement, since it was merely an exchange of presents,—of provisions on his part, and costly gifts on ours; so that he was absolutely a great gainer.

As it was excessively hot, I began to feel faint, and wish for a release, as the scene had ceased to interest me: when, on looking towards the wicker door, what was my astonishment on beholding the woman whose extraordinary dimensions had excited so much surprise and amusement among us on our way hither. I was at a loss to imagine in what manner she could have passed through a door which, instead of being as large as any *porte cochere*, seemed to be of ordinary dimensions, or only sufficiently large to admit the light easy form of King Obi. The wicker-work must, indeed, have been of the most yielding description, to have allowed passage to such a mass. She stood absolutely arrayed in fat! bobbing, and smirking, and smiling, with looks ineffably sweet, staring at our white faces and gay apparel. For herself, her garment was scanty, and sark she had none; indeed, she was very little indebted to foreign ornament for the heightening of her charms; even her large Kakanda-hat had been laid aside, it not being so compressible as her fat sides must have been in squeezing through the door. Women in Africa are old and not very fascinating at thirty; she might have been forty, and, though not fair, was fat enough in all conscience; for, besides her immense rotundity, into which her arms and legs were almost sunk, huge adipose flakes were hanging from all parts of her: in fact, she looked like a dropsical Diana of Ephesus. All my anticipations of the obesity of the charming widow Zuma of Wow-wow, who pined in hopeless love for Clapperton and Lander, were put to flight; and, if she was described as a walking tun of beauty, to what can we compare our new acquaintance but to the tun at Heidelberg? I shuddered, my heart sickened, and most likely I turned pale, at the bare idea of this spherical charmer fixing her amorous looks on me. To be doomed to be the object of such affections—to hear sighs drawn from such a bosom—to be overwhelmed by caresses in such volumes—gracious Cupid, *O, nume benefice*. Drown me rather in a puncheon of palm oil!

As our visit was merely complimentary, we took the first opportunity, consistently with a proper regard to etiquette, to ask permission to retire. The King not only most graciously considered the melting nature of our prayer, but, waiving all ceremony, he forthwith jumped up, and, seizing Lander by the arm, walked with him, in the most condescending manner, towards the boats. In one of the courts through which we passed, he showed two very fine bullocks that he had ordered to be caught for us, pursuant to the agreement. He now seemed to have laid aside all apprehension and distrust, and was truly delighted, walking with a sprightly, quick, and easy pace. Many of the people knelt as we passed. Although we went very fast, and there were crowds around and following us, I was not in the least incommoded, as they were kept off by the two young princes, who were exceedingly attentive, fanning me all the way, and helping me over the puddles and

miry places. As I passed I distributed a great number of gay pewter rings, with which the women and children were much delighted. By the time we had arrived at the place where we disembarked, and where our boats were in waiting, some thousands of people were collected; and, as the ground was sloping and irregular, they were seen to advantage. The numberless black heads, piled, apparently, one above another, and all grinning and showing their white teeth, had a most singular effect. We gave our royal friend three cheers on leaving him, which was imitated by his assembled lieges. We returned to the Alburkah, very much fatigued, but pleased with our visit, and with a better opinion of the Ibu people than we had taken with us.

The houses of Ibu, or, as it has been written, Eboe, appear to be much scattered, and are so mingled with large trees and gardens, that it was impossible to form a just estimate of its extent; consequently it is difficult to imagine what population it might contain. It must, however, be considerable, judging from the crowds who were assembled to do honour to our arrival, in every avenue through which we passed. But, as they followed us, we frequently saw the same assemblage, and thus, probably, we might be led to form too high an estimate. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I should say that the population might be 8000, or 10,000. At all events, Obi must be a very powerful chief: he is said to possess fifty war-canoes,* each paddled by thirty or forty *pulla-boys*, and some have twenty or more fighting men. These men-of-war carry also a small cannon, which is generally honey-combed, and would be probably more dangerous to the gunners than the enemy—especially as they are not sparing of the powder, believing that a gun must do its duty more completely when loaded to the muzzle than with an ordinary charge. The piece, also, from being lashed in the bow, could not be formidable from the precision of its aim. It can only be fired point blank, and by pulling the canoe round to direct it, and, therefore, could only strike a low object at a short distance. The canoes are generally loaded till they are nearly down to the water's edge; and are so crowded, that in the event of hostilities, a vessel like ours would have no cause to fear an attack from any number of them. They would be easily run down by a steamer; and as they would, in advancing to the attack, keep close together, cannister-shot from one gun would commit shocking havoc among them. I hope, however, we shall not have another occasion for the display of our superiority in the arts of de-

* He can also bring a very respectable land-force into the field, all armed with muskets and swords. When Lander subsequently took poor Hill to the sea-side in April, 1833, in a canoe, he stopped at Ibu; and was led, at a review of the army, through long lines of troops, to the amount, as he said, of 10,000! They all flourished their weapons over his head, as he passed down the ranks. Whether Obi made this warlike display out of compliment to his guest, or for the purpose of intimidating him, was not apparent. However, he succeeded in raising a more exalted idea of his power than had been previously entertained. Lander told me that he did not feel much flattered by such a reception, and he was very glad to get from under their wild caperings, not knowing whether their swords might descend in joke or in earnest upon his head.

struction. Indeed, I do not think they would await such an encounter. They never contemplate warfare of this nature: their force is only calculated for predatory excursions—for landing suddenly at a defenceless village, and carrying the unfortunate inhabitants into slavery. Man is the grand object of men's cupidity in this country. The richest individual is he who possesses the greatest number of his own species. It was in returning from the Kiri market, combined with an expedition of this nature, that Obi's people met Messrs. Lander, plundered them, and made them taste of slavery. The case was quite novel to the captors; and I believe Obi, of his own accord, would have released them, but for the arguments of some of his head men, and especially his *chief-mate*, or premier, a cross-grained, troublesome old fellow, who instigated his master to sell them as slaves. Richard Lander remembered that he was his chief enemy at the palaver held after the capture; he even suspected that he had suggested the propriety and piety of sacrificing them to the spirit of the river—a white man being a dainty not frequently to be procured for *Dju-dju*. It is said that Obi has since been reproached by the neighbouring chiefs with having committed the unheard-of enormity of selling white men; so that, doubtless, fear of vengeance was mingled with joy at finding his victim safe and restored to freedom; and, above all, when returning armed with great power, he was willing to compromise the affair on such easy terms as supplying a few provisions, which cost him nothing, but for which he would be paid an hundredfold.

Adizetta, the Ibu wife of King Boy, or, as he calls her, Adzeh, of whom we had heard so much, paid us a visit in the afternoon, accompanied by her mamma and sister. She is certainly a very fine woman, with a commanding figure, and a more pleasing expression of countenance than I had yet seen. Her bosom and fine shoulders are, however, much disfigured by large scars or seams of tattoos badly healed. Her hair was neatly dressed, and she wore enormous leglets of ivory, which quite spoiled an otherwise pretty foot and ankle. She recognised Lander in the most pleasing manner, and really appeared to be a gentle, interesting creature. The mamma was made perfectly happy by the present of a serjeant's coat, which her attendants devised all manner of expedients to get her into, before they succeeded. When once fairly encased, the feminine graces she might have had were no longer discernible, and she looked like a "warrior grim," or a "dashing black serjeant." While, however, she was undergoing the operation of robing, her patient suffering under all the screws and contortions she was forced into by her slaves, male and female, aided by a few of her *pulla-boys*, caused as much uneasiness and anxiety to them, as irresistible merriment to us. Her own grimaces and writhings were ludicrous enough; but, when they were reflected and multiplied by her faithful attendants, the strenuous efforts we made to preserve the decorum of gravity were completely upset. The splendour of her appearance, however, and the increase of consequence she must derive from it, will make ample amends for her sufferings; and so much was she delighted with the contemplation of her own person, that I think it is more than probable she will never take the coat off again, to have to undergo the same painful process, but leave it to time and dilapi-

dation to unharness her. This is, indeed, an uncommon practice among the natives, judging from the dirty shreds I have seen hanging from many a shoulder, in such a state that it would be impossible to divine from the remnants, what manner of garment had originally graced the wearer.

The King, fearing, perhaps, that we might be disposed to exact harder conditions from him, promptly fulfilled his engagement, by sending off the bullocks, with some very fine goats and yams. From these specimens we augured well of the good cheer we might expect farther in the interior, where the people are said to be more civilised, and provisions abundant.

November 8.—As Obi had expressed a strong wish to visit us, we were very busy all the morning making preparations for his reception, in order that he might see our little vessel to the best advantage. After breakfast the pinnace, decorated with flags and the gay umbrella, with a white man, a guard of honour, and old Jowdie with his drum, was sent for him. He came very shortly, attended by numerous large canoes filled with people, who were all ordered to land abreast of us; for, besides the intolerable nuisance of the din of such a multitude of voices, we did not think it prudent to trust to their *punica fides*. But although we endeavoured to keep the decks as free as possible, his Majesty had many attendants absolutely necessary to his dignity; so that, notwithstanding the greatest efforts, we were soon crowded. He took his seat on the quarter-deck, with his principal wives at his feet, fanning him; his mates—that is to say, his cabinet council—his brothers, four sons, sisters, wives, favourite slaves, &c., all being strewed over the little deck, so that we found great difficulty in moving about, and were, in fact, almost dispossessed of the vessel.

At first Obi rolled his eyes about with the wildest expression of silent astonishment: every trifle they fell upon was an object of wonder, and he seemed so bewildered as to doubt the reality of the scene before him. At last he broke out with frequent extravagant exclamations and gestures, striking his head and snapping his fingers, in a manner peculiar to the country. When he had satisfied himself with a general *coup d'ail*, we led him round in order that he might examine everything in detail. He stood a considerable time admiring the motion of the paddle-wheels, which, being disconnected, were revolving with the current; and the great gun, which was stowed round and pointed in every direction with perfect facility, excited in him a very becoming degree of respect. Boy, whose eyes, though not his understanding, had been accustomed to many of these wonders, seemed to share our enjoyment of his royal friend's delight and surprise. However, he looked very mean by the side of him, even in the smart Highland dress which had been sent to him by Mr. Laird, senior: he has not so much dignity of appearance as Obi—in fact, his whole soul is bent on gain and extortion. Having shown Obi all the strange things above board, he was taken into the cabin: this was a fresh matter of surprise, for he had no idea that the vessel had a "belly," as he called it. Here we entertained our royal guests at dinner, which, it may be imagined, was an operation not very coolly got through, when the smallness of the cabin, and the great number of *convoies* who were stowed in it, and

considered. There were, besides Messrs. Lander, Hill, Jordan, myself, and our servants, the two Chiefs, with their mates to attend them, and receive their masters' leavings—who were, indeed, very magnificent in this way, sometimes giving their plates before they had half tasted them, fearing they might be neglected. Behind, and almost stowed in bulk, in order that there might be room for the viands to be brought in, were three or four of Obi's fattest, and consequently most favourite wives, almost gasping for breath—in fact we were all reeking together. Fans were of little use, for I found they did but change the heated atmosphere that surrounded me, for that of my dark neighbours; and I had no reason to be pleased with the exchange. Boy was very careful of his friend, calling his attention to everything which he knew would please him: he appeared to take great pains in explaining their use and mechanism, perchance *a tort et a travers*. After the cloth was removed the *dash* was laid on the table, consisting of a serjeant-major's coat, with sword, cash, and gorget, some scarlet cloth for trousers, with various other articles: all were presented in due form, and received with the greatest delight; but a drum made him break out in fresh extravagances in his expressions of joy. When he was equipped in these gay habiliments, he was exhibited with the drum suspended from the gorget, to his admiring subjects, who raised a tremendous shout when they recognised their glorious monarch. It was quite pleasing to see the grateful manner in which he accepted these things. They were far beyond his most sanguine expectations, and as he had not recovered from his amazement, he did not venture on the customary begging system. He, however, would soon be corrupted by the evil example of Boy, who is never satisfied, but asks for everything he sees. He begged very hard for my old black hat, after having had a splendid lancer's helmet given to him, besides gay worsted and cotton caps in great variety—one of these he usually wore under the helmet.

We sent Obi home to his mud palace, apparently much gratified with his visit; especially as he was saluted, both in coming and going, with seven guns, which I believe, pleased him more than anything, as the Africans are excessively fond of firing and noise. Two of the princes remained with us: they had arrived early in the morning, and seeing me prepare to wash my feet, both went on their knees and performed that office for me. We were very much amused by their alternate terror and delight, when anything new was shown them. They had before expressed their surprise at finding that the ship had a "belly," and when a little hatch in the cabin-deck was opened, and they found there was another, they were evidently much alarmed. I do not suppose their ideas went so far as the Antipodes, but they seemed to think they were looking into a profound and terrible abyss, and ran screaming away when invited to go down. Many trifles were given them, which were all deposited in a bag; and when about to leave us they were truly indignant, and drew themselves up in the most haughty and princely manner, when my faithful Kru servant, Jack Smoke, not knowing their rank, attempted to search the bag, suspecting they had been pilfering—a propensity for which the Ibu people are notorious.

By dint of threats, promises, and by treating his

demands and arguments, with the most perfect indifference, we had King Boy under such wholesome restraint, that in order to prevent his having any communication with Obi prejudicial to our interest, we did not allow him to remain at the town: but obliged him to bivouac on the bank abreast of us, where he rigged with mats, a temporary hut for our accommodation. It was surprising how soon it was completed. Of the numerous conditions, however that may be required of an architect, ours indeed fulfilled only one; but that was important: our newly raised edifice would at least afford good shelter, and thus it completely answered the purpose for which it was intended. The chief, with his wives and *pulla-boys*, slept in the canoe, or were lying about on the bank, perfectly contented with the wide vault of heaven for a canopy, and whether it was of a deep azure, and resplendent with its thousand luminaries, or blackened with the coming tornado, was equally unheeded by them: they generally sleep soundly, even while the thunder might wake all but the dead. They, however, provide against sleepless nights, by the exertions they make in paddling very hard during the whole of the day, and by dancing and singing half of the night. In these performances they have utterly banished, or rather have never conceived, the idea of grace and melody; as their dancing consists in shakings and contortions, which though generally hideous, have sometimes the merit of being very extraordinary and ridiculous. In these qualities, indeed, are their rules of perfection; for, some out-of-the-way feat, which made me constantly apprehend the dislocation of a member, never failed to excite a great deal of applause; and as the *artiste* was not shackled by abstract ideas of grace, he generally gave full scope to the exuberance of his fancy and the suppleness of his limbs. The music was in parallel taste; being no other than a few monotonous sounds, shrieked out in utter defiance of all scales, diatonic or chromatic. This was their vocal: their instrumental was a shade better; for, having discovered that thin pieces of hard wood, of unequal length, being fastened at one end and stuck on the other, would emit varieties of tone, they have profited by this discovery, and have constructed the Bulafuh:

"Septem compacta cicutis fistula."

I must do them the justice to say, that they have displayed some skill in the arrangement, as the intervals are good and the sounds are sweet. A slave performed on this simple instrument with his thumbs, and executed a pleasing air, in waltz time, with rapidity; to which one of the others enacted a *capriccio*, or dance *ad libitum*. They were in this manner at high jinks the greater part of the night, and appeared to be the merriest fellows in the world. The bank is now eight or nine feet above the water's edge.—Lander averred that not only was this inundated at the time of his first visit, but the bushes also which are ten feet high, were submerged. The floods must be very irregular if this be correct, both as to the period and the volume of water, for he was here later in November; there were no marks of its having been so high this season, and it has already fallen very considerably. In corroboration, however, of his assertion, I observed a mark on the trunk of a tree, twenty or thirty yards from the river, which ap-

peared as if made by some very high flood, and it was ten feet from the ground.

The weather was very fine but cloudy during our stay. Many canoes came alongside, filled with the principal inhabitants, who were all desirous of seeing us, and we were pestered to death from morning till night, especially by Obi's head mate; we could not get rid of this troublesome, cross old fellow by promises or threats. It is not only the annoyance of having our decks covered with people, all vociferating their admiration, and begging for every thing they see, and which they would not scruple to pilfer if they were not narrowly watched; but they come in large canoes, each containing twenty or thirty men: we are surrounded by them all day, and their noisy surprise and compliments are enough to distract one. Lander showed astonishing patience; in fact, he was admirably calculated by the evenness of his temper to deal with these people: he bears with them as I believe no other man could do.

November 9.—Having taken in as much fire-wood as we could stow, we prepared to continue our voyage. King Boy took charge of our despatches—the last communication we should be able to make, for we knew not how long. He took an affectionate leave of us, promising to forward any “books” (letters) with which he might be intrusted at the mouth of the river, through the medium of Obi, with whom he would be in constant communication; and that he would supply the crew of the brig *Columbine* with fresh provisions during our absence. He made many protestations of friendship and honourable intentions, pretending to be deeply affected, supplicating through his tears, in the most abject and ludicrous manner, even for shreds and rubbish; calculating, no doubt, that we should fall a prey to the savage Bushmen of the interior, and, this glorious chance of enriching himself once lost, he might never have such another: he therefore was determined not to spare importunity. He recommended us to be particularly careful of our precious selves, the ships, and all they contain, saying, that if any dire misfortune should happen, it would quite “broke him head.” He intreated us not to give all the rum away to the Bushmen, to bring him a young wife from the interior, and to make him pass* (surpass) all kings: above all, he made a last and strenuous effort to obtain my old hat. I had already punched in it sundry holes, as it was condemned for wadding for my fowling-piece; these, however, he did not consider to be any detraction from its beauty or usefulness; perhaps he thought it might look as if they were shot-holes which had missed his head, by the interference of Dju-dju. However, he begged most piteously for it, saying—“What! me be king! me no habe hat all the same as white man's black hat! Suppose rain come, what King Boy do then? Oh! my friend, gi' me black hat, den King Boy be proper king for true.” Louis† the pilot, who had served us so faithfully, promised that he would be at Ibu in three moons, to conduct us back, as Lander thought it probable we might not stay longer than that in the interior. He was well

rewarded for his services; and parted from us highly gratified, swearing, in five or six languages, that no people under the sun were worthy to be called his masters but the white men, and that the white men's country should be his country.

We proceeded on our voyage at seven P. M.

From the Spectator.

SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS.

The first and second volumes of this collection contain the author's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*: the third consists of miscellaneous pamphlets, a few sermons, and Peter Plymley's Letters, whose paternity is now acknowledged. A kind of autobiographical preface gives an account of the origin of the *Edinburgh*; touches, not untruly, or ungracefully, upon the depression and difficulties the author braved in maintaining his principles and independence; and quietly plants a blow upon some modern professing Liberals. From this, the newest and not the least interesting paper in the volumes, we shall draw freely.

HOW THE EDINBURGH REVIEW CAME TO BE ESTABLISHED.

When first I went into the Church, I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before he could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted, were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland,) and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too Liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the Northern division of the island.

One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was,

“*Tenui musam meditamur avena.*”

“We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.”

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal.

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF PLYMLEY.

I have printed in this collection the Letters of Peter Plymley. The Government of that day took great pains to find out the author; all that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or another, it came to be conjectured that I was that author. I have always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include

* One of the chiefs on this coast, in order to secure to himself, beyond all question, such a proud pre-eminence, has assumed the title of King Pass All.

† This poor fellow was afterwards put to death for an intrigue with one of King Fourday's wives.

the letters in this collection. They had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold.

WHAT AN OLD WHIG HAD TO BEAR.

From the beginning of the century (about which time the Review began) to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain Liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate;—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig Administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life.

A JUST BOAST FOR HIMSELF AND A FAIR HIT AT OTHERS.

To set on foot such a journal in such times, to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate. Strange and ludicrous are the changes in human affairs. The Tories are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots; with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our Prime Minister,) which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism. Liberalism is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy, may consider himself as a commissioner, and his fortune as made; and to my utter and never ending astonishment, I, as an old Edinburgh Reviewer, find myself fighting, in the year 1839, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for the existence of the National Church.

To fill two volumes with a republication of between forty and fifty articles, written for a temporary purpose and frequently on temporary subjects, and spread over a period of years forty save three, is a bold undertaking, and in most cases would have been a fatal one. But it is not with Mr. Sydney Smith. His wit, his pregnant sense, his point—the thought which he has bestowed upon his subject, till he has stripped it of all incumbrances—and the care with which he has finished his style—render every thing pungent, or at the least readable. The strength with which he limns the lineaments of some weak, vain, or foolish person, who happens to have fallen

in his way or thrust himself before him, renders many passages frequently amusing and striking to a high degree. But there is much more than these things. He has often chosen subjects which though occasional in their form, were general in their nature; the capital stock of society either for record or practice. Such is his exposition, from a long file of their own publications, of the grosser Methodism of that day with its “serious” Margate Hoy; such his exposure, on more than one occasion, of the Missions to Hindostan, and the ridiculous results in a religious—the frightful catastrophe in a political sense—they were likely to produce. Such, too, amongst others, are his articles on Education—on the education of the aristocracy at public schools; on female education; and on popular education, in a review of the well meaning Mrs. Trimmer’s attack upon Lancaster. The world has not advanced so much in thirty years, but that all his articles on these subjects may be perused with advantage now. From the many excellent passages in these papers we can only spare room for one specimen.

PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

Of some of the contents of the last volume we have lately had occasion to speak, at length, in noticing the republication of *Peter Plymley* and the *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton*. Of the four Sermons, that on the Accession of the Queen we think scarcely equal to the subject or the occasion; that on Christian Charity, preached at Bristol on the 5th November 1828, is broad in its charity, bold in its principles, and yet discreet in its management; the two preached before the Judges on Circuit are very rare specimens of pulpit composition—remarkable for their skilful adaption to the pursuits and professional character of the audience addressed. The pamphlet on *Ballot*, though not long since published, we happen to meet for the first time; and it undoubtedly says all that can be said against the Ballot in the most effective way; nor have its arguments been yet refuted, or all of them noticed. Now is not the time, nor is this the place, to try our hand upon the subject; but remarking that Mr. Sydney Smith confounds, as he often does, the power to do a thing with the right to do it—and that

there is no analogy between the case of a representative voting for a measure and an elector voting for a representative—we will quote a passage or two as a specimen of his inimitable powers of statement.—See how the assertion that few farmers have political opinions is stamped in.

COERCION OF TENANTS EXAGGERATED.

All these practices are bad; but the facts and the consequences are exaggerated.

In the first place, the plough is not a political machine: the loom and the steam-engine are furiously political, but the plough is not. Nineteen tenants out of twenty care nothing about their votes, and pull off their opinions as easily to their landlords as they do their hats. As far as the great majority of tenants are concerned, these histories of persecution are mere declamatory nonsense: they have no more predilection for whom they vote than organ-pipes have for what tunes they are to play. A tenant dismissed for a fair and just cause often attributes his dismissal to political motives, and endeavours to make himself a martyr with the public: a man who ploughs badly, or who pays badly, says he is dismissed for his vote. No candidate is willing to allow that he lost his election by his demerits; and he seizes hold of these stories, and circulates them with the greatest avidity: they are stated in the House of Commons; John Russell and Spring Rice fall a crying; there is lamentation of Liberals in the land, and many groans for the territorial tyrants.

CHECK UPON 'CHANGE AND CHARACTER OF SHOPKEEPERS.

To part with tenants for political reasons always makes a landlord unpopular. The Constitutional, price 4*d*.; the Cato, at 3½*d*.; and the Lucius Junius Brutus, at 2*d*., all set upon the unhappy scutiger; and the squire, unused to be pointed at, and thinking that all Europe and part of Asia are thinking of him and his farmers, is driven to the brink of suicide and despair. That such things are done is not denied, that they are scandalous when they are done is equally true; but these are reasons why such acts are less frequent than they are commonly represented to be. In the same manner, there are instances of shopkeepers being materially injured in their business from the votes they have given; but the facts themselves, as well as the consequences, are grossly exaggerated. If shopkeepers lose Tory they gain Whig customers; and it is not always the vote which does the mischief, but the low vulgar impertinence, and the unbridled scurrility of a man, who thinks that by dividing to mankind their rations of butter and of cheese, he has qualified himself for legislation, and that he can hold the rod of empire because he has wielded the yard of mensuration. I detest all inquisition into political opinions, but I have very rarely seen a combination against any tradesman who modestly, quietly, and conscientiously took his own line in politics. But Brutus, and buttermilk, cheesemonger and Cato, do not harmonize well together; good taste is offended, the coxcomb loses his friends, and general disgust is mistaken for combined oppression. Shopkeepers, too, are very apt to cry out before they are hurt: a man who sees after an election one of his customers buying a pair of gloves on the opposite side of the way, roars out that his honesty will make him a bankrupt, and the county papers are filled with letters from Brutus, Publicola, Hampden, and Pym.

This kind of language seems strange in the founder of the *Edinburgh Review*—in the clergyman who was under the ban of his cloth, and considered as not a Christian if not an Atheist, and whose adherence to his principles barred the door of preferment against him. But it is perfectly consistent with himself at starting, and with the views of the old Whig party. As regards the man, let any reader turn to Vol. I. p. 188, and he will see less veneration for the people than is expressed in the last quotation; and the principle "not to respect the poor when they wish to step out of their province," was a true principle of Whiggery. Government for the people was their maxim: popular self-government was an abomination in their eyes. They advocated, perhaps because they were out, for they never did much being in, certain changes which the Tories opposed. They were professional politicians, or rather born statesmen. They would, according to their lights, govern the mass "for their good," just as a physician prescribes or a lawyer advises, to the best of his ability. But your true Whig would be taken as much aback if the people should presume to interpose in the measures concocted for them, as the solemn professional if a patient should discuss the composition of a draught, or a client criticize the drawing of a deed. "The people" were only "very well in their proper place."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLD MORGAN AT PANAMA.

In the hostel-room we were seated in gloom, old Morgan's trustiest crew;
No mirthful sound, no jest went round, as it erst was wont to do.

Wine we had none, and our girls were gone, for the last of our gold was spent;
And some swore an oath, and all were wroth, and stern o'er the table bent;

Till our chief on the board hurl'd down his sword, and spake with his stormy shout,
"Hell and the devil! an' this be revel, we had better arm and out.

Let us go and pillage old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!"

Straight at the word each girt on his sword, five hundred men and more;

And we clove the sea in our shallops free, till we reached the mainland shore.

For many a day overland was our way, and our hearts grew weary and low,

And many would back on their trodden track, rather than farther go;

But the wish was quell'd, though our hearts rebell'd, by old Morgan's stormy roar,—

"The way ye have sped is farther to tread, than the way which lies before."

So on we march'd upon Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

'Twas just sunset when our eyes first met the sight of the town of gold;

And down on the sod each knelt to his god, five hundred warriors bold;

Each bared his blade, and we fervent pray'd (for it might be our latest prayer,)

"Ransom from hell, if in fight we fell,—if we lived, for a booty rare!"

And each as he rose felt a deep repose, and a calm o'er
all within;
For he knew right well, whatever befell, his soul was
assail'd from sin,

Then down we march'd on old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

The town arose to meet us as foes, and in order beheld us
come;—

They were three to one, but warriors none,—traders, and
such like scum,
Unused to wield either sword or shield; but they plied
their new trade well.

I am not told how they bought and sold, but they fought
like fiends of hell.

They fought in despair for their daughters fair, their
wives, and their wealth, God wot!

And throughout the night made a gallant fight,—but it
mattered not a jot.

For had we not sworn to take Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

O'er dying and dead the morn rose red, and o'er streets of
a redder dye;

And in scatter'd spots stood men in knots, who would not
yield or fly.

With souls of fire they bay'd our ire, and parry'd the
hurl and thrust;

But ere the sun its noon had won they were mingled
with the dust.

Half of our host in that night we lost,—but we little for
that had care;

We knew right well that each that fell increased the
survivor's share

Of the plunder we found in old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

We found bars of gold, and coin untold, and gems which
to count were vain;

We had floods of wine, and girls divine, the dark-eyed
girls of Spain.

They at first were coy, and baulk'd our joy, and seem'd
with their fate downcast,

And wept and groan'd, and shriek'd and swoon'd; but
'twas all the same at last.

Our wooing was short, of the warrior's sort, and they
thought it rough, no doubt;

But, truth to tell, the end was as well as had it been
longer about.

And so we revell'd in Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

We lived in revel, sent care to the devil, for two or three
weeks or so,

When a general thought within us wrought that 'twas
getting time to go.

So we set to work with dagger and dirk to torture the
burghers hoar,

And their gold conceal'd compell'd them to yield, and add
to our common store.

And whenever a fool of the miser school declared he had
ne'er a groat,

In charity due we melted a few, and pour'd them down
his throat.

This drink we invented at Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

When the churls were cased, their bags well squeezed, we
gave them our blessing full fain,

And we kiss'd our girls with the glossy curls, the dark-
eyed girls of Spain;

Our booty we shared, and we all prepared for the way we
had to roam,

When there rose a dispute as to taking our route by land
or by water home.

So one half of the band chose to travel by land, the other
to travel by sea:

Old Morgan's voice gave the sea the choice, and I follow'd
his fortunes free,

And hasten'd our leaving old Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

A bark we equipp'd, and our gold we shipp'd, and gat us
ready for sea;

Seventy men, and a score and ten, mariners bold were we.
Our mates had took leave, on the yester-eve, their way

o'er the hills to find,
When, as morning's light pierced through the night, we

shook her sails to the wind.
With a fresh'ning breeze we walked the seas, and the land

sunk low and lower;
A dreary dread o'er our hearts there sped we never should

see land more—
And away we departed from Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

For a day or two we were busy enow in setting ourselves
to rights,

In fixing each berth, our mess, and so forth, and the day's
watch and the nights;

But when these were done, over every one came the lack
of aught to do,

We listless talk'd, we listless walk'd, and we pined for
excitement new.

Oh! how we did hail any shift in the gale, for it gave us
a sail to trim!

We began to repent that we had not bent our steps with
our comrades grim.

And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Day after day we had stagger'd away, with a steady
breeze abeam;

No shift in the gale; no trimming a sail; how dull we
were, ye may deem!

We sung old songs till we wearied our lungs; we pushed
the flagon about;

And told and re-told tales ever so old, till they fairly tired
us out.

There was a shark in the wake of our bark took us three
days to hook;

And when it was caught we wished it was not, for we
missed the trouble it took.

And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

At last it befell, some tempter of hell put gambling in some
one's head;

The devil's device, the cards and the dice, broke the
stagnant life we led:

From morn till night, ay, till next morn's light, we plied
the bones right well;

Day after day the rattle of play clattered through the
cave.

How the winners laugh'd, how the losers quaff'd! 'twas
a madness, as it were.

It was a thing of shuddering to hark to the losers' swear.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,

We, the mighty Buccaneers!

From morn till night, ay, till next morn's light, for weeks
the play kept on:

'Twas fearful to see the winner's glee, and the losers
haggard and wan;

You well might tell, by their features fell, they would ill
brook to be crost;
And one morn there was one, who all night had won,
jeer'd some who all night had lost.
He went to bed—at noon he was dead—I know not from
what, nor reck;
But they spake of a mark, livid and dark, about the dead
man's neck!

And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

This but begun: and those who had won lived a life of
anxious dread;

Day after day there was bicker and fray; and a man now
and then struck dead.

Old Morgan stern was laugh'd to scorn, and it worry'd
his heart, I trow;

Five days of care, and his iron-grey hair was as white as
the winter's snow:

The losers at last his patience o'erpast, for they drew their
sword each one,

And cried, with a shout, "Hell take you! come out, and
fight for the gold ye have won—

The gold that our blood bought at Panama:
We, the mighty Buccaneers!"

We never were slow at a word and a blow, so we cross'd
our irons full fain;

And for death and life had begun the strife, when old
Morgan stopt it amain,

And thunder'd out with his stormy shout,—"Dog's ye
have had your day!"

To your berths!" he roar'd. "Who sheaths not his
sword, Heaven grant him its grace, I pray!

For I swear, by God, I will cleave him like wood!" There
was one made an angry sign;

Old Morgan heard, and he kept his word; for he clove
him to the chine.

So ended *his* exploits at Panama;
He, the mighty Buccaneer!

At this we quail'd, and we henceforth sail'd, in a
smouldering sort of truce:

But our dark brows gloom'd, and we inward fumed for a
pretext to give us loose:

When early one morn—"A strange sail astern!" we heard
the lookout-man hail;

And old Morgan shout, "Put the ship about, and crowd
every stitch of sail!"

And around went we, surging through the sea at our
island wild buck's pace;

In wonderment what old Morgan meant, we near'd to the
fated chase—

We, the pillagers of old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

She went right fast, but we took her at last. 'Twas a
little brigantine thing;

With some four men for crew, and a boy or two—a bark
built for trafficking;

Besides this crew were three women, too: her freight was
salt-fish and oil:

For the men on board, they were put to the sword; the
women we spared awhile.

And all was surmise what to do with the prize, when old
Morgan, calling us aft,

Roar'd, "Ye who have fooled yourselves out of your gold
take possession of yonder craft,

And go pillage some other Panama,
Ye, the mighty Buccaneers!"

We were reckless and rude, we had been at feud till 'twas
war to the very knife;

But it clove each heart when we came to part from com-
rades in many a strife:

Over one and all a gloom seemed to fall, and in silence
they packed their gear,

Amid curses and sighs, and glistening eyes, and here and
there a tear.

We gave brooches and things, for keepsakes and rings;
and some trucked the weapons they wore:

This Spanish gun was a token from one who had fought
me a week before,

While we dined for the spoils of old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Their traps all pack'd, there was nothing lack'd, but
sharing the women three:

The odd one's choice was left to the dice, and she fell to
the rich so free;

When the losers' 'gan swear the dice were unfair, and
brawl'd till our chief got wild,

And, without more ado, cut the woman in two, as Solo-
mon shared the child.

Then each of each band shook each old mate's hand, and
we parted with hearts full sore;

We all that day watch'd them lessen away. They were
never heard of more!

We kept merrily on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Their sufferings none know, but ours, I trow, were very,
oh! very sore;

We had storm and gale till our hearts 'gan fail, and then
calms, which harassed us more;

Then many fell sick; and while all were weak, we round-
ed the fiery cape;

As I hope for bliss in the life after this, 'twas a miracle
our escape!

Then a leak we sprung, and to lighten us, flung all our
gold to the element:

Our perils are past, and we're here at last, but as penniless
as we went.

And such was the pillage of Panama
By the mighty Buccaneers!

G. E. INMAN.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TO A LADY SINGING.

THERE is a light about those eyes,
Warm, rich, but tender, like the hue

That's left upon the vespèr skies

When day has turn'd to misty blue:

A mild repose, as if the sun

Of joy had not been long departed;

And twilight thoughts had just begun

Half blissfully—half broken-hearted!

Oh! lady, look but thus,

And I could gaze for ever!

Within thy voice there is a tone,

Soft, sweet, and trembling, like the sighs

That night-birds through the valleys moan,

Thinking they sing gay melodies!

A tranquil sound, as if the tide,

The noisy tide of mirth and laughter,

Had fall'n adown youth's green hill side,

To flow in quiet ever after!

Oh! lady, sing but thus—

And I could hear for ever!

From the Monthly Chronicle.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

THE East has always been fertile in great men, in those grand and colossal figures whose energy appears superhuman. In our own time, if we are to seek a celebrity approaching to that of the genius who re-united, after a lapse of nine centuries, the scattered elements of the empire of Charlemagne, it must be confessed that it is towards the East we must turn,—to Egypt, where the diadem of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies encircles the brows of the octogenarian Mehemet Ali, who is to Napoleon what the vulture is to the eagle. Guizot, that great reflecter upon the revolutions of empires, is inclined to attribute to each state a period of decay proportionate to the term of its construction. M. Lamartine, on the contrary, having been an eyewitness of the state of the East, conjectures that the race of the Turkish empire is run, and that the hour of its dissolution is impending. The reasons for this opinion, which he gave in his luminous speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, correspond with those hazarded by us in a former disquisition, and may be summed up in the fact, that fanaticism formed the bond of union and the element of conquest of the Turks, and that fanaticism is weakened or no longer exists among them. The idea of an Arabian empire, founded on the ruins of the Ottoman, is also visionary, for the same reasons as are applicable to the society of the Turks. Neither can amalgamate with European communities or habits; and in both countries precocious civilization depends upon the accident of the lives of two men—Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali.—Anarchy must succeed their decease.

The singularity of the present position of the Egyptian satrap is this, that although innumerable pachas have attempted, at various periods of Turkish history, and with more or less prospects of success, to establish an independent kingdom, they have all hitherto succumbed in their ambitious projects, after a time, before the fortunes of the house of Othman. Even Mehemet Ali, notwithstanding he has succeeded through civilization in rendering himself physically more powerful than his sovereign, might finally have fallen before that moral or religious force which, in the opinion of the Faithful, assigns to the Sultan a sacred supremacy over every Mussulman; but the victory of Koniah, by laying open to the victorious Ibrahim the path to Constantinople, exacted, at the cost of Russian intervention and the cession of Syria, a sort of tacit admission of Egyptian independence which the relief from momentary difficulties, it was to be supposed, would instantly cancel.

Since the date of the French Egyptian expedition, however, a new element has intervened in the wars between Sultan and Pacha, and that element is European influence. It is the complication of Western with Eastern interests which has enabled Mehemet Ali to stand against his sovereign so long in virtual independence, and which now gives such important features to the present declaration of hostilities.

The attitude which the parties have assumed towards each other, though caused by events of a less recent date than the convention abolishing monopolies throughout the empire, is mainly to be attributed to it. The governor of Egypt, in fact, feels that its literal adoption would destroy the source of his revenue and strike the sword from his grasp; he is therefore urged to make a death struggle for supremacy or independence; whilst the Sultan, persuaded that the assistance of England and France will be accorded to the side of their commercial interests, anxiously seizes the opportunity to wreak his

long-cherished revenge upon his rebellious satrap. The commercial convention was a secret means of avenging the humiliation of the convention of Kutayah; for so long as the Sultan's authority was recognised over every province of his dominions, the European powers could no object to its being carried into effect in Egypt, where Mehemet Ali's monopoly was thus pierced to the vitals. So true it is that it is the opposite of material interests of nations that bring them into collision, although minor causes are generally assigned for it. It would be vain to speculate upon the consequences of a battle between Ibrahim Pacha and Mahmoud both to western and eastern politics.

Of all the actions which mankind can commit, the most considerable are battles. They exceed all others as much by their peculiar greatness as by their results. No acts are more decisive, or introduce into the politics of the world more surprising novelties. They require but the space of a day, and their consequences are perpetual. Whether it be necessary to settle a question of interest between two nations, that one should extend itself or disappear by conquest, or lastly, that an end should be put to civil dissensions, the judgments which are there pronounced are supreme. It is true that very often the arms that were prostrated arise again, and appeal to another field of battle; but eminent battles possess this quality above all others, that their decrees are generally omnipotent, and there is no refuge for the vanquished from the laws which they impose. In all cases, notwithstanding the death and devastation caused, battles are facts which God holds in his own hand, and which deserve to be praised, since they tend to put an end to war and to recall the normal and ideal state of the human race, which is peace.

Another conflict like that of Koniah might dissolve the empire of Mahomet; but the difficulty still remains, what is to succeed to it? "*Mais que diable de faire de Constantinople?*" was the difficulty which the Emperor Joseph II. expressed when consulting with Catharine and her confederates on the partition of the Turkish empire. "Constantinople," said the Emperor Alexander, "is the key to my house." There is no longer any difficulty in disposing of that bone of contention according to the conference at Erfurth, and England must resign herself to behold the key of the Eastern and Western worlds, the trident of the ocean, transferred to the hands of Russia; while Egypt, the highway to Indian commerce by land, and the mistress of the Mediterranean, falls to the share of France, who eagerly covets its possession, and secretly proclaims the price at which she is willing to lend her co-operation. The interests of all parties being such, it is natural to suppose that France and Russia must view with feelings of pleasure the collision between Ibrahim and Hafiz Pacha, which will accelerate the desired consummation. England and Austria alone have a sincere interest in preserving the *status quo*. For what can Russia lose by the defeat of the Sultan, and what can France lose by the overthrow of Mehemet Ali? Evidently nothing. Russia acquires the right by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi to occupy Constantinople and Asia Minor with troops from Sebastopol, and to protect the Sultan from the victorious Egyptians. France gains the opportunity to annex Egypt, with its vast resources, to her Algerine dependencies.

Casting our eye farther eastward we perceive a complication of difficulties still more grave and imminent. Our armies are entangled in the jungles and wilds of Afghanistan, surrounded by a hostile population, like the army of Crassus amid the Parthians—the Shah of Persia is reported to be advancing a second time upon Herat with

40,000 men—the Prince Kamran by no means grateful to his allies the English for their assistance—Dost Mohammed organizing by his influence conspiracies in Madras itself against our power, and the Muscovite eagle flapping his wings in the distance and scenting the coming prey. Let us consider for a moment the obstacles, moral and physical, which interpose in the path of Russia, and the contingencies which, by possibility, might prove favourable to her designs.

Since the report has reached us that Count Simionich has been appointed to a command in the Persian army at the recommendation of Russia, it cannot be surprising that we are disbelievers in the sincerity of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, and in the assertion that her Eastern envoys intrigued against British power in India of their own accord and without the knowledge of their superiors.* It is not in a formal disavowal by Count Nesselrode, vague and void of meaning as it is, that a refutation of facts can be found, and of the prosecution of a course of policy which the history of a century confirms. We arise with this conviction from a perusal of a diligent summary of the heads of this great political problem, which is to be found in the third volume of the instructive and entertaining History of Russia, in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, in which the author's research has left little of importance to be gleaned by other writers. It was only in December, 1832, that the Moscow Gazette, the official organ of the Russian government, declared aloud to all civilized Europe its haughty defiance of England. "The Russian nation," says the official writer, "is indignant at the clandestine proceedings of England, or rather of her perfidious ministry, in regard to the troubles of Poland: but our turn is coming. We will tear off her mask. We will show the world how a people is really reduced to slavery. You shall soon have an opportunity of judging whether Lord Ponsonby spoke truth when he repeated to every body who would listen to him Russia is no longer of any account, henceforward Poland will prevent her from interfering in the affairs of Europe—her government is quite Asiatic" &c. How does this Albion, loaded with debt, and now imbued with the most perfidious principles, dare to rouse the bear (for so they call us) who devoured Napoleon, with the first army that ever invaded her territories, and marched to Paris to revenge their rashness. No: our turn must come; and we shall soon have no need to make any treaty with this people but at Calcutta. Her false policy has done its best.

* If any proof were wanted that the intrigues in Persia were carried on under the cognizance of the Cabinet, and that the Cabinet, finding their schemes exposed by the vigilance of our intrepid agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, were determined to disavow their own dark plot, we have such a proof in the fate of the unfortunate Vickovitch, who played so conspicuous a part in the Persian conspiracy. Vickovitch had returned to St. Petersburg, and had an interview with Nesselrode, the purport of which has not transpired, but there is no great difficulty in divining it from the issue. The wretched man went home, and on the following day shot himself, *after destroying all his papers*. His crime was failure. The minister found it convenient to disown his agent, and sacrifice him to a violent state necessity. The agent in despair, anticipated the executioner. Such is a brief epitome of the perjuries and sanguinary atrocities of Russian diplomacy.

Let her go and make alliances with the African negroes, whom she wishes so well and for whom she has made Europe her dupe. The barbarians and slaves, as her papers call us, will teach her a lesson. Meanwhile let her go on.—It is all we want."

As the progress of our internal politics has not, however, verified the Calmuck's insinuation in the last paragraph, and as England still survives in spite of predicted anarchy and downfall, it may be possible for her to take courage and consider whether the Russian bear have the power of reaching Calcutta, and whether there be any *Ursa Major* born among their Cimmerian deserts with a genius capable of leading his brethren successfully to the conclusion of such an enterprise. The consideration of these chances will embrace that of the neutrality, hostility or friendship of France under Louis Philippe or a future republican government, should the contest between England and Russia be delayed or prolonged until that event arrive, and, finally, the genius of the Muscovite military commanders.

It must be remembered that the prestige of Russian military force has fatally declined ever since the date of her Turkish, Polish, and Circassian campaigns. In fact, all her victories have been won at an enormous waste of human life, without any exhibition of military science. Russia *never won an important battle* during the whole course of her long wars with France in spite of her boastings, and we defy her advocates to point out one. The battle of Novi was doubtful, and in those days she had a Suwarrow. It is a different order of talent from his, and a different kind of feeling from that which obliged the Russian officers placed in the rear to urge onward against the Polish legions at Ostrolenka their poor inanimate serfs at the point of their swords, which must lead to a prosperous end a descent on India.

From the time that we have ceased to delude ourselves as to the danger with which our Indian empire is threatened from the quarter of Russia, we have imagined that it would tend to retard the fatal moment to represent this danger as chimerical, and the press has laboured to demonstrate that the fear of England's resentment would always suffice to prevent the designs of Russia, and her power to arrest her progress. But Russia has sufficiently shown how much these considerations prevail with her by her conduct in the East, where, for the last ten years, she has never ceased to pursue her projects, delaying, or at the most, disguising their execution, according to circumstances. England has arrived at that period in the existence of nations, when the idea which they have created of their power is an arm of which it is easier for them to avail themselves than of that power itself. England, by reason of the very height of her renown, cannot as the Duke of Wellington said, afford to make a little war; and to exert her whole power, the greatest consideration and the most vital risks would need to be self-evident. The science of political calculation, of which our former cabinets have made good use, has at length taught us, that we have been so miraculously favoured by fortune and skill throughout those long struggles when the French revolution placed our existence at stake, that we might have reason to count upon contrary results if we lighted up a war, which, by embracing the whole universe, would again put in jee-

partly all that the past has solved in our favour. It seems nevertheless, that we cannot prevent Russia from daily approaching the object of her ambition, the path towards which seems to be prepared by the march of time itself.

What keeps Russia immovable in the path to India is neither respect for the abilities of our foreign secretary, the indirect menaces of our diplomacy, the wrath of the press, nor even the fear of our fleets and armies—it is circumstances which are wanting to Russia. We believe that she could, if necessary, send into the field simultaneously ten armies like that which would be necessary to invade British India, if she were not wanting in all the elements of that moral force without which so vast an enterprise could not be attempted.

The three most celebrated conquerors who have accomplished in former times the projects which Russia meditates at the present day, were, with the differences appertaining to the time and country in which they lived and in degrees which we cannot compare to each other, men of rare genius in war. Preceded by the fame of their exploits, which filled all Asia, they had already vanquished the lively imagination of its people and bound it to their ascendancy, which was regarded by them as miraculous when they advanced towards Hindostan. Without that influence which their name and presence exercised, who can say that they would have triumphed by the mere force of arms over the resistance they encountered? Another less famous conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizneh, who founded the first Mahomedan dynasty in India, was unavoidably borne to the summit of his hopes by the irresistible energy of that religious fanaticism which inspired the Arabs during the first centuries of the Hegira.

Whether it emanate from a single man or from an entire people, it is always the action of an exceptional genius which has assured the success of these great designs. Russia is in a condition wholly opposite to that which these different examples present. No national passion urges her towards India. The religious prejudices of the people of Asia, although much weakened, repel her by the force of their inertia. Since Peter the Great, not a single man of genius has arisen either upon the throne of the Czars or in the midst of their armies or councils. In order to send an army from the borders of the Caspian Sea to the mouths of the Ganges, to triumph over the resistance of the populations by repeated, rapid, and decisive victories, or to disarm them by the skilfulness and tact of negotiations which shall obtain their assistance or neutrality, something more is wanting than the ordinary merit of a general or field-marshal competent to chastise the rebellion of a few nomadic tribes, or to despoil Turkey or Persia of some additional province. The capricious preference of an autocrat could not justify itself by the example of Potemkin, in confiding to the first officer who happened to be a court favourite the mission of going to attempt a *coup de main* upon an empire of a hundred millions of men at the distance of a thousand leagues. Russia, since she has entered upon her career of aggrandisement, has used no other system to arrive at her ends than a crafty and obstinate pursuit. After having employed for a century the violence of war and the perfidy of politics to mine the Ottoman empire, she was forced during the last campaign to endure the loss of two years under the eyes of Europe, before passing the chain of the Balkan, beyond which Constantinople yet remained to be conquered. Provoked and endangered by the Polish

insurrection, she saw the German Diebitch, her boasted conqueror of the Turks, condemned to await the attack of the mysterious malady which cut him off without having been able to lead his soldiers across the open plains to the city of Warsaw. Alone, divided, and betrayed, obtaining, instead of succour from the kings of Europe, only secret or declared vows for her ruin, Poland was enabled with a few thousand troops, animated by love of their country, to make head for more than a year against that Colossus with a hundred arms, which seemed able by a scornful gesture to crush it to atoms. How different is the slowness with which success generally declares itself for Russia from that thundering rapidity which a march upon the Indies would require! And nothing can be discovered in her capable of giving this enthusiasm. The race of its sovereigns has preserved the cunning of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, with the ferocity of the Tartar; but not his adventurous intrepidity.

The conqueror who shall mount his horse to point out to his soldiers the road to Calcutta, has not yet appeared in the family of Romanoff. We English may assure ourselves that it is not the prudent monarch Nicholas, who awaited at a respectful distance on board one of his vessels the result of the siege of Varna, who will renounce the glory of his reviews in the sure shelter of palaces where his politics perform their exploits, to go and present to the people of Asia the spectacle of another Macedonian Alexander. If the cruel disposition of the Czar, whose frown can move European diplomacy, causes his sleep to be troubled at times with the trophies of Timour, he may console himself for his inability to imitate those famous bloody pyramids invented by the Tartar conqueror, by his own reminiscences of the deserts of Siberia, and of the Polish women and orphans dragged at the tails of horses to his military colonies. Russian politics are, besides, charged with too many difficult and pressing affairs to dwell upon the gigantic project of an invasion of India otherwise than very remotely. Her present wish is for another portion of Europe. There is no human power which could lay hands at the same time upon Constantinople and Calcutta. This is the reason why Russia remains so long suspended between these two banquets which summon her—the one to the Bosphorus, the other to the Ganges. So long as the question of the destiny of Constantinople shall not be definitively solved, British India will be safe. War is neither our wish nor our interest. If the Russians triumphed, Constantinople, in their hands, would be too great a blow against our commerce and power for us to see in that event a fortunate diversion from India, the invasion of which would, in fact, only become easier thereby. In the contrary supposition that Russia, lowered by English ascendancy, beheld the hope of inheriting the Ottoman empire in Europe vanish from her sight, her energy and activity turned, but not destroyed, would find no other vent but Asia, and thenceforth, directed to one single end, would be irresistibly forced to seek upon the Ganges amends for the cause lost upon the shores of the Bosphorus.

Assuredly Great Britain has no want of provocations if we had made up our minds to chastise Russian insolence and aggression. It needed not the recent events before Herat, and the formidable coalition organizing against her sway in India, to be added to the indignity of the Vixen's capture, or the contemptuous rejection of our mediation for Poland and Cracow, to justify, according to the ancient policy of England, a loftier tone towards the northern cabinets;—but other considerations intervene. *Could we but count on the neutrality of France* (to let alone counting upon her assistance either under the shuffling Louis Philippe, since his evasion of the Quad-

rupture Alliance, or under an Anti-British republican government, should succeed him,) we might force the Dardanelles, paralyse, by the presence of a dozen fleets in the Black Sea, the operations of the Russians on its northern shore, and acting at the same time in the Baltic, frighten Cronstadt and Sebastopol with the chastisement formerly inflicted upon Copenhagen. But whilst the bombardment of Copenhagen left England only the powerless resentment of Denmark, the destruction of the Russian marine would awaken the formidable envy of a nation to whom would be afforded an opportunity of revenge. The antagonism of Russia and England arises at present only from the foresight of the moment when the interests of the two powers, become irreconcilable, shall appeal to arms. The two nations who have long been united to each other by a commerce mutually advantageous have not yet encountered each other as enemies on the field of battle, and have no humiliations to revenge upon each other. They have no Novi, no Zurich, no Marengo, no Borodino, no Moscow. This position is favourable for England: common sense may teach our statesmen that they ought to avoid increasing the forces of an enemy by bringing his passions into play. Every effort made by the British arms against the power of Russia by wounding the nation in its savage pride would make it a question of honour in its eyes to make an attempt upon India. It is then that the peril, having become pressing, could no longer be conjured away but by the doubtful success of a battle upon the Ganges; for the patriotic sentiment has always created among nations unlooked-for instruments of attack as well as of defence; and in default of a great warlike genius Russia might find in this feeling the enthusiastic resolution which is necessary for her to go and combat England at the extremity of Asia.* We may threaten, but it is more prudent at present not to turn those menaces into declared hostilities: to erect a barrier power in Afghanistan is better; afterwards our fleets may concentrate themselves in the seas of Malta, or the Archipelago; and having so far subdued our chivalrous sympathy as to lose the admirable opportunity afforded for a moment by the victorious insurrection at Warsaw, we may perhaps give the signal to Europe of a crusade against this barbarous and inhuman power, at a less favourable moment than we otherwise should have done; but for the result we should have no fear, for Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Germany, with their armed myriads, would cordially join in stemming the deluge of barbarians, and driving back into their congenial deserts the hordes that now threaten to overwhelm Western civilization.

Ritter in his "Comparative Geography," has expressed in a word the interest with which Afghanistan inspires both England and Russia. It is, says he, the country of transition between eastern and western Asia, between India and Persia. It is there that we find all the passages that lead to the Indies; and an Indian proverb says, that no one can be King of India who is not King of Caboul—a proverb which expresses the importance attached by England and Russia to the events in Afghanistan. On a former occasion we have traced the route of the various conquerors who have made themselves masters of Hindostan proceeding from this great chain of

* It is impossible to appreciate too highly, in a political point of view, the magnificent scheme of Indian steam communication across the Isthmus of Panama, which, we have every reason to believe, will, ere long, be effected by the unwearied energy and patriotism of our greatest capitalists.

mountains in Upper Asia, that divides Persia from India, where nature seems to have placed the keys of the Asiatic empire. Shah Shoojah is the son of Tymour Shah, the last Emperor of Afghanistan of the tribe of the Sadukzies; his nephew, Kam Ram, the Prince of Herat, is of the same tribe. The greater part of the principalities of Afghanistan have fallen under the power of the chiefs of the Barukzie tribe, and are Caboul, Ghiznez, Candahar, and Peshawer. The cities of Herat, Candahar, Ghizneh, Caboul, and Peshawer, form, as it were, a triangle on the map, which has its apex on the north-west, and its base on the south-east. At the apex of the triangle is Herat; at the base from west to east lie Candahar, Ghizneh, Caboul, and Peshawer. It is within this triangle that the destinies of Asia are deciding, and these are the cities which have beheld passing from their walls so many of the great conquerors of the earth.

The cause of the change in Dost Mahomed's politics may be easily explained. This chief of Caboul, according to the accounts of our travellers, is very favourable to commerce, which is, indeed, but natural; for Caboul serves as a passage to the caravans in their way to and from India, and the custom-house of Caboul pays a considerable revenue to Dost Mahomed. Hence his liking for commerce, and his desire to see the Russians take part in the traffic of central Asia, and pay tribute to his treasury. The principles of free trade which Russia preaches against England have, therefore, found in him a warm partisan, and are undoubtedly the cause of his recent friendship for that power.

Sir Alexander Burnes doubted much if ever the ancient family could reascend the throne without foreign assistance. Whatever be the intestine divisions of the Barukzies, they are always ready to unite against a common enemy. During Sir Alexander's stay at Caboul, Dost Mahomed received advice from his brother at Candahar that a Persian ambassador had threatened him. "When the Persian shall have armed against you," replied the chief of Caboul, "send to me, and the same as I am now your foe, I shall then be your friend." If ever the different principalities of Afghanistan are to be reunited under one chief, it is under Dost Mahomed only that this union could be properly effected: for the hatred of tribe against tribe prevails over the private dissensions that divide the tribe within itself. They ally themselves with those whom they hate the least against those whom they hate the most—a sort of alliance which is quite common in politics. It would seem, therefore, considering the ascendancy of Dost Mahomed over his brothers, that it was a doubtful choice on the part of our government to have selected Shah Shoojah as the regenerator of the Afghan empire. It was to Dost Mahomed Khan that many people think this part ought to have been assigned. But as a cause for marching an army towards the head of the Indus, for the purpose of opening the navigation of that river, Shah Shoojah serves the purposes of England far better than any other pretender. In fact, the river Indus is the basis of the Indian army's operations, and the indispensable preliminary of the Afghan expedition; for without it the English army would be cut off from its communications with India, and commit a strategic fault. Hyderabad, Bakkar, and the strong

places of the lower and middle Indus, have already fallen into our hands. Assured of the course of the Indus as the basis of its operations, our army may then defer, if necessary, the remainder of its operations until the following year.

Let us briefly sum up the share which Afghanistan will take in the struggle between Russia and England. Afghanistan is not a possession which Russia and England dispute. It is a political and commercial position, which neither of the two powers wishes to abandon to the other. When Russia under the name of Persia, tries to lay hands upon Herat, England is irritated and uneasy, for Herat is the road to India. If England succeeded in the attempt to restore Shah Shoojah, and to maintain him by aid of the English army, Russia, in her turn becomes chafed, for if England reign at Caboul, Russia is henceforth excluded from central Asia. The two powers might consent for a moment to leave Afghanistan in the power of the Barukzies, who dispute it between themselves, but they will each seek from his own quarter to fortify their base of operations in central Asia—Russia to extend and consolidate its influence in Persia which will serve it as an advanced station against British India; and England, to avail herself of the course of the Indus, to the end that she may always be in a state of attack and defence upon her north-western frontiers. Once fortified in their bases in this manner, they will commence their struggle in Afghanistan, for Afghanistan is the country whose possession decides the balance of Asia: and in order to be King of Hindostan, according to the Indian proverb, one must be King of Caboul.

We now pass to the examination of the eastern question in Turkey and Egypt. It is there that we perceive the struggle between Russia and England approaching to Europe, where, for a time, the death of the Sultan Mahmoud appears to have referred to the decisions of diplomacy what we were on the point of seeing decided by the *ultima ratio*. The Sultan Mahmoud, whose name will occupy a prominent figure in the annals of his country, was assuredly one of those remarkable men to whom it is impossible to refuse the homage due to a great character. His life was a perpetual struggle, and he rose greater from every defeat, so admirable was his perseverance, so deep was the faith he had in himself, and in his cause:—a noble Mussulman figure—devout and resigned—enlightened by a ray of the genius of civilization. The history of the Ottoman empire does not record a period of thirty years marked by so many immense reforms and great catastrophes as that of his reign. He has the credit of originating whatever good was done within that period, and of opposing whatever evil resulted from circumstances over which no human power had any control. His death is an immense misfortune for the Ottoman empire. The great man who had introduced into it the true principles of civilization is no more; but on the other part, it has removed an obstacle to the reconciliation of the Turkish and Egyptian empires. The sultan neither could nor would pardon Mehemet Ali his rebellion, sometimes open—sometimes hidden under the appearance of submission, or disguised by the forms of diplomacy, but constant, permanent, ever active, ever encroaching. After the insurrection of Greece, the destruction of the Janissaries, and above all, after

those attempts at reform which were in Turkey a sort of compensation for the dismemberment which weakened its power, Mehemet Ali thought always of ruining the power of the sultan. Between a sovereign thus wounded in his honour as well as his interests, and the powerful vassal who aspired to sovereignty, there might be moments of truce, but never peace. The first cause of the inferiority of Turkey to the nations of Europe was the absence of military institutions, and the absolute want of regular armies. The Sultan Selim, comprehending the necessity for a reform, had founded the *Nizzam Djeddi*, or new militia. That institution struck at the roots of the Janissaries' power, and Selim succumbed; but Mustapha IV., the Sultan created by them after the reign of a year, fell himself before Mustapha Barriactar the devoted servant of Selim, who opened the throne to Mahmoud, then twenty-three years of age. The Sultan received into his hands an authority nearly annihilated. All the provinces of the empire had become feudal sovereignties in the hands of pachas. Ali Pacha ruled in Epirus, and Mehemet Ali had commenced to raise himself in Egypt. Mahmoud himself allowed the terrible subject who had made him Sultan to govern in the divan; but the vengeance of the Janissaries soon relieved him from that control. It required all the strength of Mahmoud's mind to stand up against such omens, but he had been raised to the throne with the hatred of the Janissaries, and in the month of June, 1826, he executed the daring act which has no equal in history except the destruction of the Templars.

The massacre of the Janissaries lasted two months. The Sultan immediately commenced his reforms, organised a real conscription and formed regiments after the European fashion. But these projects could only be accomplished with the aid of peace, and the same year in which he had destroyed his only military force, he had to combat the insurrection in Greece. That war was fatal to him, not only because it dismembered his empire, but because it placed him at variance with the powers most naturally summoned to second and protect his plans of reform.—Scarcely recovered from the disaster of Navarino, he had to make war in 1828, against Russia, and sign at Adrianople the surrender of his northern provinces.

During this period of defeats arose, at the other end of his empire, the powerful vassal, who, in 1832 and 1833, forced the Sultan to place himself at the mercy of his most dangerous enemy, and sign with Russia the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Death arrested Mahmoud at the moment when his passion, more powerful than the injunction of diplomacy, and excited perhaps by the feeling of his approaching end, was about to cast him into the chance of a war, of which he seemed to cling to the idea. A few days before his death he had beheld his vessels leave the Bosphorus, and saluted them with his last looks. Sultan Mahmoud only needed to have been born amidst that civilization to which he so nobly aspired, to have been a great man. But educated himself in the manners of the seraglio, he never possessed the advantage of that cultivation, which would have elevated his ingence to the height of his will. He only executed incomplete reforms; he attacked customs more than institutions, and exercised immense energy in trifling affairs. He wished to impose at a stated hour, and with all the Oriental fatalism, the civiliza-

tion which is born with time. It was also his misfortune to have effected his internal revolutions in the midst of foreign wars, and to have been obliged to war against the nations whose manners and institutions he sought to imitate. It is therefore the duty of the West to protect an empire which falls because it wished to resemble the West, and it is our civilization which ought to watch over the tutelage of his son, a youth of seventeen years, and gather together his weak and divided power, which the loss of the great battle with Ibrahim must have nearly annihilated.

From the Monthly Review.

MALCOM'S TRAVELS.

Travels in South-Eastern Asia, embracing Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China; with Notices of numerous Missionary Stations, and a full Account of the Burman Empire. By the REV. HOWARD MALCOM, of Boston, U. S. 2 Vols. London: Tilt. 1839.

THE Americans (the designation is sufficiently definite, so as at once to be precisely understood by every reader) are a long-sighted and a far-reaching people. They may be described as composing a grasping, as well as an acute nation. We do not use any of these terms in a bad sense at present; although were we obliged to defend the words, if taken as meaning what was questionable in commercial and political transactions, we feel we should find little difficulty in supporting the charge by a variety of illustrations. We might even succeed in discovering symptoms of religious and various professedly philanthropic or enlightened enterprises having been made, by associations established in the country of which we speak, and in some notable instances, the pretext, when mercantile profit, or political advancement were the main objects held in contemplation by the projectors, and not kept out of view by the nation at large, which might be boasting all the while of such championship in behalf of millions of the human race. Still, worldly gain may be realized justifiably, and national influence promoted and increased without a betrayal of the interests of civilization and true religion: only let not one end be principally contemplated, while another is professed. We admit also that the religious community of a nation may righteously proclaim the renown and honour due to it, on account of great, especially of unexampled exertions put forth in behalf of the dark places of the earth. The Americans have much to console themselves with on this ground. Very many thousands of that people have been and are now employing their best energies in philanthropic speculations and experiments. Their own immense territories have not formed a limit to their designs and their doings; for their purposes grasp the whole habitable globe, and every variety of good. The volumes before us furnish a striking proof of this far-stretching and energetic benevolence. We see nothing in the purposes and efforts of its author, or of those whose kindred views he strove to advance and satisfy, but noble and disinterested motives: we see nothing in the result of his labours, but grounds of hope, gratitude, and well-earned temporal renown.

Mr. Malcom was sent to the East as the deputy and representative of one of the great American Mis-

sionary Societies, in the year 1835, to examine into, and with the missionaries of that society adjust, many points not easily settled by correspondence; to compare the various modes of operation in different missions, and to gather all such details as he could reach, which seemed to bear any relation to the present condition and future prospects of the Board whose immediate servant he was. The Deputy being a good specimen of his countrymen as regards curiosity, perseverance, acuteness, and enlightened parts, not only presents a great deal of most valuable information and many suggestions upon the main object of his undertaking, but the hearings which the political and economical relations of the countries which he visited maintain upon the great cause, obtained his particular scrutiny and consideration.

To his countrymen generally, many of Mr. Malcom's statements and descriptions will present more novelty than to us or the British public, who have naturally taken a deep interest in all that regards our Eastern empire. But even in England, a reprint of his *Travels* will be cordially received and eagerly perused; not only because the range of those travels, as mentioned in the title-page, was unusually wide and diversified, but because we have the opinions of a most intelligent, and manifestly an honest foreign writer speaking upon a variety of points that concern the honour and the prosperity of the British people.

The business upon which our author was sent out, and the eminence of the mission, could not fail to secure for him much consideration from the Europeans with whom he had intercourse, and the civilized in the parts he visited: and he acknowledges that he every where met with marked courtesy and kindness from civilians and military gentlemen, as well as missionaries, wherever he found them. There is a passage, however, in his preface, which the reader will do well to bear in mind, not only when perusing these volumes, but any other work by foreigners in the East, which we shall quote, and which we like the writer the better for having volunteered. He says, "Honest intentions, diligent inquiries and fortunate opportunities, will not secure a traveller from errors, even in Europe or America, where in every place we meet with persons of veracity, and free to impart information. In the East the case is much worse. The foreigner, dreaded for his power, and abhorred for his religion, excites both civil and religious jealousy. His manners often displease, by the omission of forms of which he may be ignorant, or to which he cannot succumb. He is met with taciturnity, or wilful misrepresentation; and if he escape those, he will generally encounter ignorance. If he be so happy as to find both intelligence and communicativeness, the want of books, maps, charts, and statistics, renders the information of natives merely local, and often conflicting. Added to all, his interpreter may be unskilful, if he depends upon resident foreigners, their arrival may have been recent, or their opportunities small, or their inquiries negligent, or the statements of one may be flatly contradicted by those of another." Now, a traveller who perceives so clearly and explains so distinctly embarrassments which, he says, he has met by turns, so as frequently to have been obliged to lay aside the whole mass of his notes on important questions, in the utter inability to decide whom to believe, will naturally be expected to have been a searching, sifting, vigilant, and eager

inquirer, as well as a cautious and honest chronicler. At the same time it will occur to our readers, that his short stay in the East, and his hurried visit to each of the numerous stations he mentions, must render his work rather the repository of the testimony of the most competent witnesses he encountered and questioned, than of his own ripened observation. Having said this much in general terms of these Travels, it is proper that we dip into some of the chapters, for the sake of obtaining novel or corroborative information on points calculated to engage the attention of all.

Of course Mr. Malcom's great theme is that of the missionary cause. This, however, has so lately engaged us, that it will for the present form the least prominent place in our paper; while, for the sake of something like completeness and continuity, we shall confine most of our abstract, to certain descriptive and statistic notes on the Burman Empire, which are full of interest.

It is unnecessary to occupy any portion of our space with the history of this part of "Farther India." The late Burman war with the British must have frequently brought its political position, its magnitude, and the outline of its ascertained annals before the majority of our readers. Upon this branch of the subject, we shall only mention that Mr. Malcom gives it as the result of his investigations, that the kingdom has rather been advancing than otherwise, in civilization, intelligence, and prosperity, since the British taught the people some wholesome lessons, and lopped it of some of its fair proportions. He says, they are no longer at liberty to make war upon their neighbours, while its frontier is quiet and secure, for the first time. They are now better acquainted also with foreigners, and their ridiculous pride is abated, while beneficial innovations are less resisted: commerce is increased, and the government, though unaltered in its model, is in some respects better administered. English influence, it is declared, is, in a variety of ways, improving the condition of the people, especially in the provinces over which its protection extends,—justice, for example, being better administered than ever before, life secure, property sacred, and taxes, though heavy, equitably imposed. All this is gratifying to humanity, and flattering to the British. We proceed to quote some of the descriptive and statistical notices to which reference has already been made.

The prevailing external features of Burmah have been characterized by a former writer as being those of fertility, beauty, and grandeur of scenery; and in the variety, value, and elegance of its productions, such as are equalled by few countries. Mr. Malcom describes the mountainous and hilly parts as bearing extensive forests, comprising a great variety of excellent timber, while the valleys are jungle, cultivated in many places, and abounding in fruit trees. The coasts and water-courses are eminently fertile, and contain the chief part of the population; but by far the largest portion of the country is uninhabited. For the sake of readers of oriental travels, our author explains the precise difference between a forest and a jungle. The former is, as in America, land covered with large trees, growing thickly together, and almost uninhabited; while the latter is what is called in Scripture a wilderness; that is, a region of many trees, but scattered, with much undergrowth, and often thickly inhabited, though generally somewhat

sparsely, there being open spaces, near to which villages are planted, for the sake of the pasture to be had. We pass over a variety of particulars belonging to the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms, that we may find room for one or two notices regarding some of the Burman animals:—

"The breed of horses is small, but excellent, resembling in many points the Canadian pony. They are capable of enduring great fatigue, and never need shoeing, but are not used for draught. For this latter purpose the buffalo is principally employed.

"Dogs, breeding unrestrained, are so numerous in the villages as to be a sad nuisance, to foreigners at least. Receiving very little attention, they are compelled by hunger to eat every species of offal, and in this respect are of some service in a country where scavengers are unknown.

"The elephant must of course be named among domestic animals, as well as wild. All, wild and tame, are owned by the king; but great men keep more or less, as they are permitted or required. There are said to be two thousand of them in the empire, properly trained. Next to the white elephant those are most prized that have most flesh-colour about their ears, head, and trunk. This always appeared to me a blemish, and has a diseased, spotted appearance. The other points of beauty are to have the fore legs bow out much in front, and the crupper to droop very low.

"Burmans rarely use them for any other purpose than riding or war. Instead of preferring females, as do the more effeminate Hindus, because more docile, Burmans will scarcely use them. They are kept for breeding, and for decoys in capturing the wild animal. It has been often denied that the elephant will breed in a domestic state; but it is most certainly the fact in this country, and to a considerable extent. I have often seen them in the pastures with their young. The process of catching and taming elephants is too similar to that practised elsewhere in the East to need description here.

"The ornithology of Burmah has never yet been given, but is probably similar to that of Hindustan, on which splendid and extensive works are before the public.

The same thing may be said of Burman insects, no doubt, and *a fortiori*.

There has existed a diversity of estimates of the amount of the population of Burmah. Our author puts down the number of those to whom the Burman tongue is vernacular, at 3,000,000; and by taking in the subsidiary tribes, he brings up the total population of the kingdom to the estimate of Cox, who reduced what the old geographies stated to be 30,000,000 to 8,000,000. Concerning the physical characteristics of the Burmans, we read,—

"The people, though not so tall as Hindus, are more athletic. The average height of men is about five feet two inches, and of women four feet ten inches; that is to say, about four or five inches shorter than the average height of Europeans. Women have more slender limbs than men, but are universally square-shouldered. Corpulence is not more frequent than in this country. In features they are totally dissimilar to the Hindus, and rather resemble the Malays, especially in the prominence of cheek-bones, and squareness of the jaw. The nose is never prominent, but often flat, and the lips generally

thick. The complexion of young children, and those who have not been exposed to the sun, is that of our brightest mulattoes. Few, except among the higher classes, retain this degree of fairness, but none ever become, by many shades, so black as Hindus. I saw few whose complexions were clear enough to discover a blush. The standard of beauty seems to be delicate yellow; and in full dress, a cosmetic is used by ladies and children which imparts this tint. It is remarkable that this hue should be admired not only here, but amongst the almost black natives of Hindustan, and the many-coloured inhabitants of the islands of the Indian Ocean.

"The hair of the head is very abundant, always black, rather coarse, and rendered glossy by frequent anointings. On the limbs and breasts there is none: strongly contrasting in this respect with Hindus, whose bodies are almost covered with hair. Their beard is abundant on the upper lip, but never extends over the cheeks, and is but scanty on the chin.

"Puberty does not occur much earlier than with us; women bear children to nearly as late a period. The average length of life seems not perceptibly different from that of Europe."

Their dwellings are far more tidy and comfortable than those of the people of Bengal, though by no means coming up to our notions of comfort and ingenuity, or showing that the builders' and inhabitants have a knowledge, or, at least, an inclination to take advantage of the capabilities and opportunities before and around them. Still, it is said, that their pagodas and temples exhibit noble specimens of architectural skill,—the turning of an arch, a piece of art which some have declared exceeds their ingenuity, being a feat that our author says has been frequently exemplified, even to the construction of fine curvatures of large span, evidently erected lately, and wholly by Burman masons.

The favourite food in Burmah, as throughout other regions of the East, is rice. Still the people of whom we are learning some things, appear to be wholesale and most accommodating eaters. It is said,—

"In the upper districts, where rice is dearer than below, wheat, maize, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beans, and plantains, enter largely into the common diet. Indeed, a Burman seems almost literally omnivorous. A hundred sorts of leaves, suckers, blossoms, and roots, are daily gathered in the jungle, and a famine seems almost impossible. Snakes, lizards, grubs, ants' eggs, &c., are eaten without hesitation, and many are deemed delicacies. An animal which has died of itself, or the swollen carcass of game killed with poisoned arrows, is just as acceptable as other meat. Like the ancient Romans, the Burmans are very fond of certain wood-worms, particularly a very large species, found in the trunks of plantain-trees. I have seen several foreigners, who had adopted it as one of their delicacies.

"Though the law forbids the taking of life, no one scruples to eat what is already dead; and there are always sinners enough to keep the sanctimonious ones supplied with animal food. Indeed, very few scruple to take game or fish. Thousands of the natives are fishermen by profession. I asked some of these what they thought would become of them in the next state. They admitted that they must suffer myriads of years, for taking so many lives; but would gene-

rally add, 'What can we do? our wives and children must eat.'

"In eating, Burmans use their fingers only, always washing their hands before and after, and generally their mouths also. A large salver contains the plain boiled rice, and another the little dishes of various curries and sauces. One of these salvers, or lackered trays, is here delineated.

"They take huge mouthfuls, and chew the rice a good deal. Sometimes a handful is pressed in the palm, till it resembles an egg, and is in that form thrust into the mouth. The quantity taken at a meal is large, but scarcely half of that devoured by a Bengalee. Only the right hand is used in eating, the left being consigned to the more uncleanly acts.—They eat but twice a day, once about eight or nine o'clock, and again toward sunset. They avoid drinking before, or during eating, on the plea that they then could not eat so much: after eating, they take free draughts of pure water, and lie down to take a short nap."

Our author's general estimate of the character of the Burmans makes them to differ in many points from that of the Hindus and other East Indians. We quote, or glance at some of the features on each side of the picture:—

"They are more lively, active, and industrious, and, though fond of repose, are seldom idle when there is an inducement for exertion. When such inducement offers, they exhibit not only great strength, but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think scarcely possible. But these valuable traits are rendered nearly useless, by the want of a higher grade of civilization. The poorest classes, furnished by a happy climate with all necessaries, at the price of only occasional labour, and the few who are above that necessity, find no proper pursuits to fill up their leisure. Books are too scarce to enable them to improve by reading, and games grow wearisome. No one can indulge pride or taste in the display, or scarcely in the use, of wealth. By improving his lands or houses beyond his neighbours, a man exposes himself to extortion, and perhaps personal danger. The pleasures, and even the follies, of refined society, call forth talents, diffuse wealth, and stimulate business; but here are no such excitements. Folly and sensuality find gratification almost without effort, and without expenditure.—Sloth, then, must be the repose of the poor, and the business of the rich. From this they resort to the chase, the seine, or the athletic game; and from those relapse to quiescent indulgence. Thus life is wasted in the profitless alternation of sensual ease, rude drudgery, and active sport. No elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass, like the crops upon their fields.—Were there but a disposition to improve the mind, and distribute the benefits, what majesty of piety might we not hope to see in a country so favoured with the means of subsistence, and so cheap in its modes of living! Instead of the many objects of an American's ambition, and the unceasing anxiety to amass property, the Burman sets a limit to his desires, and when that is reached, gives himself to repose and enjoyment. Instead of wearing himself out in endeavors to equal or surpass his neighbor in dress, food, furniture, or house, he easily attains the customary standard, beyond which he seldom desires to go.

"When strangers come to their houses, they are hospitable and courteous; and a man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money; feeding and lodging as well as the people. But otherwise they have little idea of aiding their neighbor. If a boat, or a waggon, &c., get into difficulty, no one stirs to assist, unless requested. The accommodation of strangers and travellers is particularly provided for by *zayats* or caravansaries, built in every village, and often found insulated on the highway. These serve at once for taverns, town-houses, and churches. Here travellers take up their abode even for weeks, if they choose; here public business is transacted, and here, if a pagoda be near, worship is performed. They are always as well built as the best houses, and often are among the most splendid structures in the kingdom. Though they furnish, however, no accommodations but a shelter, the traveller procures at the bazaar all he finds necessary, or receives, with the utmost promptitude, a full supply from the families around. A missionary may travel from one end of the country to the other, and receive, wherever he stops, all that the family can offer."

Temperance is universal; though the example of foreigners is not wanting to tempt to its breach. Gravity and reserve are habitual in all classes; caused probably by the despotic character of the government and the insecurity of every enjoyment. There is a remarkable reciprocity of affection between parents and children of both sexes; and women have their place assigned them, probably, as correctly as in any other nation. Their intercourse is open and unrestricted, not only with their countrymen, but with foreigners. Mr. M. never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman, while he was in Burmah. But not so circumspect in speech is the softer sex when irritated; for though they do not strike when venting their spleen, they utter frantically such obscene expressions as can scarcely be conceived. Such weapons of abuse come often in the stead of profane oaths, of which, it is said, their language is destitute.

Among the dark points, the want of gratitude is charged against the Burmans, Boodhism tending to suppress the feeling by keeping up the belief that any such act is done in order to obtain merit; so that something like an obligation is conferred by affording an opportunity to another to advance his interests. Theft is not so common as might be expected, considering the frail nature of their houses, and the inadequacy of the government to protect the people; but lying prevails among all classes, no one placing confidence in the word of another. Chicanery and intrigue are specified vices, nearly allied to falsehood; and divorces are shockingly common; another practice ranging in the same or a kindred category. On this last point we read,—

"If both parties agree on the measure, they have only to go before a magistrate, and declare their desire, when he grants the separation without any further ceremony than requiring them to eat pickled tea before him, as was done at their marriage. If one party seek to put away the other, more trouble and expense is requisite. A process of law must be commenced, and a regular trial had. It is therefore seldom attempted. Women may put away their husbands in the same manner and with the same faci-

ties as husbands put away wives. Each party, in all divorces, is at liberty to marry again. According to the written law, when a man and wife separate by mutual consent, the household goods are equally divided, the father taking the sons, and the mother the daughters.

"Instead of the expensive mode of putting away a husband or wife which common law furnishes, a much easier is often resorted to with complete success. The party aggrieved merely turns priest, or nun, and the matrimonial bond is at once dissolved. They may return to secular life at any time, and marry another; but for appearances' sake, this is generally deferred some months.

"In the British provinces considerable effort has been made to check the frequency of divorces, but without much success."

Although lying, deceit, and intrigue be declared to be prevalent Burman vices, our author seems to intimate that regard is paid to the obligation imposed by an oath; and hence it may be that a Burman greatly dreads such a sanction, from the terror of its imprecations. We quote the form of a judicial appeal of the kind.

"It is as follows:—'I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of the laws of demerit, viz., passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, immodesty, hard-heartedness, and scepticism; so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction. Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, or other sea monsters, seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts, and Athurakai.

"If I speak truth, may I and my relations, through the influence of the ten laws of merit, and on account of the efficacy of truth, be freed from all calamities within and without the body; and may evils which have not yet come, be warded far away. May the ten calamities and the five enemies also be kept far away. May the thunderbolts and lightning, the genii of waters, and all sea-animals, love me, that I may be safe from them. May my prosperity increase like the rising sun and the waxing moon; and may the seven possessions, the seven laws, the seven merits of the virtuous, be permanent in my person; and when I change worlds, may I not go to the four states of punishment, but attain the happiness of men and nats, and realise merit, reward, and annihilation."

But nothing is more characteristic of the nation

than an offensive pride. We extract on this point some observations:—

"From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Accustomed to conquest under every king since Alompra, and holding all the adjacent tribes in vassalage, they carry themselves in a lordly manner. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in everything. Houses, dress, betel-box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella: the next have them gilded, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downward.

"The very language in which common actions are mentioned is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of everything, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more.

"This haughtiness is manifested as grossly to foreign ambassadors as is done in China. They are treated as suppliants and tribute-bearers. It has generally been contrived to have them presented on the great 'beg-pardon day,' which occurs once in three months, when the nobles are allowed an audience with the king, and lay at his feet costly presents.

"Both their religion and government contribute to this pride. Holding it as certain that they have passed through infinite transmigrations, they are sure they must have been highly meritorious in former states of existence to entitle them to be human beings, who are but little lower than Nats, and stand the highest possible chance for heaven."

Mr. Malcom's observations on the language, education, literature, and civilization of the people of Burmah, are highly interesting. We quote at considerable length upon these subjects:

"The language is remarkably dissimilar to the other languages of the East. The character is beautifully simple, and is written with facility. The style of forming letters, whether in printing or writing, is precisely the same. There are eleven vowels and thirty-three consonants. About a thousand characters must be used in printing, in consequence of the numerous combinations.

"The structure of the language is natural, but very unlike the English. The pronunciation is difficult, owing partly to the gutturals, and partly to the extreme nicety of the difference in sound between words which mean very different things, and are often spelled precisely alike; and, on the whole, it is a difficult language to acquire. All pure Burman words are monosyllables; but there are numerous polysylla-

bles, derived chiefly from the Pali. There being no inflections to any part of speech, greatly simplifies the grammar. Number, person, mood, and tense, are formed by suffixes. Negatives and adjectives are formed by prefixes to verbs. The fastidiousness respecting rank, introduces a perplexing variety of phrases to mean the same action in different persons, to which allusion has already been made. Even in regard to common actions, the verbs used are widely different; e. g. for our term to wash, are many words; one is used for washing the face, another for washing the hands, another for washing linen in mere water, another for washing it with soap, another for washing dishes, &c.

"Instead of a perplexing variety of spelling-books, they have a *Them-bong-gyee*, or spelling and reading book, of about forty pages octavo, of great antiquity, and so perfect, as that no other has ever been deemed necessary by the missionaries. It is drawn up philosophically, and when learnt, the student is in possession of every possible sound in the language, except a few from some Pali words which have crept into common use.

"Books, as is generally known, are written usually on palmleaf, with an iron pen or style. The leaf is prepared with care, and of good books the edges are gilded. Some have the margins illuminated, and gilded with considerable elegance. The book is defended by thin slabs of wood, more or less ornamented. Sometimes thin leaves of ivory are used, and occasionally gilded sheet-iron. For common books, a thick black paper is used, which is written upon with a pencil of steatite. The writing may be removed with the hand, as from a slate; and such books, called *Tha-bike*, last a long time. They are in one piece, of several yards long, and folded like a fan. They can, of course, be used on both sides; and every portion may be sealed up by itself, thus furnishing a good idea of the book mentioned Rev. v. 1, which was 'written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals.'

"The number of books is, of course, not large in a country where printing is unknown. All principal citizens, however, possess a few; and the royal library at Ava contains some thousand volumes, kept in large and elegant chests, assorted under different heads, such as law, history, medicine, poetry, painting, and music. The greater part of the literature is metrical, and consists of ballads, legends of Gaudama, histories of the kings, astronomy, and geography.

"The rudiments of education are widely diffused, and most men, even common labourers, learn to read and write a little. But few go beyond these attainments. Women of respectability generally can read, but comparatively few of those in humble life. There is no objection manifested to their learning; but as almost the only schools are the Kyongs, where girls are not admitted, they are necessarily left untaught, except where the parents can afford to pay a schoolmaster. Boys begin to attend the Kyong at eight or ten years, but do not assume the yellow cloth for several years after. They learn slowly, and, at the expiration of four or five years, have attained little more than, in a very bungling way, to read and write, and to add, subtract and divide. Those who take the yellow cloth, and live in the Kyong, become able to understand a few books, and learn their system of the universe. If they continue priests, and aspire after literature, they go on to get a smattering of Pali and astrology, and if they mean to reach the summit of Parnassus, study the *Then-gyo*, or book of Metaphysics!

"It has been, often said that the Burmans are 'a reading people.' They might more properly be called 'a people that can read.' The written and colloquial styles are so different, that few understand readily the sentiments of a book. The mass of the people being wholly without books or periodicals, their reading is confined to the short written instruments employed in the transaction of business. It is truly remarkable that so many children are taught to read, when it is foreseen so little use can ever be made of the acquisition. It certainly is a providential preparation for the diffusion of the word of truth, and ought to encourage the friends of missions in their design of distributing the Scriptures and scriptural tracts."

Properly speaking, there are no literary institutions in the country; and comparatively few are addicted to reading. The only branch cultivated with avidity is alchemy. But as to the elixir of immortality, which another class of dreamers at one time sought after in other lands, a Burman never cares a straw. His ideas about a future state forbid. But before inserting our author's summary remarks upon the religion of Boodhism, let us have his sketch and calculations regarding the civilization to which the Burmans have reached, or may soon attain:

"On the whole, the Burmans are fully entitled to be called a civilized people. A regular government, a written language, an established literature, a settled abode, foreign commerce, respectable architecture, good roads and bridges, competent manufactures, adequate dress, gradations of rank, and the condition of women, conspire to establish their claim to be so considered. Their exact place in the scale of civilization is not so easily settled. In intellect, morals, manners, and several of the points just named, they are not surpassed by any nation of the East, and are certainly superior to any natives of this peninsula. Prior to the recent entrance of Europeans, the degree of civilization, whatever it was, seemed to be fixed and complete. No change in laws, habits, manufactures, food, dwellings, poetry, painting, or indeed anything else, had been made for centuries; or if made, yet so slowly as to impart no excitement to the public mind. Now, the case is decidedly different. They not only have contact with many Europeans, but confess inferiority; and in some things are adopting our modes and manufacture. In the Tenasserim provinces, this is especially the case; and should England resign those possessions, the effects of her dominion on the population will remain and extend. If the present king should retain the views of state policy which he expressed to me while a subject, and which he is the fittest man in the kingdom to execute, Burmah must rapidly rise in political importance.

"The introduction of the art of printing would, probably, do more for this people than any other in India. Active, intelligent, and persevering, the whole community would feel the impulse of diffused knowledge. All would read, all would be quickened, all would contribute to the general improvement. It would bring with it that stupendous influence, which is the wonder of these latter days—the power of voluntary association. Men and women would form small communities for the accomplishment each of some favourite aim. Every improvement could be made general. Every useful project would find friends, and succeeding generations enjoy accumulating light.

"But in allowing myself these anticipations, I take for granted that missionary efforts will be hugely increased, and their effects fall upon the whole community. True religion can alone enable the press to produce its fullest blessings."

Boodhism, or the belief in *Boodh*, which is merely a

general term for divinity, and not the name of any one particular and immortal god, (for there have been many Boodhs, who, as we understand the doctrines of the system, are now annihilated,) is the subject of some concluding remarks already alluded to, and which are as follows:—

"No false religion, ancient or modern, is comparable to this. Its philosophy is, indeed, not exceeded in folly by any other; but its doctrines and practical piety bear a strong resemblance to those of holy Scripture. There is scarcely a principle or precept in the *Bedagat* which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind, or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities; no sanguinary or impure observances; no self-inflicted tortures; no tyrannising priesthood; no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect, it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.

"At the same time, we must regard Boodhism with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a heavenly Father, forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its Deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

"The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil, the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible; and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration, and of uncontrollable fate, we may see, in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness; for everything is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage.

"Sympathy, tenderness, and all benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not Jehovah planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the Boodhist assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and, if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head!

"The same doctrine of merit destroys gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit; and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least of an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and, when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude. In fact, as has been already stated, there is no phrase in his language that corresponds with our 'I thank you.'

"The doctrine of fate is maintained with the obstinacy and devotedness of a Turk. While it accounts to them for every event, it creates doggedness under misfortune, and makes forethought useless.

"Buddhism allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To sheeko to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a kyong, or pagoda, will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors; for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues. Instances are not rare of robbery, and even murder, being committed, to obtain the means of buying merit. All the terrors, therefore, with which hell is represented, do but serve to excite to the observance of frivolous rites. The making of an idol, an offering, or some such act, is substituted for repentance and reparation, for all inward excellence, and every outward charity.

"It ministers also to the most extravagant pride. The Buddhist presumes that incalculable merit, in previous incarnations, has been gained, to give him the honour of now wearing human nature. He considers his condition far superior to that of the inhabitants of the other islands in this system, and his chance of exaltation to be of the most animating character. Conceit, therefore, betrays itself in all his ways. The lowest man in society carries himself like the "twice-born" brahmin of Hindustan."

We fully agree with Mr. M. that there is in this system enough to move the sympathy of the Christian world. True, there may be no infants destroyed in the course of its rites, no widows immolated, and none of those monstrous and revolting spectacles that generally mark the inventions of men and nations when they strive to propitiate their gods. But certain it is that such a system of atheism, and fatalism, and cherished obduracy of feeling and principle, must be as irreconcilable to all the great views, purposes, and hopes identified with Christian faith and practice, as was the adoration of Moloch, with its bloody and unnatural sacrifices. It is indeed to be feared that anything like a lodgement of truth among the votaries of Buddhism, with its philosophic, cold, and intangible dogmas, will be a more difficult and tardy achievement than where the superstitions and practices of Pagans are more palpably gross and disastrous even in this life. Still, it appears to us, that there is wisdom in our author's suggestion, when he intimates that he would prefer engrafting science and religion on the condition of man in Burmah, to having them accompanied by our forms of society and social constitution. Indeed, it would be to act with Quixotic folly and to encounter unnecessary opposition and difficulties were the Missionaries of Christianity to seek to disturb political arrangements and national customs not essentially immoral in themselves, many of which may have their foundation in the physical constitution of the people, or the external influences to which they are subject. The religion of the New Testament seeks to do no such thing; it proceeds upon far more accommodating and reasonable principles; its doctrines, evidences, and modes of operation are of another character—a character, which we think Mr. M. has overlooked, or rather strangely misrepresented, when giving his reason for recommending the social condition of the Burman to be preserved intact, in any endeavours exerted for their conversion to the true faith. That reason is this, that in Burmah, "human wants have a definite limit, (*at present* we remark) easily reached, leaving ample leisure to almost every member of society for the pursuits of religion and science. With us," he continues, "it is scarcely possible for the great majority to fulfil the precepts of religion, or

to cultivate by science their immortal powers." And the labouring man's case, in America or in England, is instanced first, as one in which the demands upon his time and exertions, for the support of himself and his family, preclude him from the pursuits of religion and science.

Now it is more than questionable whether the culture of science be necessary to every man; sure we are that hitherto, in the progress of civilization, it has become impossible that all can devote their days and the midnight oil to the study of abstruse branches of knowledge. The division of labour forbids the uniformity. But the main question is this, does religion consist in the undisturbed contemplations only of an anchorite,—in ceaseless acts of devotion, prayer, and thanksgiving? Why, we had thought that a man is never more in the way of his duty to God than when doing his part towards the welfare of society and of himself—as well as that, while his hands were toiling his soul might be soaring. Indeed, we may safely predict that should science with its best lights ever visit Burmah, and religion with its benevolent precepts, there will be far less idleness, indolence, and callousness than at present is complained of by Mr. Malcom; or, that if the plentifulness that nature has strewed around the Burmans should prolong their ease and a prevailing leisure, such advantages enjoyed on the part of the multitude, and not merely confined to the few, joined to a vast accumulation of knowledge and mental excitements, will issue in a far more deplorable state of error of practice and doctrine than can at present be complained of. The culture of science must ever create labour for the hands as well as occupation for the mind. Indeed were it to have no other use than to stimulate speculation that was to end only in airy theories, and had its cultivators no nobler purpose in their contemplation than the exercise of the subtleties of intellect and the sportings of imagination, it would be the vainest of philosophies, the most senseless of pastimes. Religion equally repudiates a stagnation of the activities of our powers; teaching and exemplifying that the highest temporal good and prosperity go hand in hand with the surest preparation for eternal felicity. It is not leisure from worldly business that is required for religion, but assiduity and honesty; which when most strictly and profitably observed to the furtherance of present good, leave and offer the finest and best occasions for spiritual advancement.

In the second volume Mr. Malcom continues the journalizings of his travels in Hindostan, Malaya, Siam, and China, directed to the main object kept in view in the first, and conducted in a similar manner; while to this part are appended certain Dissertations arising out of the facts and descriptions previously presented, containing his digested opinions upon a variety of matters relating closely to the prosperity and the enlargement of Missionary enterprise. He has been at much pains to arrive at a correct and full knowledge of every Christian effort that is making in behalf of the heathen throughout the regions he visited. In no other single publication, are we aware, that nearly so much information of the kind can be found,

In regard to the important questions, what good has been done already in Hindostan by Protestant Missionaries, and what prospects offer themselves, Mr. Malcom's accounts and opinions fully bear out what

we so lately quoted from Dr. Bryce's book on the same subject. Our author while intimating that much less has been accomplished than was expected, frequently speaks of the positive advance made in the work of Christianizing considerable numbers, and of the satisfactory conversion of small numbers here and there. But his most pleasing testimony, we think, is when he repeats that Hinduism, in some of its strongest holds has been severely "shaken;" while the encouragements to greatly increase Missionary efforts are declared to be cheering and most exciting. We shall not now do more than insert a few isolated passages that have a close reference to the Great Cause. The first belongs to the time our Author spent in Calcutta.

"One of my first visits was to the school of the Scottish General Assembly, founded by the Rev. Mr. Duff, and now under the care of the Rev. Messrs. Mackay and Ewart. It occupies a large brick building, inclosing a quadrangular court formerly the residence of a wealthy Baboo, and standing in the midst of the native town. It has existed about six years, and now numbers about six hundred and thirty-four pupils; boys, mostly under fourteen years. They are all Bengalees and Hindus, generally of the higher castes, and many of them Brahmins. Many have been in the school from the commencement. They purchase their own school-books, and receive no support from the school; but the tuition is gratis. There are five ushers, besides twelve or fifteen of the more advanced scholars, who act as assistant teachers. The instruction is wholly in the English language. I examined several classes in ancient and modern history, mathematics, astronomy, and Christianity; and have never met classes showing a more thorough knowledge of the books they had studied. Nearly all of the two upper classes are convinced of the truth of the gospel, and went over the leading evidences in a manner that, I am sure, few professors of religion in our country can do. Some six or seven pupils have given evidence of a work of grace in their heart; a few of which have made a profession of religion.

A few weeks after, I had the pleasure of attending the public annual examination of this school, held in the town hall, a truly noble building. I never witnessed a better examination. The pupils were often led away from the direct subject, by gentlemen present, and in every case showed a good insight into the subject they had studied. Several excellent essays were read in English, wholly composed by the scholars, two of which were of special cleverness; one in favour of caste, the other against it. The former received some tokens of applause from the Europeans, for the talent it displayed; but not a native clapped. On the conclusion of that against caste, the whole mass of pupils burst out into thundering applause! This incident is worthy of note, as showing the waning influence of Brahma.

Our next extract conveys to us a clearer idea of the opinions and reformation of R. M. Roy, than we have anywhere else met with:—

"The conspicuousness of the late Ram Mohun Roy, and the eclat given for a time to the reformation which he was supposed to be effecting, called me to his meeting with feelings of no ordinary interest. The Rev. Mr. Lacroix, to whom the language is perfectly familiar, kindly took me to the *Brahma*

Sobha, as the congregation is called, and interpreted for me the substance of the various exercises. We found the place to be a commodious hall in a respectable Hindu dwelling-house. There was no idol or idolatrous representation of any kind. On a small stage, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, handsomely carpeted, sat cross-legged two respectable-looking pundits. One side of the room was spread with clean cloths for the native attendants, who sat after the manner of the country; and on the other were chairs for the accommodation of strangers. In the centre, and opposite to the rostrum, lay some native musical instruments, and a violin. The room was well lighted, and the punkas of course waved overhead.

"One of the pundits opened the services by reading Sanscrit from a loose palm-leaf held in his hand, stopping at every two or three words to expound and enforce. The subject was knowledge—what it was and what it was not, &c. Abstract ethical questions were discussed, not unlike the fashion of the old scholastics; but no moral deductions were made, nor anything said to improve the hearers. The whole discourse must have been unintelligible to most of them.

"The other then read a discourse in Bengalee, consisting chiefly of explanations of their religious system, and encomiums on it. He particularly dwelt on its liberality; boasting that they quarrelled with no name or persuasion, and assuring us, that it was of no consequence whether we worshipped idols, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary; that it was not possible to come to any certain knowledge respecting religious things; and that if any man believed his way to be right, that way was right for him. These discourses extended to about an hour; and the rest of the time, about another hour, was occupied with music. At the close of the preaching, professed musicians advanced to the instruments, and seating themselves on the mats, put them in tune, with the usual amount of discord. Two of them then sang several hymns, with instruments accompanying it. The themes were, the unity of the Divine Essence, and the various attributes of majesty and power. No one joined the strain, nor where there any books to enable them to do so. Nothing could be less reverent or devotional than the manner of the musicians. They looked about them with all possible self complacency, making unmeaning gestures, bowing and blinking to each other, and vociferating with such a nasal twang, that it was a relief when they had finished. I thought it was literally such music as the poet speaks of—intended 'to sooth savage breasts;' for certainly no other could well endure it.

"On their retiring, a very different singer took the place, and proceeded for half an hour, with great power of execution, and not a little taste. His voice was uncommonly fine. He accompanied himself skilfully on the native guitar. The violin had been well played from the beginning, and the music was now truly excellent, furnishing, I was informed, a fair specimen of the best Bengal art. The singer, as well as the violinist, is distinguished at the nautch entertainments of the city. The subject was still the attributes of God. The Bengalee language has, for this purpose, a noble advantage over ours, in numerous expressions derived from the Sanscrit,

which utter in a *single word* what may be called the negative attributes, and which we cannot express with brevity: such as 'He that needs no refuge;' 'He that is never perplexed.' 'He that can never grow weary;' &c. The singer used these epithets with great majesty; using animated gestures, and with a countenance finally varying with the theme. At the close of this exercise the assembly broke up.

"No female was present, nor do any ever attend. Most of the congregation came in only in time to hear the music, and stood near the stair-case, not without disorder. The number of the regular attendants was not over twenty. I am informed thirty is the largest number ever present. The spectators were somewhat more numerous.

"Few of the professed adherents are so confident of their rectitude, as to detach themselves wholly from the common religious customs, though more negligent in these matters than their neighbours. The very pundits officiate, not because converts to these opinions (for they do not profess to be), but because regularly paid for their services. One of them in his discourse this evening, expressly told us that there was no impropriety in worshipping idols—a doctrine which R. Roy would not admit. The musicians also are paid, and perform here for the same reasons that they do at a nautch, so that the whole concern is sustained by the money of a few friends and descendants of R. Roy.

"Such is the boasted reformation of Ram Mohun Roy! Not another congregation of his followers is found in all India! Of his labours as a reformer this is the sum:—Fifty or a hundred persons rendered negligent of the national religion, or gathered here because they were so before, without being a whit the better in their private life or public influence; in some cases, adding the sins of Europeans to those of their countrymen; without being disentangled from the horrid system of the Shasters; without being ready, or without moral courage, to restore to their own wives and daughters the rights of human nature. With all the superiority to prejudice and custom, boasted by Ram Mohun Roy, he did nothing for the elevation of the sex.

"R. Roy was not a Unitarian Christian, but a Unitarian Hindu. He believed that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, and that he was the best moral teacher the world ever saw; but regarded his death as having no efficacy of atonement. His capacious mind, and extensive knowledge of the Shasters, impelled him to abhor the abominations of the Veda, and the monstrosities of thirty-three millions of gods. But he found in the Vedanta Sar (an exposition of the four Vedas) a sort of Unitarianism, which he endeavoured on all occasions to disseminate. The doctrine might as well be called pantheism; for it maintains the old Pythagorean doctrine, that God is the soul of the world, and that every animal, plant, or stone, is therefore part of Deity. It makes perfect religion to consist in knowledge alone, or the realising in everything the Supreme Being; and excludes ceremonies of all kinds."

While in Macao, and concerning another man often heard of in the religious world:—

"Mr. Gutzlaff welcomed me with all possible cordiality; and our previous correspondence paved the way for business, without circumlocution of formality. He is a Prussian, about thirty-four years of

age, small, dark hair and eyes, in fine health, of great activity, and sprightly in all his motions. His office of interpreter to the superintendent of trade seldom makes demands on his time, while its ample salary furnishes him with means of much good. No man is more devoted to the cause of Christ, and few so laborious, as his *ten* voyages along the coast since his arrival in 1831 amply testify. His chief employment, at present, is the preparation of tracts, and of a new version of the Scriptures, with the help of Marshman's and Morrison's versions.

"I of course spent many hours with him, listening, note-book in hand, to his opinions, observations, difficulties, desires, and purposes; and his comments on mine. Without the least apparent reserve, and with exceeding earnestness and animation, he passed on from subject to subject, at the table, in the garden, and by the way side. All was of China; not an inquiry had he to make of where I had been, or what was doing elsewhere. Not a moment did commonplace matters come up. His mind, full of one grand theme, seemed to spill over spontaneously every moment. Though unable to adopt his judgment on many points, I could but admire his zeal, piety, diligence, and hope.

"His darling plan is the multiplication of voyages along the coast, for the distribution of tracts. He thinks he has in this way, himself, had access to 30 millions of people; and cherishes the most animated expectations from a large employment of this method. But after listening with deep attention to all his remarks on this important theme, I could not adopt his conclusions. The distribution of tracts can only be of use on a large scale, in preparing the way for living teachers. This has been done sufficiently, so far as regards the coast; and we must continue to do occasionally till teachers be admitted to residence. But to make it an end, instead of a means; to pour annually millions of tracts along the same line of coast, to go in face of prohibitory edicts; and only as protected by cannon; and to be at the expense of both tracts and voyage, while so many of the books are scarcely intelligible, is at best but a very imperfect mode of conducting a mission.

"Mrs. G. is an English lady, without children of her own, and has taken twenty little pagan girls into her house, where they receive every advantage, in school and out. They are allowed to come into the parlour, and are in all respects put upon the footing of pupils in our best boarding-schools. Among them are two little blind girls, of good parts. As I caressed the poor little orphans, heard their hymns and portions of Scripture, saw them read from the New England raised-letter books, and marked the deep and tender interest of Mrs. G. on their behalf, my heart rejoiced in God. O how blessed and bright would this dark world become, if only the spirit of our glorious Redeemer were diffused abroad! What sweet intercourse of sympathy, generosity, love, and gratitude, would gladden life's roughest passages!"

We return to Hindustan, and part with the author in that prodigious empire:—

"The number of slaves in the Carnatic, Mysore, and Malabar, is said to be greater than in the most other parts of India; and embraces nearly the whole of the Puchum Bundam caste. The whole number in British India has never been ascertained, but is supposed, by the best informed persons I was able

to consult, to be, on an average, *at least one in eight*, that is about *ten millions*. Many consider them twice as numerous. The number is kept up not only by propagation, but the sale of children by their parents. Manumissions, however, are frequent among the opulent in the northern provinces. Forbes says, 'I believe most of the tribes of Pooleahs and Pariars in Malabar, are considered as slaves. The number of poor people who come down to Anjengo, and the other seaports, from the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves, or dispose of their children as slaves, is astonishing. During the rainy season, even when there is no uncommon scarcity, many are weekly brought down from the mountains, to be sold on the coasts. They do not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine.'

'It is strange that the British public should be so slow to open their eyes to this great subject. For twenty years, appeals and pamphlets have frequently appeared. In 1823, a volume of 1000 pages of parliamentary documents, on East India slavery, was printed; and within four or five years, some strenuous efforts have been made to call attention to this enormity; but as yet nothing has been done to the purpose—Surely the zeal which has achieved the freedom of a few hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies, will now be exerted in behalf of *twenty-five times the number* in the East.

'The countenance and support given by government to the prevailing forms of religion, is a weighty subject, and calls for the solemn consideration of British Christians. I cannot but sympathise deeply with the missionaries in the trials and obstructions they meet on this account. They have little doubt but that the pernicious influence of the Brahmins would wither, and their system lose its power, if government did not render its aid, both by open countenance and direct taxation.

'An extreme fear of creating political disturbances, if efforts were made to convert the natives to Christianity, seems to have possessed the Company's government from the beginning. Hence the refusal, at first, to allow missionary effort. Hence Chamberlain, though in the service of her royal highness, the Begam, was deemed pestilent for preaching at a fair, and her majesty was reluctantly obliged to send him down to Calcutta. Happily, the little band that found a refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore, lived to prove, practically, that such fears are groundless.

'But, though the government now permits and protects missionary effort, it has not wholly lost its early fears; and these, together with a desire to be strictly neutral, lead to measures directly favourable to idolatry. It levies and collects the revenues for supporting Brahmins and temples, as the former rulers did; thus virtually making idolatry and Mahometism the established religion of the country! The annual allowance from the public treasury, for the support of the temple of Juggernaut, is 56,000 rupees, and many other temples have allowances equally liberal. C. Buller, in his letter to the Court of Directors, on this subject, says 'Large pensions, in land and money, are allowed by our government, in all parts of the country, for keeping up the religious institutions both of Hindus and Mahometans.' Lord William Bentinck, governor-general of India, under date of August, 1835, speaking of the tax laid

on pilgrims, which yields the Company a handsome revenue, says, 'As long as we maintain, most properly, in my opinion, the different establishments belonging to the Mahometan and Hindu religions, we need not much scruple about the tax in question.'

'In the district of Tinnevely, an examination on this subject was made by Mr. T., who found 2783 temples, and 9799 petty kovils, of male and female deities. And some inferior religious stations; making a total of 14,851 places of idolatrous worship. The total charge of these on the government amounts to 30,000 pounds sterling, per annum!

'Beside this regular support, there are numerous other modes, in which the national systems are countenanced. Mr. Rhenius has stated, that, in 1831, government contributed forty thousand rupees toward the performance of a certain ceremony in the temple at Tinnevely, and to repair the idol's car! At the principal festivals, guns are fired by national ships, and by the Company's troops, and the military bands of music are loaned to grace the occasions. Thus Christian soldiers are compelled to do honour to the false prophet and to dumb idols! A letter of the Rev. William Fyvie, dated Surat, September, 1, 1836, published in an English periodical, mentions one of those cases, which are constantly occurring in every part of India. It was the annual *cocoa-nut day*—a festival in which cocoa-nuts are thrown into the river as offerings. 'This Hindu festival was ushered in by a salute of guns from the Honourable Company's ship, lying in the river opposite to Surat. The castle guns fired a salute at the same time. About four P. M. after the brahmin had consecrated the cocoa-nut with prayers, the European magistrate presented the offering to the river, amidst the poojas (worship) of the brahmins and other Hindus present. While this vain and idle ceremony was going forward the ship, before alluded to, first moved down and then up the river, displaying her colours, and firing salutes. The British flag was waving on Surat Castle all the day, in honour of the festival. In this way our rulers and their agents directly and publicly countenance idolatry and superstition in this place. The new moon, excepting twice in the year, when the Mussulmans are mourning, is regularly saluted by five guns, to please the Mahometans. Two thousand rupees are annually given to the same people by government, to assist them in the celebration of their Eeds (festivals). When shall these practices be brought to a perpetual end?

'Various idolatrous temples and gateways have been built or repaired by government. Vast sums have been spent on colleges and schools, for the inculcation of heathen and Mahometan doctrines and customs. By these same laws and customs, British judges and magistrates regulate their decisions, instead of the pure and equitable laws of their own land, and of the Christian Scriptures! When the cars of certain gods are to be drawn in public procession, there has been, for some years back, in various places, a deficiency of people. In such cases, the officers of government send out magistrates, and constables, or peons, who, with whips and ratans, beat the wretched people, and force them to quit their work and drag at the ropes! Mr. Pegg, formerly a Baptist missionary at Cuttack, has fully shown, in a pamphlet, published in England in 1835, on the pilgrim tax system, that the temple of Juggernaut, of

which we hear so much, is wholly supported by the British government; and that a large premium is paid by government to 'pilgrim hunters,' who pass throughout the land, enticing persons to make a pilgrimage to the idol, and receive twenty per cent. of the tax laid upon them! In regard to these agents, 'The Friend of India' very forcibly observes, 'We have a body of *idol missionaries*, far exceeding in number all the Christian missionaries, perhaps, in the world, going forth from year to year, to propagate delusion, and proclaim (what, perhaps, not one of them believes) the transcendent efficacy of beholding a log of wood; and all this through a perversion of British humanity, and good faith paid from year to year, by the officers of a Christian and a British government.'

"Until lately, the appointment of native Christians to any office, however low, was wholly prohibited. That prohibition is now removed; but, as the local officers are not bound to employ them, and the general feeling is against it, they are still excluded. How impressively does this say to the natives, that their rulers do not want them to become Christians! I have heard several officers declare, that a man who would change his religion, is not worthy of confidence! After many inquiries, I could never find any one who knew of a Christian sepoy being ever raised above the ranks.

There are delicate points connected with the alleged support of idolatry above dwelt upon, which we think Mr. M. has not fully perceived; nor do we believe that he has had the facts he advances fairly, or at least fully, set before him. As to several of the evils, wrongs and grievances noticed in the extract, our readers, before this paper meets their eyes, will have gathered from the newspapers, that most promising and gratifying measures are in contemplation. We refer to what transpired at a great meeting held in London, nearly at the same time that Mr. Malcom's book was placed before us, when a noble and learned Lord presided, whose name is identified with the cause of the slaves torn from Africa, and with that of the oppressed throughout the world. We trust that the union of benevolence, intelligence and wealth, which is about to be established in Great Britain for the amelioration of the condition, and the enlightenment of a hundred million subjects, will speedily accomplish for them what our Government in India has never done, and is not likely of itself to be capable of ever performing. The volumes before us present encouragement as well as a stimulus to the proposed association to which we refer; and we are sure their author will ever be heartily recognized as a promoter and pillar of the grand scheme in the course of organization, were nothing more to be done by him than appears in them.

From the Spectator (Radical).

THE THRONE.

SINCE the death of the unfortunate lady who was made the victim of Court slander, we have abstained from entering further into the particulars of a history which has furnished its own moral only too impressively. There is, however, a general moral affecting the

constitution and nature of Courts themselves, which all such particular histories appear to teach, and which is too important to be left to the accidents of individual interpretation. What that moral, rightly read, is, we shall not ourselves presume to lay down; but will rather be content to show what conclusions are likely to thrust themselves on the minds of the many, and what sort of remote consequences may be involved in transactions that, in our own time, if but three months old, seem already about to lapse into oblivion, but which in fact are then only scattering their seeds, to re-issue upon the surface of affairs in multiplied shapes when no one shall remain to trace them to their original stock. If it may, indeed, be affirmed of any action, however inconsiderable, that it has its visible or invisible bearing on the general mass of human conduct, with much more certainty may we declare that an important political proceeding, though forgotten perhaps by the public in half a year from the time of its taking place, operates powerfully and continually for good or evil on the future destinies of the country. All great political movements have been no more than a congeries of motive influences that had worked their way before, unseen and unconnected, till some whiff of fate drove them together. Revolutions are made of no other stuff. A thousand various impressions have been left by as many events on the general mind of society, which impressions tend all to one centre from different points—to a centre of disaffection, from points of injury, hatred, contempt, fear, revenge, &c.; these, on some fierce occasion uniting, explode—and make a revolution. If we would not have the explosion, we must cut off the train that fires the mass. But this is exactly what the world, unfortunately, has shown itself least able to do. The train that sets fire to the elements of revolution is made up by many hands; it is not the Court alone, nor the Legislature alone, nor this or that party in the state, which makes it, but each contributes its portion to the work; and because each contributor considers that his particular combustibles are insufficient to produce the explosion *per se*, (which they are,) so no one will consent to withdraw his own gunpowder; and the train, not suffered to be broken in any part, presently takes effect.

In the silent working machinery of revolutions there are few more powerful agents than Court scandal; by which we mean, scandalous proceedings at Court, or whatever tends to bring down the credit and dignity of the Throne within its own immediate province. As the private manners of each class in society bespeak the tone of its political character and influence, so the Court, as an epitome of the Monarchy, is naturally looked to in a jealous spirit both by those who desire the permanence of existing institutions, and by those who would destroy them. Time was (but cannot be again) when the proceedings of kings and courts were shrouded from the sight of those classes on whom the knowledge of them could produce impressions incompatible with devout loyalty. It mattered not if the Barons of England knew their King for a weak, dishonoured man, and "every inch a fool," while the swinish mass acknowledged a hero or a demigod; they too were kings at home, and needed for themselves the same flattering lights that gilded the King at Court. It mattered not, in fact, that pinchbeck knew pinchbeck—if gold was no wiser. But when first the

panoply of forms and ceremonies that had veiled the moral proportions of kings and their knights began to give place, like the armour that magnified their persons, to lighter fashions and more transparent wear, then—that was an evil day for the great genius of *counterfeit*! *News* was the first grand enemy of courts—the first revolutionizer. (Who can wonder at the upholders of *counterfeit* regarding cheap postage with antipathy?) *News* came—that kings were not gods, nor courts heavens; and the faith of the multitude received its first shock. *Court Gazettes* have more lately proved their claims as Radical incendiaries: the twenty-four hours of Royalty are chronicled, and all the world is let in to see “*quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!*”

Such reflections may either be uttered in a spirit friendly to Monarchy, but duly provident of the dangers besetting it, or in one of bitter hostility to all its pretensions; but to suppress them, or to overpass the facts and phenomena which, when considered deeply, must give rise to them, is to manifest an apathy in regard to the welfare of our political system more culpable than the worst overt act of disloyalty. It is a plain matter to every mind that knows how to reason, that an authority that is not respected cannot long be obeyed. Monarchy has been respected in our country so far, on the whole, not because it was often respectable, but because it was either surrounded with factious aids to popular reverence, or that it inspired fear—an excellent provisional agent of respect. But Monarchy is not now dreaded, nor well stored with allusive accessories: it is a bare, naked institution, deserted of its old muniments; and it has hereafter, consequently, a perfectly new and most trying ordeal to go through. ‘To be obeyed, it must still be respected; but to be respected, it must absolutely be respectable.’ Hard conditions! but to be endured for the love of peace, and to avoid harder.

The Minister, whoever he be, who may now chiefly possess the patient ear of our young queen, if he be not either a dullard—insensible to the meaning of events, past and present, or an arrant sycophant, incapable of the truth—will often impress on her Majesty’s mind the extreme perils by which her throne is encompassed; will humbly represent to her Majesty, that those perils, so far as they are not referable to the Government of the day, have their springs within the precincts of her own Court; that she has upon her the eyes of thousands whom evil legislation has already made half Republicans at heart; that from her actions only, as they shall correspond with the exigencies of such a political conjuncture, can she hope for that security and repose which her ancestors sought from state juggles and the application of force. He will say that the part for the Sovereign to act becomes every day more clearly defined, but therefore more responsible—more arduous; that on that side lies revolution—on this long life and glory more than Elizabethan. He will tell her, that this is not a favourable era for weakness, wilfulness, or caprice in a Sovereign; but for the display of a reasonable and modest, and yet vital firm bearing, and for setting, as it were, a new example to Monarchs—in meeting the movement of the People, and, by heading it herself, turning it easily to its best and most legitimate objects of pursuit. He will say that, although, by any other tenure, precarious and uninsurable, the Throne may thus be made

strong in the People without difficulty—in a reign much more likely to be remarkable (if these principles are acknowledged) for struggles between the Few and the Many, than between the Many and the One. He will say—But we waste our time: Queen VICTORIA has no friends at Court.

From the Spectator.

HILL COOLIES.

Lord Ellenborough, on 23d July, 1839, asked the Marquis of Normanby for information respecting the Hill Coolies who had been sent to Demerara—

In the *Times* of that morning, a statement of the most disastrous character appeared on the condition of the Hill Coolies that were imported from Bengal into Demerara. It appeared that a report had been presented to the Court of Policy in that colony, by a body with rather a singular designation, namely, the Immigrant Commission. He had not seen this report, but it was described as containing a fearful account of the condition of those unfortunate people; and the account of the ravages of disease amongst them was most lamentable. On one estate, Bellevue, not less than twenty of these poor creatures had died, and twenty-nine were described as lying in the hospital, in a state which the Commissioners reported was hardly to be described. The hospital itself would seem, from the nature of it, to be very much like a pest-house; and the manager of the estate, who was found labouring under fever, acquainted the Commissioners that he “got his attack by going into that hospital.” The circumstances thus detailed had created considerable sensation and much exasperation among all the more respectable members of the community against the owners of the estate in question, where such cruel neglect could be permitted. It was hoped that the Governor would forthwith cancel the indentures under which the unfortunate Coolies had been engaged. He wished to know from the noble marquis whether he was in possession of this report? and if he was, whether he would object to laying it on the table?

The Marquis of Normanby said, he was not in possession of the report; but he had read the account alluded to, and thought the matter well worthy the attention of Government.

Lord Ellenborough said, that they who had been in any way connected—Lord Normanby was not one of those persons—with the framing of the Order in Council, had incurred a most fearful responsibility.

Lord Brougham reminded the House, that he had warned them on this subject last year, and induced them to put a stop to the importation of this unhappy people—

He had never seen any thing in this proceeding but the result which had now unhappily followed, and which indeed was the only one which he anticipated to follow from the detestable practice of slavery, although disguised under the name of apprenticeship, and he would remind the House that this was worse than African slavery, for the voyage extended much further, namely to the coast of Asia. In one instance the miserable and wretched condition of eighty of these persons was described, which was more than

half imported in that cargo, for he found that only 130 were aboard. The large proportion of these were now dead, and the dire effects of disease in the pestilential marshes of Demerara spread from one to the other of this unhappy people. The survivors of them were no doubt in a state compared with which death itself would be a release to them from wretchedness—they who had survived the murderous passage from their peaceful home to the charnel-house in Demerara.

The greater extent of the voyage made the sufferings of the Hill Coolies greater than those endured by Negroes on the middle passage from Africa—

It would be found that the papers on their Lordships' table contained the astounding fact, that 20 per cent, in one vessel perished on a voyage in five weeks; between Asia and Mauritius 20 per cent died in one week, and also 30 in another week; being a degree of massacre which exceeded the African middle passage itself. It was painful to be obliged to recur to these matters; but the cases were of a very aggravated nature, and called for some explanation. There was another topic to which he wished to refer. It was said that two or three vessels had been seized on the Brazilian coast, which were engaged in the illegal slave traffic, and their wretched cargo (as they were called) of fourteen hundred slaves were, under the pretence of being liberated, apprenticed for a term of seven years, at a premium of 5*l.* per head. And where? In foreign slave countries, where there was no security that they would be treated even so well as they were in Guiana. And he wished to know whether it was the practice for the commanders of the cruisers to apprentice these unfortunate men in those countries where slavery still existed, instead of carrying them to our own colonies. He hoped he should receive an answer denying these statements, which were corroborated and confirmed by private letters he had received.

Lord Normanby did not believe that the facts were precisely as stated by Lord Brougham; but the subject belonged more to the Foreign Department than the Colonial Office. However, he would make inquiries.

From the Spectator (Radical.)

THE WAR IN INDIA.

THE current number of the *Quarterly Review* has an elaborate paper on Russia, Persia, and India; distinguished by a tone of friendliness to the Government and its agents, and what is more, a substantial vindication of recent British policy and proceedings in Asia, which few would have expected at the hands of that staunch organ of the Opposition, even in charity. To us, indeed, it seems that the Reviewer is, for once, too charitable: for a pretty careful examination of the file of papers laid before Parliament in the passing session, leads us to conclusions considerably at variance with his; and at the same time it has confirmed some of our previous opinions and speculations, it enables us to correct or qualify others. In short, we rise from the perusal of the Eastern Correspondence with a persuasion, that our present war in India, or rather outside of India, is more questionable in its objects and suspicious in its pretences, and likely to be more extensive and perilous,

than any which the British Government of that country has ever yet waged with any Asiatic power.

An army of not less than fifty thousand men, including regulars, irregulars, and auxiliaries, with, probably, not less, according to Indian usage, than ten camp followers for every fighting man, is at the present moment in full march, through a country for the most part sterile, geographically almost unknown, yet sufficiently known to be inhabited by a robust, warlike, and independent race of men, and distant, by the route which the army pursues, at least fifteen hundred miles from the British frontier.

Let us begin by examining the pretext for the war. For thirty years and upwards, we have maintained, without interruption, an embassy at the Court of Persia, and paid in salaries, in subsidies and gifts, in arms and ammunition, between three and four millions sterling. The object of our Persian diplomacy was to secure India against French and Russian invasion. The upshot of our thirty years' expenditure of money, protocols, and despatches, is, that Persia, on our own admission, instead of being a bulwark against the aggression of an European power, has become a stepping-stone for Russia. In a word, by our own showing, all our Persian diplomacy has been worse than useless—it has been highly detrimental.

With the Shah of Persia we have three respective treaties, every one of which contains the following article—"If war should ensue between the Persian and Afghan Governments, the English Government shall take no part in it; nor shall it give assistance to either party, except as a mediator, at the solicitation of both parties, for the purpose of producing peace." Well, a war arises between the Persian King and the Afghans—as just, upon the part of the former, as any ever waged by an European government, and far juster than most of them. The Prince of Herat, the most westerly state of the Afghans, taking advantage of a moment of anarchy, invades a Persian province, burns its towns and villages, and carrying off twelve thousand of its inhabitants, sells them, man, woman, and child, as slaves. The King of Persia, naturally indignant at this outrage, marches an army to chastise the public robber, and invests Herat. According to the admission of the British Envoy, (a man of mark and talent,) twice repeated in the papers laid before Parliament, the King of Persia has right and justice on his side. Well, then, are the English Minister, the Envoy, and the Governor-General of India, neutral and quiescent, as in good faith became parties to the treaty we have just quoted? Quite the contrary. They are not only not asked to interfere as mediators by both parties, but one party expressly repudiates their interference; while the other does not solicit it, and only accepts it when it has been often obtruded; as we may see from the following curious passage of a letter from the Prime Minister of Herat to the British Envoy—"With regard to the coming of the Kujur (Persian) army to this country, I am not, and never shall be, in any way willing to give you trouble or annoyance. Should the Persian Government evince any great desire to come to Herat, do not prevent the advance of the army, or take any trouble in the matter. It is an affair of no consequence. Let them come, in order that they may prove what they are able to do. May it please God the merciful, by the grace and

assistance of the Almighty, the steed of their wishes shall not accomplish the journey of their design." This is the polite Oriental fashion of saying "*laissez nous faire*" to a meddler; and the recent obstinate refusal of the Prince of Herat to accept a British subsidiary force for his protection, shows that our interpretation is the right one. The English Government is not only not neutral, it directly interferes, and without being asked. It is far from stopping even at the point of impertinent negotiation. A roving agent of the Governor-General of India, a skilful engineer, throws himself into the fortress of Herat, and assists in its defence against the Persians; a squadron of men of war is sent and takes possession of a portion of our allies' territory on the Persian Gulf; and a great army is marched to dethrone an Afghan chief suspected of preferring a Persian to an English alliance, (some alliance or other being indispensable, and we having expressly refused him ours except on terms intolerable,) for his protection against a fourth party, the Seiks, who had wrested from him, by a series of aggressions, a large portion of his dominions. In reference to this conduct, the Persian Minister for Foreign Affairs has the following pertinent remarks—"We are ignorant by what evidence the British Government considers our interference in the affairs of Afghanistan as a mark of hostility against itself. Besides the auspicious treaty, the observation of the stipulations of which is the foundation of the friendship of the two states, are there any other treaties or engagements between Persia and England relative to which any neglect or non-observance has proceeded from us? or did the plenipotentiaries of both states forget this point at the time of forming the treaty, that they omitted any allusion to it? or have new rules of friendship been instituted in this world, with which we are not acquainted? or does the party which considers itself strongest consider also that the observation or violation of treaties rest on its discretion?" Here is a shocking charge of Punic faith, made against the government of a civilized country by a people whom we have been accustomed to look upon as faithless barbarians; and the only reply we have made to it, virtually amounts to this, that our original intention in making the treaty was not accomplished,—that is, that Persia did not turn out to be the bulwark against Russian aggression which we mistakenly supposed it would. In short, we talk of the "spirit" of the treaty, carefully avoiding to say one word about its plain and obvious letter.

Against the faith of treaties then, we set up necessity and expediency. Now let this plea be looked into. Herat is declared to be the key to the British dominions in India—the key which is to open the door to the Russians and their allies, the Persians, to Hindostan. The supposed key, in this case, is surely at a vast distance from the door. Our own army has been already five months on its march from the frontier, backed by all the resources of India and without firing a single shot, unless at a few freebooters; and there is no trust-worthy intelligence that it has yet reached the first spot where there is any probability of its meeting with resistance, viz. Candahar; in the neighbourhood of which, by the way, it is proposed that we should canton for the whole summer,—by which (for Cabool, the main point, and a month's march through snowy mountains and nar-

row defiles, remains untouched) it is plainly pronounced that the affair is to cost us two campaigns. From Candahar to Herat, allowing for halting-days, and supposing no interruption from an enemy, is at least a month's march. Thus, therefore, without meeting an enemy—and, supposing the barren country which it had in its rear and along its line of march could afford it the same supply of food which fertile, populous, and peaceful India affords us—it would take a Russian army five months to march from Herat to the nearest British frontier, with many a "key" to get possession of, and many a door to unlock, between; and, after that, there is a march of at least fifteen hundred miles further to the chief seat of our power and resources, Lower Bengal and Calcutta; which would take at least four months more, supposing the climate, our armies, and our fortresses offered no resistance, and that John Bull (who in one half the whole time mentioned could send an army from the banks of the Thames) were to look on with his hands in his breeches-pocket doing nothing. But to reach India is not to conquer India, (never so powerful and united as under our own administration,) as any one who will take the pains to read, may learn from the history of its invaders from Alexander to Ahmed Shah. Most of them never penetrated much beyond the frontier, and the few who established themselves in the North-west, took not months or years, but from one to two centuries, to conquer the East and the South. The truth is, that a Russian invasion and conquest of India is but the dream of a troubled and uneasy conscience. No man in his waking moments and sober senses imagines the possibility of the thing, or fancies it even probable that any nation whatever, without the command of the sea and of immense pecuniary resources, would be mad enough even to make the attempt. "At the conclusion of your letter," says the Persian Prime Minister to one of our agents, "there are some remarks about alarm. I am in great astonishment at this declaration, considering the distance of four months' journey and the great friendship between the two states, which, during this length of time, has never been interrupted by a hair's breadth on either side. What cause is there for alarm, or for these remote speculations, which have never entered into the mind of any one, nor ever will?" It is clear, from these remarks of the Persian Vizier, that his Excellency had no personal acquaintance with Lord Auckland or Lord Palmerston, or he would not have expressed himself so rashly. What, after all, does the reader fancy has thrown the Indian Council Chamber and the Foreign Office into a turmoil? The Russian Envoy at the Court of Persia is supposed, contrary to his instructions, to have advised the Shah to attack Herat; and a Russian Lieutenant of Infantry goes on a commercial mission to an Afghan state; and this has sufficed to frighten the Foreign Secretary and the Governor-General from their propriety. At the very moment we are making this charge against Russia and Persia, our English officer of Engineers, being the agent of the Governor-General, is fighting in the ranks of the Herattes; and there is a diplomatic agent at Cabool, and another at Candahar, endeavouring to force treaties on the chiefs of those two places, by which they are to break off all connexion with Persia and Russia. Where is our sense of political justice?

There is not the least doubt but the very measures we are pursuing lead us into far greater difficulties than the actual invasion of the Persians and Russians themselves could produce. The war with the Burmese cost us fifteen millions. If we escape from the present more difficult contest with a penalty of double the amount, we may look upon ourselves as fortunate. This will add just one half to the national debt of India, and an annual interest of a million and a half will add a tithe to the taxes of the already over-taxed Hindoos. Is it not better to stay at home, administer justly, tax lightly, and thus gain the support of the conquered millions, than squander their money in so dangerous, extravagant, and Quixotic an enterprise? The very undertaking itself proves that we are ill at ease at home, conscious of the instability of our power, and suspicious that we have misgoverned India to the dissatisfaction of its inhabitants.

If our diplomatists and politicians would only keep their hands out of mischief, it is astonishing how perfect a bulwark nature and fortune have opposed to the possibility of a successful invasion of British India from the westward. The country lying between Persia and British India is one either of rugged mountains or of uncultivated and almost impassable sandy deserts. On the side of Persia, all but on one narrow quarter, it is a sandy desert two hundred miles broad. On the side of India, there is a far more extensive one, generally of double that breadth, except at one point also. Even at this last point there is, according to Mr. Elphinston, one hundred and sixty miles of "the strongest country" he had "ever seen." The people that an invading army would have to encounter, if not alienated by our ambition, is as formidable as their country is strong. They are estimated at fourteen millions; a fourth part of whom, probably, are in that shepherd or nomad state in which men have little to lose and much to gain by war. The ruling people exceeds four millions in number; and in their manners, habits, and customs, are rather Europeans of the middle ages than Asiatics. "An European," says Mr. Elphinston, "coming among them, would scarce fail to admire their martial and lofty spirit, their hospitality, and their bold and simple manners. He would admire their strong and active forms, their fair complexions, and European features; their industry and enterprise, the hospitality, sobriety, and contempt of pleasure, which appear in all their habits; and above all, the independence and energy of their character. The Afghans themselves (he adds) exult in the free spirit of their institutions. They endeavour to maintain that all Afghans are equal. I once strongly urged on a very intelligent old man, of the tribe of Meanshail, the superiority of a quiet and secure life, under a powerful monarch, to the discord, the alarms, and the blood which they owe to their present system. The old man replied with great warmth, and thus concluded an indignant harangue against arbitrary power—'We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood—but we will never be content with a master.'

Here is a broad hint, which, however, we have by no means taken; on the contrary, one of the main objects of our present expedition is *to restore* (ominous word!) a sovereign defeated and expelled by the Afghans just thirty years ago, and who has for

many long years lived within our territories as our pensioner. Here is the character of the individual in question, drawn by the shrewd and intelligent Sir ALEXANDER BURNES, at the present moment, by the accidents of position, the most active agent in his restoration; and the very same estimate of his qualities, it may be added, is given by Mr. ELPHINSTON, in his authentic and excellent narrative, thirty years ago. "The fitness of Shah Soojah for the station of sovereign, seems ever to have been doubtful. His manners and address are highly polished, but his judgment does not rise above mediocrity." By the same hand, we have the character of the man we are proceeding to dethrone, in order to make way for our man of mediocrity. "The reputation of Dost Mahomed is made known to a traveller long before he enters his country; and no one better merits the high character he has obtained. He is unremitting in his attention to business; traders receive the greatest encouragement from him; one in forty, or 2½ per cent., is the only duty levied in his territory; and the merchant may travel without guard or protection from one frontier to another,—an unheard of circumstance in the time of the kings. This chief affords a constant theme of praise to all classes; the peasant rejoices at the absence of tyranny," &c. &c.

The man whom we purpose to dethrone has two millions of Afghan subjects, with a military force of twenty thousand horse, ten thousand foot, and fifty pieces of cannon. But the great danger to us, as invaders, is not from the power of this individual, but from what Mr. ELPHINSTON calls "a number of organized and high-spirited republics ever ready to defend their rugged country against a tyrant." These are men who will, unquestionably, not bear a master in the person of our puppet, nor dictators in our own. There may, and probably will be, an apparent submission in the first moment, in the presence of a great army; but how is future insurrection to be guarded against, but by the constant presence of that engine of unbearable expense? The Afghans, in fact, have never had a master; but, on the contrary, have repeatedly given masters to their Persian and Indian neighbours. No foreign invader of India has ever passed through their country, from ALEXANDER to JENGHIS KHAN, or from TIMOUR to NADIR, without being attacked and harassed by them. In religion and manners they differ from the Persians, and cordially hate them. They differ still more from the Russians, and do not love them. They would, unquestionably, if not provoked and estranged by our ambitious and domineering policy, have attacked both, in the very remote event of an invasion. But have we any recent proof that the Afghans have not degenerated? The siege of Herat affords abundance. This one fortress was attacked by the whole disposable force of the Persian empire, with the King at its head, while the besiegers had a regiment of Russian deserters, the flower of the army. This is our own Envoy's statement of the attempt to storm—"The Persian troops are represented to have assaulted with gallantry, and to have planted their standards three several times in the breach; but they were unable to maintain their position. The Afghans attacked them sword in hand, with an energy and determination that are represented as having been irresistible, and drove them, with great slaughter, across the ditch. Of the killed and wounded in the Persian ranks,

more than three-fourths are stated to have received sabre-wounds." These, it must be confessed, are ugly customers; and the matter is assuredly not mended when it is considered that the majority of our army consists of Sepoys—of a race, the idea of considering whom as soldiers, would, according to Mr. ELPHINSTON, be "thought ludicrous" by the Afghans. The plain truth is, that we are breaking down, by our aggression, the most formidable portion of the bulwark that lies between us and invasion to the West. We are making, in fact, the false movement of a general, who, finding a broad marsh between himself and his opponent, wantonly crosses it, with great loss and inconvenience, posts himself on the opposite margin, and, cutting himself off from his supplies, affords his opponent, at the first favourable moment, an opportunity of driving him into the swamp, or starving him to death, or compelling him to surrender at discretion. Such is a fair view of our present adventure; nor can we see any termination, utter discomfiture excepted, to the course into which it leads, until it brings us to the very thing we deprecate—contiguity and collision with the power of Russia in Persia.

From the Examiner.

LORD CLARENDON'S SPEECH ON SPANISH AFFAIRS.

Lord Clarendon has delivered an admirable speech on the state and prospects of Spain, which we hope to see published and circulated as a pamphlet. The subject has for some time past been without interest, for this simple reason, that the public have for some time past ceased to understand it. Lord Clarendon's speech throws a light on it which will revive interest, and also the good hopes for the regeneration of Spain which were entertained upon the first struggles for constitutional government. Lord Clarendon shows that there is the foundation laid for popular government, that events are tending to the triumph of the good cause, and that the success of Carlos is now as impossible as it would be calamitous.

The following are statements which will be as generally satisfactory as unexpected:—

"Life and property were now in a state of security in Spain, greater than ever had been known before, and the revenue of the country was now one half more. An immense class of proprietors had been called into existence by the sale of the national property. Capital now flowed into more useful channels; and Spain was at this moment laying the foundation of a future prosperity, greater than she had ever known, even at the time when she had the misfortune to discover America. He (the Earl of Clarendon) might appear to be exaggerating the prospects of Spain; but he made this statement under all the responsibility that ought to attend him as having been so long a minister of the Crown in that country. The state of our commercial relations with Spain had been referred to the prevalence of monopolies which had been complained of. It should not be forgotten that any commercial arrangements between this country and Spain must be reciprocal. Spain was an agricultural country, and had nothing but agricultural

produce to offer in exchange for any commodities she might import from this country. *While we still retained our corn laws, surely the noble marquis would give some further time to the Spaniards to determine the moment when the spirit of monopoly and private interest should yield to the public good.* How had the Spaniards already used the liberty which they had gained? That they were conscious of the advantages of a public opinion they had already shown. They were fully alive to the blessings of a representative government. The elections excited the greatest interest. All classes of men were represented in the Cortes; and all the public business was discussed there in a manner that would have done no discredit to their lordships' house. Those debates had been described as noisy and confused; but he (the Earl of Clarendon) had attended debates there, and had seldom seen more than one member speaking at the same time. (A laugh.) He had heard from the lips of Catholic prelates in that assembly sentiments of Christian charity as pure, and dictated by as entire a spirit of toleration as he had ever heard in their lordships' house. (Hear.) He had seen the government met there by a vigorous opposition such as there ought to be in the representative assembly of a free country; and, on the other hand, he had also seen that opposition in the season of danger rally round the government as one man in defence of the constitution and of the national interests. (Hear, hear.) For these reasons it was that he expressed his conviction that the Spaniards were imbued with that spirit of constitutional freedom which qualified them to exercise the powers exercised by them in a representative government.

From the Athenæum.

AURORA ISLANDS.

In our abstract of proceedings at the last meeting of the Geographical Society, we announced the re-discovery of the Aurora Islands, by Mr. Burrows, of New York, during a recent voyage to the South Atlantic. A letter from our United States Correspondent gives us some particulars of this expedition, which are romantic enough to deserve to be recorded. It appears, that some few years since a neighbour and friend of Mr. Burrows, a Capt. Johnson, after consulting with, and communicating to him his views and intentions, sailed from New York to the Antarctic Seas. Letters were received from Johnson when in a high latitude, and still sailing south, since which no information has been received either from or of him. These circumstances weighed upon the mind of Burrows, who thinking there was a possibility of rescuing his friend, resolved to follow the example of Capt. Back, and to proceed in search of him. Two small vessels were accordingly fitted out for the expedition. The success in the principal object has been but small, although the hazards run were great, and the labours most oppressive. When five days beyond the Falklands, they fell in with a field of icebergs twenty-five miles in length, the whole presenting the same uniform appearance as a sheet of new-made ice. They found large bays and good harbours around the iceberg, but no anchorage except by fastening to the ice. The outer edge was on

all sides a perpendicular cliff about 300 feet high, and so similar to the appearance of many shores, particularly the chalky cliffs of England, that it could only be known as ice from the thermometer or by approaching very near to it. Subsequently Mr. Burrows, when exploring in his boat, was wrecked on an iceberg, but he was rescued by another boat driven by accident to the spot, where, for three days he and his crew had been without food. For six months he persevered but without discovering any positive evidence of the fate of his friend. He found, indeed, clear traces of eight different wrecks, a house constructed from the wrecked vessels, and fitted up as a winter residence, several graves near it, and one body not interred. What a history "in little" is there in this last fact!

From the Spectator. (Radical.)

THE PRESENT SOCIAL DISTRACTIONS.

In considering the extraordinary multiplicity and consequent confusion of interests obtaining at the present day in our highly complicated social system, we can never go wrong if we take for a key to all the jostlings and perturbations which accompany it—the common principle of selfishness. The selfishness of classes is much greater than that of individuals—greater even than the proportion of the unit to the mass. Every member of a class brings to it, first, the heavy subscription of his own natural personal selfishness, and, over that, a sort of premium or entrance fee in the same precious coin, applicable to general purposes. As a class man, he has two sorts of selfishness—a private and a public one; he has a prayer for himself as a limb of the body, and another for the body—which includes himself. And this class selfishness, again, derives all the greater force from the specious covering that is to be had for it. That which Smith *segregarious* would be ashamed to arrogate to himself, Smith *corporate* makes it a boast to exact. All the difference in the world is to be found between "the agricultural interests" and "Smith's bread and butter;" but they mean the same thing with Smith. For a particular parson to hold forth as thus, "Rather than that I, the well-provided, comfortable parson of this ill-provided, comfortless parish, should incur so much as a risk, however imaginary, of losing any particle of my present influence and importance—any atom of an advantage I possess—I will see my parishioners starved in mind and body; and, though it is by no means probable that I should sustain the slightest inconvenience if the Education Bill were passed to-morrow, yet I prefer, for security that the British people should remain in profound ignorance and misery to the end of time,"—this would be held a monstrous iniquitous declaration: but to say, "I fight for the Church, I stand by my order," passes for a thing respectable, if not admirable. The spirit is the same, the very meaning is the same, but the speech is different. The gross worldliness, the horrible indifference to all feelings but his own, the beastly devotion to *self* which is implied in the postponement of the pressing wants of a whole people to some single imaginary interest of the speaker or the speaker's class—these are the same, be the speech moulded as it may. But in the one

form they come forth in their true colours; in the other, they are elegantly merged in generalities and commonplace. Men may be as selfish at heart in their individual as in their corporate capacity, but in point of speech and action—in the amount of what they are prepared to do and to vindicate, it is undoubtedly in the latter relation that their selfish instincts come into the most unobstructed and shameless exercise.

Great allowances are to be made for conscientious Tories, who, tracing all present social disturbances to the encouragement given to popular claims, can find no words bad enough to apply to the first movers in such a course of policy. Certainly, if any man seriously believes that the people ought, not less for their own than for the common weal to remain ignorant and dependent—that knowledge and liberty are only fine names for misery and crime (opinions still represented, though not openly expressed perhaps, in the Legislature, especially in the Upper branch)—such thinker may in all consistency regard with horror the first instigators of that popular agitation which, seven years ago, led to the success of the Reform measure, and which is now knocking still louder at the gates of the constitution. These are your half-reasoners, who take so much of an argument as jumps with their passion, and leave the rest. If to their half-reasoning we could oppose such *whole* reasoning as might be happily drawn from the acts of a firm, vigorous, yet kindly Government, we should have nothing to lament beyond the fact that there remained any politicians unconvinced by so wise and exemplary a party. Unfortunately we have nothing of the kind to bless ourselves with. Half-reasoning looks over from the Tory benches and sees nothing to rebuke it; men "of one idea" are met by men of another idea; there is much differing, but small difference; all is but variety of littleness; the petulant pigmies will fight, but find nothing but cranes to engage withal. If popular government had for its patrons men of the right stamp, with high hands and whole hearts—men who could do and would do whatever the great experiment of political justice required—we should soon see the pugnacious pigmies dwarfed to their right proportions; their extinction might then be counted on. But, considering into what hands, by the evil destiny of the times, the cause of Reform has fallen, the only wonder is that it has not lost every supporter it ever numbered. If the enemies of popular government reason by halves, its nominal advocates keep them in countenance by the same practice, applied with a difference; thus opposing a perpetual bar to political truth. For half an argument will never carry conviction; any other Half-argument will be as good and cogent. A part being blinked, the whole becomes equivocal; if your counsel refuse to call half his witnesses, who shall say but the missing evidence might have invalidated all the rest! Emboldened in their half-reasoning by the absence of any larger intelligence on the part of their ostensible adversaries—whom they find committed to a line of politics which, in word, they are incapable of justifying, and in action, seem for the most part irresolute to follow—the Tories have gone on steadily increasing their ranks, and, but for the Queen's politics, had long ere now returned to office; having shown themselves several times this session within a trifle of realizing that good fortune which the father of the

Reform Bill so generously planned for them, when he "scanned the general scope" of that great and final measure, and "calculated that the Tories would always have as fair a prospect as any other party of obtaining a position," &c.; and to which he must now, we presume, rather rejoice than otherwise to see them progressively attaining by nice minorities, "beautifully less," of 10, 5, and 2.

Amongst the symptoms of our present condition which the remissness of the Semi-liberals in the work of Reform has left to the Tories for a *cheval de bataille* in their half-reasoning warfare on popular rights, we may count it a sufficiently notable one—that the selfish instincts of every class of the people have been called forth, without any means being adopted to gratify, to moderate, or to use them. Government, by its encouragement of popular claims, first called round it, as it were, a legion of hungry mouths. What was the next step, in the name of common sense, imperative and presumable? To feed those mouths?—Nothing of the sort was done, or intended. A strong sense of hunger was excited, an appetite not easily satiated was aroused; and then those poor, open, watering mouths, were at once dismissed,—not without notice given, that for aught else besides that pleasant tantalizing sensation they had been permitted to feel, they might just narrow themselves a little and—whistle! The proclamation of Liberal principles in government was nothing less than an invitation to all injured classes of society to come to the doors of the Legislature and have their grievances redressed. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," was the promise held forth. A mighty summons, truly; and a bold one, if we consider by whom to whom given—by the privileged to the non-privileged classes—by the oppressors to the oppressed! Such invitations may be given safely; may be fulfilled advantageously and honourably; but they can be broken through when given, only most dishonourably and most disastrously. It was an invitation to every class of the community to revise its social relations—to consider well if it were wronged or no—whether, peradventure, it might be bettered. It was a formal recognition of the great principles of political justice, heretofore in innumerable instances practically contravened; and therefore, whatever might be its professed or even its proposed limitations, it was in effect an advertisement to the country, that irresponsible government was at an end; that the rights of all classes would be considered now on their own merits, and without reference to partial objects: that justice, in future, and not expediency, was to be the rule. This was chalking out a course of government and legislation, which, when seen against the dark background of old Tory domination, showed fair indeed. Time has proved that a course of national policy, the greatest and noblest ever indicated, and needing for its agents the wisest, powerfullest, and most disinterested of mankind, has been destined to be connected in its beginnings with a set of men of whom the world never yet saw the parallel for shallowness, incapacity, and self-seeking.

Putting these things together, we may obtain a tolerable insight, not only into the nature, but into the causes of some of the present troubles. Every class of society is more or less conscious of wrongs and privations, suffered in a long course of misrule previous to the present era. When redress seemed

hopeless, those grievances were not less; but now that they have been taught to believe that their petitions are acceptable and that their claims ought to be attended to, they are roused; and meanwhile these grievances seem to them more intolerable than ever, from the very circumstance that they consider them more attentively, and because at the same moment they see very clearly that they are falsely dealt with, and that, after all, there exists no real desire on the part of the Government or of the Legislature to lighten them of any part of their load. The same policy, or impolicy, which has operated to this effect on the feelings of the various subordinate classes, (much disunited even amongst themselves from the same causes,) has strung up into redoubled selfishness and a fiercer and more disgusting attitude of illiberality, the higher or privileged classes. These, in this mischievous suspense of opposite political principles, have their worst passions most powerfully worked upon; for, on the one hand, they vastly exaggerate, through fear, the disadvantages to themselves to be involved in any concession to classes below them, and, on the other hand, the irresolution of the Government and the weakness of the so-called Liberal party giving them a fair chance of triumph, sufficient exertions being made in the old spirit, they are wonderfully excited to co-operation, and do not refrain from the hope that they may be able to crush altogether the rising hopes of those classes, and refix the foot of despotism once more firmly on their necks. Any Government simply gifted with common sense, would have perceived that under these circumstances, *created by itself*, the two things needful, not merely to secure proposed political advantages, but to avert evils more serious than any it came to correct, were consistency and promptitude; that any concession once agreed on ought to have been forthwith substantiated; that it was as much a matter of political necessity, in that case, to realize the *despair* of the class obstructing the concession, so resolved upon, as to realize the *hope* of the expectant class. The Melbourne Ministry in its wisdom pursued another course; *without effecting a single organic change*, it has contrived to throw every class of society into a state of enmity, jealousy, and alarm—such as no actual change, how signal soever, could have produced. It has evoked the whole of the selfishness in society to the surface, and, without even a tangible bone to contend about, has plunged all opposite interests into conflict and madness.

From the Spectator.

THE PORTUGUESE SLAVE-TRADE.

PORTUGAL, we believe, is not a dependency of Great Britain. We are under a strong impression that there exists in Portugal, at the present time, a Government *de facto* and *de jure*—a Sovereign recognized by Queen VICTORIA. If this is correct, the Portuguese owe the Crown of England no allegiance, and the acts of the British Parliament are no laws for them. Nevertheless, our Foreign Secretary is carrying a bill through the House of Commons which virtually sets aside the authority of the Portuguese Queen and Cortes. This measure, which

passes through its various stages without remark, if not unprecedented, is most extraordinary in its character. It is entitled "A Bill for the Suppression of the Portuguese Slave-trade;" and is based upon the refusal or the inability of the Portuguese Government to fulfil the conditions of several treaties with this country regulating that traffic. The main part of the bill consists of a preamble of five pages, in which the various violations of engagements entered into by the Portuguese Government are stated; and then follow six enacting-clauses, authorizing her Majesty's cruisers to detain and seize Portuguese slavers, or such vessels as seem fitted and prepared for the slave trade; those vessels to be taken for the use of the English Navy, or broken up, and the materials sold, after trial and condemnation in the High Court of Admiralty in England.

Now, it may be asked, by what right is this power exercised by the British Parliament? The old fashion of compelling fulfilment of engagements by a recusant party to a treaty, was to attack him by open warfare, but not to supersede his authority over his own subjects, in the way proposed by the bill in question. And were Portugal powerful instead of weak, it would be utter madness to enforce the principle of this measure. The Government of the United States is unable or unwilling to suppress the traffic in slaves, carried on to a very considerable extent at this moment by the citizens of the Republic: will Lord PALMERSTON venture upon a bill to suppress the American slave-trade?

But we have power over Portugal: delicate points of national law being waived, ought it not to be exercised for the suppression of this infernal commerce in human beings? The inclination to answer this question in the affirmative is strong; but it happens, unfortunately, that Lord PALMERSTON'S measure will not diminish the amount, while it must aggravate the horrors, of the Portuguese slave-trade. The bill authorizes the employment, with no material variation, of those means which Mr. FOWELL BUXTON, in his recent publication, tells us "have not only been attended with complete failure, but with an increase of Negro mortality," and which have "aggravated" the "cruelties and horrors of the passage across the Atlantic!" Lord PALMERSTON perseveres in a system which the same authority declares, "is erroneous, and must necessarily be attended with disappointment." Mr. Buxton rightly concludes, that while an enormous profit is realized by the Negro trade, it will be carried on in spite of British cruisers. Ay, and although "all nations shall have acceded to the Spanish treaty, and that treaty shall have been rendered more effective" by "linking it to the article of piracy"—though you have "the cordial concurrence of the authorities at home and the populace in the Colonies—the contrabandist will yet baffle and defeat you. Such are Mr. Buxton's deliberate opinions and declarations, forced upon him and from him by experience. Lord PALMERSTON'S extraordinary measure ought to be entitled "a bill for insulting the Government of Portugal and increasing the horrors of the Portuguese slave-trade." The Government is attempting to gain credit and popularity with the Anti-Slavery party by it, but upon false pretences.

A SMUGGLER ON LAW AND DUTIES.

Peterson and Tom Graves remained on board the cutter; the former in obedience to his commander's directions, the latter because he firmly believed the vessel would not be safe without him. The children had gone early to rest, for they had lost their playmate; Ned cried himself to sleep, whilst Hamilton joined in his sorrow solely on Ned's account.

"I'm thinking, Muster Peterson," said old Tom, "that Muster Repartee owes us a grudge for that 'ere affair at Brest; for my part, I never bears no malice to any one, but he does not seem to me to come of a breed that 'ud forgive and forget."

"Our opinions are alike there, Graves," returned Peterson. "We cannot be too much on our guard against him. Lawless as our occupation is, at all events we ought to be true to one another. Rafferty has more of the tiger in him than any man I ever knew."

"I don't know what you call lawless, Sir," said Graves, somewhat offended at his honesty being suspected, "but to my notion of things, we act more by the rule of right than them as make so much palaver about law. They've a Parliament House and a customhouse here in Ireland, as well as they have in England; and all the money as they gets in the customhouses is shared out in the Parliament Houses, where they tell me it's 'catch as catch can.' Now, I take it we've a just right to some share, that is, if we can get it; so, if we helps ourselves to the valley of the dooties, why we're only doing the same as they 're doing—looking out for number one. They makes laws to divide it among themselves, and we makes laws not to let 'em get hold on it."

"There can be very little difference to us either way, Graves," said Peterson; "we are merely paid for our services; though I must own the wages are good, in consideration of the hazards that we run."

"There lies the difference, Muster Peterson," drily returned the boatswain; "the extra wages come out o' that which would otherwise be served out amongst the Parliament folk. And arter all, there's not none on 'em, from stem to stern, in your Lords and Commons, but likes a drop of stuff, or a bit of dry goods, dooty free, if so be as they can get it upon the sly. Why, there was a Parliament man, I thinks his name was Pennypunt, as we always used to supply reg'larly with pieces when I was in owd Dangerfield's 'None so Lucky,' belonging to Folkstun; and which on 'em is without his bangdanna either for his neck or for his pocket, and them bangdannas are next thing to being prohibited by the heavy dooties. Well, if so be as they can get 'em for thirty shilling a piece smuggled, they won't go for to give three or four guineas, because it's the law."

"And so by your reckoning, Tom, conscience is sacrificed to pelf," said Peterson, laughing, "and therefore we of the contraband sell our consciences as well as our labour."

"Why, Muster Peterson, I ar'n't possessed of faculty enough to make any particular diskrimmagement in the religion of the business, but it does seem to my thinking out 'o reason to suppose sich a thing, 'kase why! we do for conscience sake that which they do again their consciences—for we sticks by our law, whilst they breaks theirs."

"A very nice distinction, truly, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone of merriment. "And worthy of any lawyer in Westminster Hall; though I fear neither Judge nor jury would be of your opinion."

"'Kase they don't belong to us, Muster Peterson," answered the boatswain; "if the Judges were owners of craft and the Juries reg'lar hands at the trade, they'd soon show 'em right from wrong by their varlicks. Our skipper 'ud make a good foreman of Jury."—HAMILTON KING.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT.

"It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended."
 "How fearful!" I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:—

At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of —, when he recognised a boat about a mile from the shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sister were in the frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all doubts removed as to their identity; and, hurrying back to the spot where he had first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been seen wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by the sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction appeared to be inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sought for; and, declining all their offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boats from —. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story which he was relating to me as I was strolling along the cliffs, when he paused, as I have already mentioned, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example, and taking a seat on the grass near him, the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

"Well, sir; when we found we could not persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crow-bar into the earth, a few feet from the edge of the cliff; and then twining a rope once round it, in order to give us the steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change his coat for one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the side of the cliff—as it were thus; and made him take the rope between his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out from the rock as far as he could, and to work downwards with his feet, and to look up, and keep a watch out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not to be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him;—the sun had set, sir; and they always make a horrid screeching if you go down the cliff after they are gone to roost;—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and that we 'd haul him up directly. 'No—no,'

says Mr. Clements, 'there 's no necessity for that.'

When I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time, I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can, and get a boat from —. I am ready now,' says he, in a faint voice, and his teeth all the while chattering with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying out rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk; his body almost at right-angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavoured to regain his footing against the rocks, and in so doing broke through a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It is a rare sight *that* for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far *far* below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and, with his face to the cliff; his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones, which he had not the strength to avoid; gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slid down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, sir; and, swinging to and fro, and round and round, as it were betwixt heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing; but, in so doing, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and, I shudder at the bare recollection while I tell it, *we continued to supply the rope!* Hanging by his leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and sea-mews flitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks."

"Horrible! was he long thus?"

"Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and, judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From this moment, he told me, he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unex-

pected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet water; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few moments motionless on the rock. His name was again called; it sounded from within the cave.

"Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; found that he had more strength than he had thought,—swam forward through the darkness up the cavern; struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer,—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet,—staggered forward,—reeled, and fell, exhausted, into the arms of his wife."

"And his sister?"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones, and sand. Here Mrs. Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge by the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet, by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat; and to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose."

"As you may imagine, Mr. Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chafing his brows, when her sister, starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for *them* to use it. 'It matters not,' he said; they (meaning us) have gone to— We shall have boats here soon; we are safe—quite safe,' and so on, endeavouring to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave."

"Two hours, sir,—two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened their destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold, when a large, heavy, Dutch-built boat—you don't see such now, sir,—swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear her until she was within the cave; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some of the fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed at the approach of a boat up the coast. Fortunate was it that Mr. Clements prevented the ladies from calling out for assistance from them—"

"Why I should have thought at such a moment that even smugglers—"

"Not they, sir,—not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last and a dangerous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir: while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it,

he lifted the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They couldn't hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in himself after them, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to their number since she had entered it."

"They went about a quarter of a mile down under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. 'God forgive him, he's tossed him over,' muttered one of the men. And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look-out was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the King's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea."

"They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that they could go no further. Mrs. Clements was quite senseless with cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not understand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in—'Now, then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they've lost their prize.'"

"The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then, sir, in a moment the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devils had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clements's voice sounded almost at her side! There he was, sir,—there he was, in the self-same little pleasure-boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and to get clear of her, when she went down. The revenue-cutter came up, and took them on board all alive; but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered the events of that dreadful night."

"What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?"

"He held on to the boat for a few minutes till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found the little pleasure-boat, and entering it, followed in the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and that of her sister. The sun is setting, sir," said the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. "I must be going home-wards. Mayhap," he added, as he turned away on his path, "one of these days, when you are strolling on the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir."

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Chronicles the further proceedings of the Nickleby Family, and the sequel of the adventure of the gentleman in the small-clothes.

WHILE Nicholas, absorbed in the one engrossing subject of interest which had recently opened upon him, occupied his leisure hours with thoughts of Madeline Bray, and, in execution of the commissions which the anxiety of Brother Charles in her behalf imposed upon him, saw her again and again, and each time with greater danger to his peace of mind and a more weakening effect upon the lofty resolutions he had formed, Mrs. Nickleby and Kate continued to live in peace and quiet, agitated by no other cares than those which were connected with certain harassing proceedings taken by Mr. Snawley for the recovery of his son, and their anxiety for Smike himself, whose health, long upon the wane, began to be so much affected by apprehension and uncertainty as sometimes to occasion both them and Nicholas considerable uneasiness, and even alarm.

It was no complaint or murmur on the part of the poor fellow himself that thus disturbed them. Ever eager to be employed in such slight services as he could render, and always anxious to repay his benefactors with cheerful and happy looks, less friendly eyes might have seen in him no cause for any misgiving. But there were times—and often too—when the sunken eye was too bright, the hollow cheek too flushed, the breath too thick and heavy in its course, the frame too feeble and exhausted, to escape their regard and notice.

There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim, as it were, for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.

It was with some faint reference in his own mind to this disorder, though he would by no means admit it, even to himself, that Nicholas had already carried his faithful companion to a physician of great repute. There was no cause for immediate alarm, he said. There were no present symptoms which could be deemed conclusive. The constitution had been greatly tried and injured in childhood, but still it *might* not be—and that was all.

But he seemed to grow no worse, and as it was not difficult to find a reason for these symptoms of illness in the shock and agitation he had recently

undergone, Nicholas comforted himself with the hope that his poor friend would soon recover. This hope his mother and sister shared with him; and as the object of their joint solicitude seemed to have no uneasiness or despondency for himself, but each day answered with a quiet smile that he felt better than he had upon the day before, their fears abated, and the general happiness was by degrees restored.

Many and many a time in after years did Nicholas look back to this period of his life, and tread again the humble quiet homely scenes that rose up as of old before him. Many and many a time, in the twilight of a summer evening, or beside the flickering winter's fire—but not so often or so sadly then—would his thoughts wander back to these old days, and dwell with a pleasant sorrow upon every slight remembrance which they brought crowding home. The little room in which they had so often sat long after it was dark, figuring such happy futures—Kate's cheerful voice and merry laugh; and how, if she were from home they used to sit and watch for her return, scarcely breaking silence but to say how dull it seemed without her—the glee with which poor Smike would start from the darkened corner where he used to sit, and hurry to admit her, and the tears they often saw upon his face, half wondering to see them too and he so pleased and happy—every little incident, and even slight words and looks of those old days, little heeded then, but well remembered when busy cares and trials were quite forgot, came fresh and thick before him many and many a time, and, rustling above the dusty growth of years, came back green boughs of yesterday.

But there were other persons, associated with these recollections, and many changes came about before they had being—a necessary reflection for the purposes of these adventures, which at once subside into their accustomed train, and shunning all flighty anticipations of wayward wanderings, pursue their steady and decorous course.

If the Brothers Cheeryble, as they found Nicholas worthy of trust and confidence, bestowed upon him every day some new and substantial mark of kindness, they were not less mindful of those who depended on him. Various little presents to Mrs. Nickleby—always of the very things they most required—tended in no slight degree to the improvement and embellishment of the cottage. Kate's little store of trinkets became quite dazzling; and for company—! If Brother Charles and Brother Ned failed to look in for at least a few minutes every Sunday or one evening in the week, there was Mr. Tim Linkinwater (who had never made half-a-dozen other acquaintances in all his life, and who took such delight in his new friends as no words can express) constantly coming and going in his evening walks, and stopping to rest; while Mr. Frank Cheeryble happened, by some strange conjunction of circumstances, to be passing the door on some business or other at least three nights in the week.

"He's the most attentive young man I ever saw, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby to her daughter, one evening when this last-named gentleman had been the subject of the worthy lady's eulogium for some time, and Kate had set perfectly silent.

"Attentive, mama!" rejoined Kate.

"Bless my heart, Kate!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with her wonted suddenness, "what a colour you have got; why, you're quite flushed!"

"Oh, mama! what strange things you fancy."

"It wasn't fancy, Kate my dear, I'm certain of that," returned her mother. "However, it's gone now at any rate, so it don't much matter whether it was or not. What was it we were talking about? Oh! Mr. Frank. I never saw such attention in my life, never."

"Surely you are not serious," returned Kate, colouring again; and this time beyond all dispute.

"Not serious," returned Mrs. Nickleby; why shouldn't I be serious? I'm sure I never was more serious. I will say that his politeness and attention to me is one of the most becoming, gratifying, pleasant things I have seen for a very long time. You don't often meet with such behaviour in young men, and it strikes one more when one does meet with it."

"Oh! attention to you, mama," rejoined Kate quickly—"oh yes."

"Dear me, Kate," retorted Mrs. Nickleby, "what an extraordinary girl you are. Was it likely I should be talking of his attention to anybody else? I declare I'm quite sorry to think he should be in love with a German lady, that I am."

"He said very positively that it was no such thing, mama," returned Kate. "Don't you remember his saying so that very first night he came here? Besides," she added, in a more gentle tone, "why should we be sorry if it is the case? What is it to us, mama?"

"Nothing to us, Kate, perhaps," said Mrs. Nickleby emphatically; "but something to me, I confess. I like English people to be thorough English people, and not half English and half I don't know what. I shall tell him point-blank next time he comes, that I wish he would marry one of his own countrywomen; and see what he says to that."

"Pray don't think of such a thing, mama," returned Kate hastily; "not for the world. Consider—how very—"

"Well, my dear, how very what! said Mrs. Nickleby, opening her eyes in great astonishment.

Before Kate had returned any reply, a queer little double-knock announced that Miss La Creevy had called to see them; and when Miss La Creevy presented herself, Mrs. Nickleby, though strongly disposed to be argumentative on the previous question, forgot all about it in a gush of supposes about the coach she had come by; supposing that the man who drove must have been either the man in shirt-sleeves or the man with the black eye; that whoever he was, he hadn't found that parasol she left inside last week; that no doubt they had stopped a long while at the Halfway House, coming down; or that perhaps being full, they had come straight on; and lastly, that they surely must have passed Nicholas on the road.

"I saw nothing of him," answered Miss La Creevy; "but I saw that dear old soul Mr. Linkinwater."

"Taking his evening walk, and coming on to rest here before he turns back to the city, I'll be bound!" said Mrs. Nickleby.

"I should think he was," returned Miss La Creevy; especially as young Mr. Cheeryble was with him."

"Surely that is no reason why Mr. Linkinwater should be coming here," said Kate.

"Why I think it is, my dear," said Miss La Creevy.

"For a young man Mr. Frank is not a very great walker; and I observe that he generally falls tired,

and requires a good long rest, when he has come as far as this. But where is my friend?" said the little woman, looking about, after having glanced slyly at Kate. "He has not been run away with again, has he?"

"Ah! where is Mr. Smike!" said Mrs. Nickleby; "he was here this instant."

Upon further inquiry, it turned out, to the good lady's unbounded astonishment, that Smike had that moment gone up-stairs to bed.

"Well now," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he is the strangest creature! Last Tuesday—was it Tuesday? Yes to be sure it was; you recollect, Kate, my dear, the very last time young Mr. Cheeryble was here—last Tuesday night he went off in just the same strange way, at the very moment the knock came to the door. It cannot be that, he don't like company, because he is always fond of people who are fond of Nicholas, and I am sure young Mr. Cheeryble is. And the strangest thing is, that he does not go to bed; therefore it cannot be because he is tired. I know he doesn't go to bed, because my room is the next one, and when I went up-stairs last Tuesday, hours after him, I found that he had not even taken his shoes off, and he had no candle, so he must have sat moping in the dark all the time. Now, upon my word," said Mrs. Nickleby, "when I come to think of it, that's very extraordinary!"

As the hearers did not echo this sentiment, but remained profoundly silent, either as not knowing what to say, or as being unwilling to interrupt, Mrs. Nickleby pursued the thread of her discourse after her own fashion.

"I hope," said that lady, "that this unaccountable conduct may not be the beginning of his taking to his bed and living there all his life, like the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury, or the Cock-lane Ghost, or some of those extraordinary creatures. One of them had some connection with our family. I forget, without looking back to some old letters I have up-stairs, whether it was my great-grandfather who went to school with the Cock-lane Ghost, or the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury who went to school with my grandmother. Miss La Creevy, you know, of course. Which was it that didn't mind what the clergyman said? The Cock-lane Ghost, or the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury?"

"The Cock-lane Ghost, I believe."

"Then I have no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby "that it was with him my great-grandfather went to school; for I know the master of his school was a dissenter, and that would in a great measure account for the Cock-lane Ghost's behaving in such an improper manner to the clergymen when he grew up. Ah! Train up a Ghost—child, I mean—"

Any further reflections on this fruitful theme were abruptly cut short by the arrival of Tim Linkinwater, and Mr. Frank Cheeryble; in the hurry of receiving whom, Mrs. Nickleby speedily lost sight of everything else.

"I am so sorry Nicholas is not at home," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my dear, you must be both Nicholas and yourself."

"Miss Nickleby need be but herself," said Frank. "I—if I may venture to say so—oppose all change in her."

"Then at all events she shall press you to stay," returned Mrs. Nickleby. "Mr. Linkinwater says

ten minutes, but I cannot let you go so soon; Nicholas would be very much vexed, I am sure. Kate, my dear—."

In obedience to a great number of nods and winks and frowns of extra significance, Kate added her entreaties that the visitors would remain; but it was observable that she addressed them exclusively to Tim Linkinwater; and there was, besides, a certain embarrassment in her manner, which, although it was as far from impairing its graceful character as the single it communicated to her cheek was from diminishing her beauty, was obvious at a glance even to Mrs. Nickleby. Not being of a very speculative character, save under circumstances when her speculations could be put into words and uttered aloud, that discreet matron attributed the emotion to the circumstance of her daughter's not happening to have her best frock on—"though I never saw her look better certainly," she reflected at the same time. Having settled the question in this way, and being most complacently satisfied in this, as in all other instances, her conjecture could fail to be the right one, Mrs. Nickleby dismissed it from her thoughts, and inwardly congratulated herself on being so shrewd and knowing.

Nicholas did not come home, nor did Smike reappear; but neither circumstance to say the truth, had any great effect upon the little party, who were all in the best humour possible. Indeed there sprang up quite a flirtation between Miss La Creevy and Tim Linkinwater, who said a thousand jocose and facetious things, and became, by degrees, quite gallant, not to say tender. Little Miss La Creevy on her part was in high spirits, and rallied Tim on having remained a bachelor all his life, with so much success, that Tim was actually induced to declare, that if he could get anybody to have him, he didn't know but what he might change his condition even yet.—Miss La Creevy earnestly recommended a lady she knew who would exactly suit Mr. Linkinwater, and had a very comfortable property of her own; but this latter qualification had very little effect upon Tim, who manfully protested that fortune would be no object with him, but that true worth and cheerfulness of disposition were what a man should look for in a wife, and that if he had these he could find money enough for the moderate wants of both. This avowal was considered so honourable to Tim, that neither Mrs. Nickleby nor Miss La Creevy could sufficiently extol it; and stimulated by their praises, Tim launched out into several other declarations also manifesting the disinterestedness of his heart, and a great devotion to the fair sex, which were received with no less approbation. This was done and said with a comical mixture of jest and earnest, and leading to a great amount of laughter, made them very merry indeed.

Kate was commonly the life and soul of the conversation at home; but she was more silent than usual upon this occasion—perhaps because Tim and Miss La Creevy engrossed so much of it—and keeping aloof from the talkers, sat at the window watching the shadows as the evening closed in, and enjoying the quiet beauty of the night, which seemed to have scarcely less attractions for Frank, who first lingered near and then sat down beside her. No doubt there are a great many things to be said appropriate to a summer evening, and no doubt they

are best said in a low voice, as being most suitable to the peace and serenity of the hour; long pauses, too, at times, and then an earnest word or so, and then another interval of silence which somehow does not seem like silence either, and perhaps now and then a hasty turning away of the head, or drooping of the eyes towards the ground—all these minor circumstances, with a disinclination to have candles introduced and a tendency to confuse hours with minutes, are doubtless mere influences of the time, as many lovely lips can clearly testify. Neither is there the slightest reason why Mrs. Nickleby should have expressed surprise when—candles being at length brought in—Kate's bright eyes were unable to bear the light which obliged her to avert her face, and even to leave the room for some short time; because when one has sat in the dark so long, candles are dazzling, and nothing can be more strictly natural than that such results should be produced, as all well-informed young people know. For that matter, old people know it too, or did know it once, but they forget these things sometimes, and more's the pity.

The good lady's surprise, however, did not end here. It was greatly increased when it was discovered that Kate had not the least appetite for supper: a discovery so alarming that there is no knowing in what unaccountable efforts of oratory Mrs. Nickleby's apprehensions might have been vented, if the general attention had not been attracted at the moment by a very strange and uncommon noise, proceeding, as the pale and trembling servant-girl affirmed, and as everybody's sense of hearing seemed to affirm also, "right down" the chimney of the adjoining room.

It being quite plain to the comprehension of all present that however extraordinary and improbable it might appear, the noise did nevertheless proceed from the chimney in question; and the noise (which was a strange compound of various shuffling, sliding, rumbling, and struggling sounds all muffled by the chimney) still continuing, Frank Cheeryble caught up a candle, and Tim Linkinwater the tongs, and they would have very quickly ascertained the cause of this disturbance if Mrs. Nickleby had not been taken very faint, and declined being left behind on any account. This produced a short remonstrance, which terminated in their all proceeding to the troubled chamber in a body, excepting only Miss La Creevy, who, as the servant-girl volunteered a confession of having been subject to fits in her infancy, remained with her to give the alarm and apply restoratives, in case of extremity.

Advancing to the door of the mysterious apartment, they were not a little surprised to hear a human voice, chaunting with a highly elaborated expression of melancholy, and in tones of suffocation which a human voice might have produced from under five or six feather-beds of the best quality, the once popular air of "Has she then failed in her truth, the beautiful maid I adore!" Nor, on bursting into the room without demanding a parley, was their astonishment lessened by the discovery that these romantic sounds certainly proceeded from the throat of some man up the chimney, of whom nothing was visible but a pair of legs, which were dangling above the grate, apparently feeling with extreme anxiety for the top bar whereon to effect a landing.

A sight so unusual and unbusiness-like as this

completely paralysed Tim Linkinwater, who, after one or two gentle pinches at the stranger's ankles, which were productive of no effect, stood clapping the tongs together as if he were sharpening them for another assault, and did nothing else.

"This must be some drunken fellow," said Frank. "No thief would announce his presence thus."

As he said this with great indignation, he raised the candle to obtain a better view of the legs, and was darting forward to pull them down with very little ceremony, when Mrs. Nickleby, clasping her hands, uttered a sharp sound something between a scream and an exclamation, and demanded to know whether the mysterious limbs were not clad in small-clothes and grey worsted stockings, or whether her eyes had deceived her.

"Yes," cried Frank, looking a little closer. "Small-clothes certainly, and—and—rough grey stockings, too. Do you know him, ma'am?"

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, deliberately sitting herself down in a chair with that sort of desperate resignation which seemed to imply that now matters had come to a crisis, and all disguise was useless, "you will have the goodness, my love, to explain precisely how this matter stands. I have given him no encouragement—none whatever—not the least in the world. You know that, my dear, perfectly well. He was very respectful—exceedingly respectful—when he declared, as you were a witness to; still at the same time, if I am to be persecuted in this way, if vegetable what's-his-names and all kinds of garden-stuff are to strew my path out of doors, and gentlemen are to come choking up our chimneys at home, I really don't know—upon my word I do not know—what is to become of me. It's a very hard case—harder than anything I was ever exposed to before I married your poor dear papa, though I suffered a good deal of annoyance then—but, that, of course, I expected, and made up my mind for. When I was not nearly so old as you, my dear, there was a young gentleman who sat next us at church, who used almost every Sunday to cut my name in large letters in the front of his pew while the sermon was going on. It was gratifying, of course, naturally so, but still it was an annoyance, because the pew was in a very conspicuous place, and he was several times publicly taken out by the beadle for doing it. But that was nothing to this. This is a great deal worse and a great deal more embarrassing. I would rather, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, with great solemnity, and an effusion of tears—"I would rather, I declare, have been a pig-faced lady, than be exposed to such a life as this!"

Frank Cheeryble and Tim Linkinwater looked, in irrepressible astonishment, first at each other and then at Kate, who felt that some explanation was necessary, but who, between her terror at the apparition of the legs, her fear lest their owner should be smothered, and her anxiety to give the least ridiculous solution of the mystery that it was capable of bearing, was quite unable to utter a single word.

"He gives me great pain," continued Mrs. Nickleby, drying her eyes—"great pain; but don't hurt a hair of his head, I beg. On no account hurt a hair of his head."

It would not, under existing circumstances, have been quite so easy to hurt a hair of the gentleman's

head as Mrs. Nickleby seemed to imagine, inasmuch as that part of his person was some feet up the chimney, which was by no means a wide one. But all this time he had never left off singing about the bankruptcy of the beautiful maid in respect of truth, and now began not only to croak very feebly, but to kick with great violence, as if respiration became a task of difficulty. Frank Cheeryble, without further hesitation pulled at the shorts and worsteds with such heartiness as to bring him floundering into the room with greater precipitation than he had quite calculated upon.

"Oh! yes, yes," said Kate, directly the whole figure of the singular visitor appeared in this abrupt manner. "I know who it is. Pray don't be rough with him. Is he hurt? I hope not—oh, pray see if he is hurt."

"He is not, I assure you," replied Frank, handling the object of his surprise, after this appeal, with sudden tenderness and respect. "He is not hurt in the least."

"Don't let him come any nearer," said Kate, retreating as far as she could.

"No, no, he shall not," rejoined Frank. "You see I have him secure here. But may I ask you what this means, and whether you expected this old gentleman?"

"Oh, no," said Kate, "of course not; but he—mama does not think so, I believe—but he is a mad gentleman who has escaped from the next house, and must have found an opportunity of secreting himself here."

"Kate," interposed Mrs. Nickleby, with a severe dignity, "I am surprised at you."

"Dear mama—" Kate gently remonstrated.

"I am surprised at you," repeated Mrs. Nickleby; "upon my word, Kate, I am quite astonished that you should join the persecutors of this unfortunate gentleman, when you know very well that they have the basest designs upon his property, and that that is the whole secret of it. It would be much kinder of you, Kate, to ask Mr. Linkinwater or Mr. Cheeryble to interfere in his behalf, and see him righted. You ought not to allow your feelings to influence you; it's not right—very far from it. What should my feelings be, do you suppose? If anybody ought to be indignant, who is it? I, of course, and very properly so. Still, at the same time, I wouldn't commit such an injustice for the world. No," continued Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, and looking another way with a kind of bashful stateliness; "this gentleman will understand me when I tell him that I repeat the answer I gave him the other day—that I always will repeat it, though I do believe him to be sincere when I find him placing himself in such dreadful situations on my account—and that I request him to have the goodness to go away directly, or it will be impossible to keep his behaviour a secret from my son Nicholas. I am obliged to him, very much obliged to him, but I cannot listen to his addresses for a moment. It's quite impossible."

While this address was in course of delivery, the old gentleman, with his nose and cheeks embellished with large patches of soot, sat upon the ground with his arms folded, eyeing the spectators in profound silence, and with a very majestic demeanour. He did not appear to take the smallest notice of what Mrs. Nickleby said, but when she ceased to speak

he honoured her with a long stare, and inquired if she had quite finished.

"I have nothing more to say," replied that lady modestly. "I really cannot say anything more."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, raising his voice, "then bring in the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew."

Nobody executing this order, the old gentleman, after a short pause, raised his voice again and demanded a thunder sandwich. This article not being forthcoming either, he requested to be served with a fricassee of boot-tops and gold-fish sauce, and then laughing heartily, gratified his hearers with a very long, very loud, and most melodious bellow.

But still Mrs. Nickleby, in reply to the significant looks of all about her, shook her head as though to assure them that she saw nothing whatever in all this, unless, indeed, it were a slight degree of eccentricity. She might have remained impressed with these opinions down to the latest moment of her life, but for a slight train of circumstances, which, trivial as they were, altered the whole complexion of the case.

It happened that Miss La Creevy, finding her patient in no very threatening condition and being strongly impelled by curiosity to see what was going forward, bustled into the room while the old gentleman was in the very act of bellowing. It happened, too, that the instant the old gentleman saw her, he stopped short, skipped suddenly on his feet, and fell to kissing his hand violently: a change of demeanour which almost terrified the little portrait-painter out of her senses, and caused her to retreat behind Tim Linkinwater with the utmost expedition.

"Aha!" cried the old gentleman, folding his hands and squeezing them with great force against each other. "I see her now; I see her now. My love, my life, my bride, my peerless beauty. She is come at last—at last—and all is gas and gaiters!"

Mrs. Nickleby looked rather disconcerted for a moment, but immediately recovering, nodded to Miss La Creevy and the other spectators several times, and frowned, and smiled gravely, giving them to understand that she saw where the mistake was, and would set it all to rights in a minute or two.

"She is come!" said the old gentleman, laying his hand upon his heart. "Cormoran and Blunderbore! She is come! All the wealth I have is hers if she will take me for her slave. Where are grace beauty and blandishments like those! In the Empress of Madagascar? No. In the Queen of Diamonds? No. In Mrs. Rowland, who every morning bathes in Kalydor for nothing? No. Melt all these down into one, with the three Graces, the nine Muses, and fourteen biscuit-bakers' daughters from Oxford-street, and make a woman half as lovely. Pho! I defy you."

After uttering this rhapsody, the old gentleman snapped his fingers twenty or thirty times, and then subsided into an ecstatic contemplation of Miss La Creevy's charms. This affording Mrs. Nickleby a favourable opportunity of explanation, she went about it straight.

"I am sure," said the worthy lady, with a prefatory cough, "that it's a great relief under such trying circumstances as these, to have any body else mistaken for me—a very great relief; and it's a circumstance that never occurred before, although I have several times been mistaken for my daughter Kate.

I have no doubt the people were very foolish and perhaps ought to have known better, but still they did take me for her, and of course that was no fault of mine and it would be very hard indeed if I was to be made responsible for it. However, in this instance, of course I must feel that I should do exceedingly wrong if I suffered anybody—especially anybody that I am under great obligations to—to be made uncomfortable on my account, and therefore I think it my duty to tell that gentleman that he is mistaken—that I am the lady who he was told by some impertinent person was niece to the Council of Paving-stones, and that I do beg and intreat of him to go quietly away, if it's only for"—here Mrs. Nickleby simpered and hesitated—"for my sake."

It might have been expected that the old gentleman would have been penetrated to the heart by the delicacy and condescension of this appeal, and that he would at least have returned a courteous and suitable reply. What, then, was the shock which Mrs. Nickleby received, when, accosting her in the most unmistakable manner, he replied in a loud and sonorous voice—"Avaunt—Cat!"

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, in a faint tone.

"Cat!" repeated the old gentleman. "Puss, Kit, Tit, Grimalkin, Tabby, Brindle—Whoosh!" with which last sound, uttered in a hissing manner between his teeth, the old gentleman swung his arms violently round and round, and at the same time alternately advanced on Mrs. Nickleby, and retreated from her, in that species of savage dance with which boys on market-days may be seen to frighten pigs, sheep, and other animals, when they give out obstinate indications of turning down a wrong street.

Mrs. Nickleby wasted no words, but uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise, and immediately fainted away.

"I'll attend to mama," said Kate, hastily; "I am not at all frightened. But pray take him away; pray take him away."

Frank was not at all confident of his power of complying with this request, until he bethought himself of the stratagem of sending Miss La Creevy on a few paces in advance, and urging the old gentleman to follow her. It succeeded to a miracle; and he went away in a rapture of admiration, strongly guarded by Tim Linkinwater on one side, and Frank himself on the other.

"Kate," murmured Mrs. Nickleby, reviving when the coast was clear, "is he gone?"

She was assured that he was.

"I shall never forgive myself, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby; "Never! That gentleman has lost his senses, and I am the unhappy cause."

"You the cause!" said Kate, greatly astonished.

"I, my love," replied Mrs. Nickleby, with a desperate calmness. "You saw what he was the other day; you see what he is now. I told your brother, weeks and weeks ago, Kate, that I hoped a disappointment might not be too much for him. You see what a wreck he is. Making allowance for his being a little flighty, you know how rationally, and sensibly, and honourably he talked, when we saw him in the garden. You have heard the dreadful nonsense he has been guilty of this night, and the manner in which he has gone on with that poor unfortunate little old maid. Can anybody doubt how all this has been brought about!"

"I should scarcely think they could," said Kate mildly.

"I should scarcely think so, either," rejoined her mother. "Well! if I am the unfortunate cause of this, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am not to blame. I told Nicholas—I said to him, 'Nicholas, my dear, we should be very careful how we proceed.' He would scarcely hear me. If the matter had only been properly taken up at first, as I wished it to be— But you are both of you so like your poor papa. However, I have my consolation, and that should be enough for me!"

Washing her hands, thus, of all responsibility under this head, past, present, or to come, Mrs. Nickleby kindly added that she hoped her children might never have greater cause to reproach themselves than she had, and prepared herself to receive the escort, who soon returned with the intelligence that the old gentleman was safely housed, and that they found his custodians, who had been making merry with some friends, wholly ignorant of his absence.

Quiet being again restored, a delicious half hour—so Frank called it in the course of subsequent conversation with Tim Linkinwater as they were walking home—a delicious half hour was spent in conversation, and Tim's watch at length apprising him that it was high time to depart, the ladies were left alone, though not without many offers on the part of Frank to remain until Nicholas arrived, no matter what hour of the night it might be, if, after the late neighbourly interruption, they entertained the least fear of being left to themselves. As their freedom from all further apprehensions, however, left no pretext for his insisting on mounting guard, he was obliged to abandon the citadel, and to retire with the trusty Tim.

Nearly three hours of silence passed away, and Kate blushed to find when Nicholas returned, how long she had been sitting alone occupied with her own thoughts.

"I really thought it had not been half an hour," she said.

"They must have been pleasant thoughts, Kate," rejoined Nicholas gaily, "to make time pass away like that. What were they now?"

Kate was confused; she toyed with some trifle on the table—looked up and smiled—looked down and dropped a tear.

"Why, Kate?" said Nicholas, drawing his sister towards him and kissing her, "let me see your face. No? Ah! that was but a glimpse; that's scarcely fair. A longer look than that, Kate. Come—and I'll read your thoughts for you."

There was something in this proposition, albeit it was said without the slightest consciousness of application, which so alarmed his sister, that Nicholas laughingly changed the subject to domestic matters, and thus gathered by degrees as they left the room and went up-stairs together, how lonely Smike had been all night—and by very slow degrees, too, for on this subject also Kate seemed to speak with some reluctance.

"Poor fellow," said Nicholas, tapping gently at his door, "what can be the cause of all this?"

Kate was hanging on her brother's arm, and the door being quickly opened, had not time to disengage

herself, before Smike, very pale and haggard, and completely dressed, confronted them.

"And have you not been to bed?" said Nicholas.

"N—n—no," was the reply.

Nicholas gently detained his sister, who made an effort to retire; and asked, "Why not?"

"I could not sleep," said Smike, grasping the hand which his friend extended to him.

"You are not well?" rejoined Nicholas.

"I am better, indeed—a great deal better," said Smike quickly.

"Then why do you give way to these fits of melancholy?" inquired Nicholas, in his kindest manner; "or why not tell us the cause? You grow a different creature, Smike."

"I do; I know I do," he replied. "I will tell you the reason one day, but not now. I hate myself for this; you are all so good and kind. But I cannot help it. My heart is very full;—you do not know how full it is."

He wrung Nicholas's hand before he released it; and glancing for a moment at the brother and sister as they stood together, as if there were something in their strong affection which touched him very deeply, withdrew into his chamber, and was soon the only watcher under that quiet roof.

CHAPTER L.

Involves a Serious Catastrophe.

THE little race-course at Hampton was in the full tide and height of its gaiety, the day as dazzling as day could be, the sun high in the cloudless sky and shining in its fullest splendour. Every gaudy colour that fluttered in the air from carriage seat and garish tent top, shone out in its gaudiest hues. Old dingy flags grew new again, faded gilding was re-burnished, stained rotten canvass looked a snowy white; the very beggars' rags were freshened up, and sentiment quite forgot its charity in its fervent admiration of poverty so picturesque.

It was one of those scenes of life and animation, caught in its very brightest and freshest moments, which can scarcely fail to please: for if the eye be tired of show and glare, or the ear be weary with a ceaseless round of noise, the one may repose, turn almost where it will, on eager, happy and expectant faces, and the other deaden all consciousness of more annoying sounds in those of mirth and exhilaration. Even the sun-burnt faces of gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there, to know that the air and light are on them every day, to feel that they are children and lead children's lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of Heaven, and not with tears; that the limbs of their girls are free, and that they are not crippled by distortions, imposing an unnatural and horrible penance upon their sex; that their lives are spent from day to day at least among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines which make young children old before they know what childhood is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmity of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send that old nursery tales were true, and that gipsies stole such children by the score!

The great race of the day had just been run; and the close lines of people on either side of the course suddenly breaking up and pouring into it, imparted a new liveliness to the scene, which was again all busy movement. Some hurried eagerly to catch a glimpse of the winning horse, others darted to and fro searching no less eagerly for the carriages they had left in quest of better stations. Here a little knot gathered round a pea and thimble table to watch the plucking of some unhappy greenhorn, and there another proprietor with his confederates in various disguises—one man in spectacles, another with an eye-glass and a stylish hat, a third dressed as a farmer well to do in the world, with his top-coat over his arm and his flash notes in a large leathern pocket-book, and all with heavy-handed whips to represent most innocent country fellows who had trotted there on horseback; sought, by loud and noisy talk and pretended play, to entrap some unwary customer, while the gentlemen confederates (of more villainous aspect still, in clean linen and good clothes,) betrayed their close interest in the concern by the anxious furtive glance they cast on all new comers. These would be hanging on the outskirts of a wide circle of people assembled round some itinerant juggler, opposed in his turn by a noisy band of music, or the classic game of "Ring the Bull," while ventriloquists holding dialogues with wooden dolls, and fortune-telling women smothering the cries of real babies, divided with them, and many more, the general attention of the company. Drinking-tents were full, glasses began to clink in carriages, hampers to be unpacked, tempting provisions to be set forth, knives and forks to rattle, champagne corks to fly, eyes to brighten that were not dull before, and pickpockets to count their gains during the last heat. The attention so recently strained on one object of interest, was now divided among a hundred; and look where you would, was a motley assemblage of feasting, laughing, talking, begging, gambling, and mummery.

Of the gambling-booths there was a plentiful show, flourishing in all the splendour of carpeted ground, striped hangings, crimson cloth, pinnacled roofs, geranium pots, and livery servants. There were the Stranger's club-house, the Athenæum club-house, the Hampton club-house, the Saint James's club-house, and half-a-mile of club-houses to play in; and there was *rouge-et-noir*, French hazard, and *La Marveille*, to play at. It is info one of these booths that our story takes its way.

Fitted up with three tables for the purposes of play, and crowded with players and lookers on, it was—although the largest place of the kind upon the course—intensely hot, notwithstanding that a portion of the canvas roof was rolled back to admit more air, and there were two doors for a free passage in and out. Excepting one or two men who—each with a long roll of half-crowns, chequered with a few stray sovereigns, in his left hand—staked their money at every roll of the ball with a business-like sedateness which showed that they were used to it, and had been playing all day and most probably all the day before, there was no very distinctive character about the players, who were chiefly young men apparently attracted by curiosity, or staking small sums as part of the amusement of the day, with no very great interest in winning or losing. There were two persons present, however, who, as peculiar-

ly good specimens of a class, deserve a passing notice.

Of these, one was a man of six or eight and fifty, who sat on a chair near one of the entrances of the booth, with his hands folded on the top of his stick and his chin appearing above them. He was a tall, fat, long-bodied man, buttoned up to the throat in a light green coat, which made his body look still longer than it was, and wore besides drab breeches and gaiters, a white neckerchief, and a broad-brimmed white hat. Amid all the buzzing noise of the games and the perpetual passing in and out of people, he seemed perfectly calm and abstracted, without the smallest particle of excitement in his composition. He exhibited no indication of weariness, nor, to a casual observer, of interest either. There he sat, quite still and collected. Sometimes, but very rarely, he nodded to some passing face, or beckoned to a waiter to obey a call from one of the tables. The next instant he subsided into his old state. He might have been some profoundly deaf old gentleman, who had come in to take a rest, or he might have been patiently waiting for a friend without the least consciousness of anybody's presence, or fixed in a trance, or under the influence of opium. People turned round and looked at him; he made no gesture, caught nobody's eye,—let them pass away, and others come on and be succeeded by others, and took no notice. When he did move, it seemed wonderful how he could have seen anything to occasion it. And so in truth it was. But there was not a face that passed in or out this man failed to see, not a gesture at any one of the three tables that was lost upon him, not a word spoken by the bankers but reached his ear, not a winner or loser he could not have marked; and he was the proprietor of the place.

The other presided over the *rouge-et-noir* table. He was probably some ten years younger, and was a plump, paunchy, sturdy-looking fellow, with his under lip a little pursed from a habit of counting money inwardly as he paid it, but with no decidedly bad expression in his face, which was rather an honest and jolly one than otherwise. He wore no coat, the weather being hot, and stood behind the table with a huge mound of crowns and half-crowns before him, and a cash-box for notes. This game was constantly playing. Perhaps twenty people would be staking at the same time. This man had to roll the ball; to watch the stakes as they were laid down, to gather them off the colour which lost, to pay those who won, to do it all with the utmost despatch, to roll the ball again, and to keep this game perpetually alive. He did it all with a rapidity absolutely marvellous; never hesitating, never making a mistake, never stopping, and never ceasing to repeat such unconnected phrases as the following, which, partly from habit, and partly to have something appropriate and business-like to say, he constantly poured out with the same monotonous emphasis, and in nearly the same order, all day long:

"Rooge-a-nore from Paris gentlemen, make your game and back your own opinions—any time while the ball rolls—rooge-a-nore from Paris gentlemen, it's a French game, gentlemen, I brought it over myself I did indeed!—rooge-a-nore from Paris—black wins—black—stop a minute, sir, and I'll pay you directly—two there, half a pound there, three there—

and one there—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling—any time, sir, while the ball rolls—the beauty of this game is, that you can double your stakes or put down your money, gentlemen, any time while the ball rolls—black again—black wins—I never saw such a thing—I never did in all my life, upon my word I never did; if any gentleman had been backing the black in the last five minutes he must have won five-and-forty pound in four rolls of the ball, he must indeed—Gentlemen, we've port, sherry, cigars, and most excellent champagne. Here, waiter, bring a bottle of champagne, and let's have a dozen or fifteen cigars here—and let's be comfortable, gentlemen—and bring some clean glasses—any time while the ball rolls—I lost one hundred and thirty-seven pound yesterday, gentlemen, at one roll of the ball: I did indeed! how do you do, sir," (recognising some knowing gentleman without any halt or change of voice, and giving a wink so slight that it seems an accident) "will you take a glass of sherry, sir—here waiter; bring a clean glass, and hand the sherry to this gentleman—and hand it round, will you waiter—this is the rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen—any time while the ball rolls—gentlemen, make your game, and back your own opinions—it's the rooge-a-nore from Paris, quite a new game, I brought it over myself, I did indeed—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling!"

This officer was busily plying his vocation when half-a-dozen persons sauntered through the booth, to whom—but without stopping either in his speech or work—he bowed respectfully, at the same time directing by a look the attention of a man beside him to the tallest figure in the group, in recognition of whom the proprietor pulled off his hat. This was Sir Mulberry Hawk, with whom were his friend and pupil, and a small train of gentlemanly-dressed men, of characters more doubtful than obscure.

The proprietor, in a low voice, bade Sir Mulberry good day. Sir Mulberry, in the same tone, bade the proprietor go to the devil, and turned to speak with his friends.

There was evidently an irritable consciousness about him that he was an object of curiosity on this first occasion of showing himself in public after the accident that had befallen him; and it was easy to perceive that he appeared on the race-course, that day, more in the hope of meeting with a great many people who knew him, and so getting over as much as possible of the annoyance at once, than with any purpose of enjoying the sport. There yet remained a slight scar upon his face, and whenever he was recognised, as he was almost every minute by people sauntering in and out, he made a restless effort to conceal it with his glove, showing how keenly he felt the disgrace he had undergone.

"Ah! Hawk," said one very sprucely-dressed personage in a New-market coat, a choice neckerchief, and all other accessories of the most unexceptionable kind. "How d'ye do, old fellow?"

This was a rival trainer of young noblemen and gentlemen, and the person of all others whom Sir Mulberry most hated and dreaded to meet. They shook hands with excessive cordiality.

"And how are you now, old fellow, hey?"

"Quite well, quite well," said Sir Mulberry.

"That's right," said the other. "How d'ye do,

Verisopht! He's a little pulled down, our friend here—rather out of condition still, hey?"

It should be observed that the gentleman had very white teeth, and that when there was no excuse for laughing, he generally finished with the same monosyllable, which he uttered so as to display them.

"He's in very good condition, there's nothing the matter with him," said the young man carelessly.

"Upon my soul I'm glad to hear it," rejoined the other. "Have you just returned from Brussels?"

"We only reached town late last night," said Lord Frederick. Sir Mulberry turned away to speak to one of his own party, and feigned not to hear.

"Now, upon my life," said the friend, affecting to speak in a whisper, "it's an uncommonly bold and game thing in Hawk to show himself so soon. I say it advisedly, there's a vast deal of courage in it. You see he has just rusticated long enough to excite curiosity, and not long enough for men to have forgotten that deuced unpleasant—by the bye—you know the rights of the affair, of course. Why did you never give those confounded papers the lie? I seldom read the papers, but I looked in the papers for that, and may I be—"

"Look in the papers," interrupted Sir Mulberry, turning suddenly round—"to-morrow—no, next day, will you?"

"Upon my life, my dear fellow, I seldom or never read the papers," said the other, shrugging his shoulders, "but I will at your recommendation. What shall I look for, hey?"

"Good day," said Sir Mulberry, turning abruptly on his heel, and drawing his pupil with him. Falling again into the loitering careless pace at which they had entered, they lounged out arm in arm.

"I won't give him a case of murder to read," muttered Sir Mulberry with an oath; "but it shall be something very near it, if whip-cord cuts and bludgeons bruise."

His companion said nothing, but there was that in his manner which galled Sir Mulberry to add, with nearly as much ferocity as if his friend had been Nicholas himself.

"I sent Jenkins to Nickleby before eight o'clock this morning. He's a staunch one; he was back with me before the messenger. I had it all from him in the first five minutes. I know where this hound is to be met with—time and place both. But there's no need to talk; to-morrow will soon be here."

"And wha-at's to be done to-morrow?" inquired Lord Frederick.

Sir Mulberry Hawk honoured him with an angry glance, but condescended to return no verbal answer to this inquiry, and both walked sullenly on as though their thoughts were busily occupied, until they were quite clear of the crowd, and almost alone, when Sir Mulberry wheeled round to return.

"Stop," said his companion, "I want to speak to you—in earnest. Don't turn back. Let us walk here a few minutes."

"What have you to say to me, that you could not say yonder as well as here?" returned his Mentor disengaging his arm.

"Hawk," rejoined the other, "tell me; I must know—"

"Must know," interrupted the other disdainfully. "Whew! Go on. If you must know, of course there's no escape for me. Must know!"

"Must ask then," returned Lord Frederick, "and must press you for a plain and straight-forward answer—is what you have just said only a mere whim of the moment, occasioned by your being out of humour and irritated, or is it your serious intention, and one that you have actually contemplated?"

"Why, don't you remember what passed on the subject one night, when I was laid up with a broken limb?" said Sir Mulberry with a sneer.

"Perfectly well."

"Then take that for an answer, in the devil's name," replied Sir Mulberry, "and ask me for no other."

Such was the ascendancy he had acquired over his dupe, and such the latter's general habit of submission, that, for the moment, the young man seemed half-afraid to pursue the subject. He soon overcame this feeling, however, if it had restrained him at all, and retorted angrily:

"If I remember what passed at the time you speak of, I expressed a strong opinion on this subject, and said that with my knowledge or consent, you never should do what you threaten now."

"Will you prevent me?" asked Sir Mulberry, with a laugh.

"Ye-es, if I can;" returned the other, promptly.

"A very proper saving clause, that last," said Sir Mulberry; "and one you stand in need of. Oh! look to your own business, and leave me to look to mine."

"This is mine," retorted Lord Frederick. "I make it mine; I will make it mine. It's mine already. I am more compromised than I should be, as it is."

"Do as you please, and what you please, for yourself," said Sir Mulberry affecting an easy good humour. "Surely that must content you! Do nothing for me; that's all. I advise no man to interfere in proceedings that I choose to take, and I am sure you know me better than to do so. The fact is, I see, you mean to offer me advice. It is well meant, I have no doubt, but I reject it. Now, if you please, we will return to the carriage. I find no entertainment here, but quite the reverse, and if we prolonged this conversation we might quarrel, which would be no proof of wisdom in either you or me."

With this rejoinder, and waiting for no further discussion, Sir Mulberry Hawk yawned, and very leisurely turned back.

There was not a little tact and knowledge of the young lord's disposition in this mode of treating him. Sir Mulberry clearly saw that if his dominion were to last, it must be established now. He knew that the moment he became violent, the young man would become violent too. He had many times been enabled to strengthen his influence when any circumstance had occurred to weaken it, by adopting this cool and laconic style, and he trusted to it now, with very little doubt of its entire success.

But while he did this, and wore the most careless and indifferent deportment that his practised arts enabled him to assume, he inwardly resolved not only to visit all the mortification of being compelled to suppress his feelings, with additional severity upon Nicholas, but also to make the young lord pay dearly for it one day in some shape or other. So long as he had been a passive instrument in his hands, Sir Mulberry had regarded him with no other feeling than contempt; but now that he presumed to avow opinions in opposition to his, and even to turn upon him with a lofty tone and an air of superiority, he began to hate him. Conscious that in the vilest and most worthless sense of the term, he was dependent upon the weak young lord, Sir Mulberry could the

less brook humiliation at his hands, and when he began to dislike him he measured his dislike—as men often do—by the extent of the injuries he had inflicted upon its object. When it is remembered that Sir Mulberry Hawk had plundered, duped, deceived, and fooled his pupil in every possible way, it will not be wondered at that beginning to hate him, he began to hate him cordially.

On the other hand, the young lord having thought—which he very seldom did about anything—having thought, and seriously too, upon the affair with Nicholas, and the circumstances which led to it, had arrived at a manly and honest conclusion. Sir Mulberry's coarse and insulting behaviour on the occasion in question had produced a deep impression on his mind; a strong suspicion of his having led him on to pursue Miss Nickleby for purposes of his own, had been lurking there for some time; he really was ashamed of his share in the transaction, and deeply mortified by the misgiving that he had been gulled. He had had sufficient leisure to reflect upon these things during their late retirement, and at times when his careless and indolent nature would permit, had availed himself of the opportunity. Slight circumstances too had occurred to increase his suspicion. It wanted but a very slight circumstance to kindle his wrath against Sir Mulberry, and this his disdainful and insolent tone, in their recent conversation (the only one they had held upon the subject since the period to which Sir Mulberry referred) effected.

Thus they rejoined their friends, each with causes of dislike against the other ranking in his breast, and the young man haunted besides with thoughts of the vindictive retaliation which was threatened against Nicholas, and the determination to prevent it by some strong step, if possible. But this was not all. Sir Mulberry, conceiving that he had silenced him effectually, could not suppress his triumph, or forbear from following up what he conceived to be his advantage. Mr. Pyke was there, and Mr. Pluck was there, and Colonel Chouser, and other gentlemen of the same caste, and it was a great point for Sir Mulberry to show them that he had not lost his influence. At first the young lord contented himself with a silent determination to take measures for withdrawing himself from the connection immediately. By degrees he grew more angry, and was exasperated by jests and familiarities which in a few hours before would have been a source of amusement to him. This did not serve him, for at such bantering or retort as suited the company, he was no match for Sir Mulberry. Still no violent rupture took place, and they returned to town, Messrs. Pyke and Pluck and other gentlemen frequently protesting on the way thither, that Sir Mulberry had never been in such tip-top spirits in all his life.

They dined together sumptuously. The wine flowed freely, as indeed it had done all day. Sir Mulberry drank to recompense himself for his recent abstinence, the young lord to drown his indignation, and the remainder of the party because the wine was of the best and they had nothing to pay. It was nearly midnight when they rushed out, wild, burning with wine, their blood boiling, and their brains on fire, to the gaming-table.

Here they encountered another party, mad like themselves. The excitement of play, hot rooms,

and glaring lights, was not calculated to allay the fever of the time. In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the morrow, in the savage intoxication of the moment? More wine was called for, glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalding mouths were cracked with thirst. Down poured the wine like oil on blazing fire. And still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height—glasses were dashed upon the floor by hands that could not carry them to their lips, oaths were shouted out by lips which could scarcely form the words to vent them in; drunken losers cursed and roared; some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sang, some tore the cards and raved.—Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the throat, struggled into the middle of the room.

A dozen voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the combatants, and forcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.

"Let me go!" cried Sir Mulberry, in a thick hoarse voice; "he struck me! Do you hear? I say, he struck me. Have I a friend here? Who is this? Westwood, do you hear me say he struck me?"

"I hear, I hear," replied one of those who held him. "Come away for to-night."

"I will not, by G—" he replied, fiercely. "A dozen men about us saw the blow."

"To-morrow will be ample time," said the friend.

"It will not be ample time!" cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. "To-night—at once—here!" His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clenching his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

"What is this, my lord?" said one of those who surrounded him. "Have blows passed?"

"One blow has," was the panting reply. "I struck him, I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say, with him, let this quarrel be adjusted now. Captain Adams," said the young lord, looking hurriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed, "Let me speak with you, I beg."

The person addressed stepped forward, and taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterwards by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew noisily discussing what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honour who lived upon their winnings remarked to each other that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Both utterly heartless,

both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honour themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself up.

"Very," returned the captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one course of course."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain. "The original cause of dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied certain terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long reexamination upon a great many sore subjects, charges, and counter-charges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic; Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heart of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is no more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strong feeling to have it over; do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river-side?"

The captain saw no objection.

"Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr. Westwood.

To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my room for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab, for yours, perhaps, might be recognised."

What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time mis-spent and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and

burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

"Shivering!" said the captain. "You are cold."

"Rather."

"It does strike cool, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we're off."

They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the captain's lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the open road, without hindrance or molestation.

Fields, trees, gardens, hedges, everything looked very beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them before, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind; but as he looked about him he had less anger, and though all old delusions, relative to his worthless late companion, were now cleared away, he rather wished he had never known him than thought of its having come to this.

The past night, the day before, and many other days and nights beside, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune in which he could recognise scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stunning and bewildering sound like rushing water. But his companion rallied him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act of smoking, but on reflection he remembered when and where he had taken the cigar.

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm trees, which, meeting far above their heads, formed a long green perspective of gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin in the open sky.

After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and taking a track across a little meadow, passed Ham House and came into some fields beyond. In one of these they stopped. The ground was measured, some usual forms gone through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face towards his young adversary for the first time. He was very pale—his eyes were bloodshot, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled,—all most probably the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but violent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his opponent steadfastly for a few moments, and then taking the weapon which was tendered to him, bent his eyes upon that, and looked up no more until the word was given, when he instantly fired.

The two shots were fired as nearly as possible at the same instant. In that instant the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

"He's gone," cried Westwood, who with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it.

"His blood on his own head," said Sir Mulberry. "He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me."

"Captain Adams, cried Westwood, hastily, "I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately, push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and don't remain here; the living before the dead—good bye."

With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hurried him away. Captain Adams, only pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped off in the same direction, to concert measures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom and others like him he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and, amidst it all, and pressing down the grass whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

CHAPTER LI.

The project of Mr. Ralph Nickleby and his friend approaching a successful issue, becomes unexpectedly known to another party, not admitted into their confidence.

IN an old house, dismal dark and dusty, which seemed to have withered, like himself, and to have grown yellow and shrivelled in hoarding him from the light of day, as he had been in hoarding his money, lived Arthur Gride. Meagre old chairs and tables of spare and bony make, and hard and cold as miser's hearts, were ranged in grim array against the gloomy walls; attenuated presses, grown lank and lantern-jawed in guarding the treasures they enclosed, and tottering, as though from constant fear and dread of thieves, shrunk up in dark corners, whence they cast no shadows on the ground, and seemed to hide and cower from observation. A tall grim clock upon the stairs, with long lean hands and famished face, ticked in cautious whispers, and when it struck the time in thin and piping sounds, like an old man's voice, rattled as if 'twere pinched with hunger.

No fireside couch was there, to invite repose and comfort. Elbow-chairs there were, but they looked

uneasy in their minds, cocked their arms suspiciously and timidly, and kept upon their guard. Others were fantastically grim and gaunt, as having drawn themselves up to their utmost height, and put on their fiercest looks to stare all comers out of countenance. Others again knocked up against their neighbours, or leant for support against the wall, somewhat ostentatiously, as if to call all men to witness that they were not worth the taking. The dark square lumbering bedsteads seemed built for restless dreams; the musty hangings to creep in scanty folds together, whispering among themselves, when rustled by the wind, their trembling knowledge of the tempting wares that lurked within the dark and tight-locked closets.

From out the most spare and hungry room in all this spare and hungry house, there came one morning the tremulous tones of old Gride's voice, as it feebly chirruped forth the fag end of some forgotten song, of which the burden ran

Ta—ran—tan—too,
Throw the old shoe,
And unay the wedding be lucky :

which he repeated in the same shrill quavering notes again and again, until a violent fit of coughing obliged him to desist, and to pursue in silence the occupation upon which he was engaged.

This occupation was to take down from the shelves of a worm-eaten wardrobe, a quantity of frowsy garments, one by one; to subject each to a careful and minute inspection by holding it up against the light, and after folding it with great exactness, to lay it on one or other of two little heaps beside him. He never took two articles of clothing out together, but always brought them forth singly, and never failed to shut the wardrobe door and turn the key, between each visit to its shelves.

"The snuff-coloured suit," said Arthur Gride, surveying a threadbare coat, "Did I look well in snuff-colour? let me think."

The result of his cogitations appeared to be unfavourable, for he folded the garment once more, laid it aside, and mounted on a chair to get down another, chirping while he did so—

Young, loving, and fair,
Oh what happiness there!
The wedding is sure to be lucky.

"They always put in 'young,'" said old Arthur, "but songs are only written for the sake of rhyme, and this is a silly one that the poor country people sang when I was a little boy. Though stop—young is quite right too—it means the bride—yes. He, he, ho! It means the bride. Oh dear, that's good. That's very good." And true besides—quite true!"

In the satisfaction of this discovery he went over the verse again with increased expression and a shake or two here and there, and then resumed his employment.

"The bottle-green," said old Arthur; "the bottle-green was a famous suit to wear, and I bought it very cheap at a pawnbroker's, and there was—he, he, he!—a tarnished shilling in the waistcoat pocket. To think that the pawnbroker shouldn't have known there was a shilling in it! I knew it; I felt it when I was examining the quality. Oh, what a dull dog!

It was a lucky suit too, this bottle-green. The very day I put it on first, old Lord Mallowford was burnt to death in his bed, and all the post-obits fell in. I'll be married in the bottle-green. Peg—Peg Sliderskew—I'll wear the bottle-green."

This call, loudly repeated twice or thrice at the room door, brought into the apartment a short, thin, weazen, blear-eyed old woman, palsy-stricken and hideously ugly, who, wiping her shrivelled face upon her dirty apron, inquired, in that subdued tone in which deaf people commonly speak:—

"Was that you a calling, or only the clock a striking? My hearing gets so bad, I never know which is which; but when I hear a noise I know it must be one of you, because nothing else ever stirs in the house."

"Me, Peg—me," said Arthur Gride, tapping himself on the breast to render the reply more intelligible.

"You, eh?" returned Peg. "And what do you want?"

"I'll be married in the bottle-green," cried Arthur Gride.

"It's a deal too good to be married in, master," rejoined Peg, after a short inspection of the suit. "Haven't you got anything worse than this?"

"Nothing that'll do," replied old Arthur.

"Why not do?" retorted Peg. "Why don't you wear your every-day clothes like a man—eh?"

"They an't becoming enough, Peg," returned her master.

"Not what enough?" said Peg.

"Becoming."

"Becoming what?" said Peg sharply. "Not becoming too old to wear?"

Arthur Gride muttered an imprecation upon his housekeeper's deafness, as he roared in her ear:—

"Not smart enough: I want to look as well as I can."

"Look?" cried Peg. "If she's as handsome as you say she is, she won't look much at you, master, take your oath of that; and as to how you look yourself—pepper-and-salt, bottle-green, sky-blue, or tartan-plaid, will make no difference in you."

With which consolatory assurance, Peg Sliderskew gathered up the chosen suit, and folding her skinny arms upon the bundle, stood mouthing, and grinning, and blinking her watery eyes like an uncouth figure in some monstrous piece of carving.

"You're in a funny humour, an't you, Peg?" said Arthur, with not the best possible grace.

"Why, isn't it enough to make me?" rejoined the old woman. "I shall soon enough be put out, though, if any body tries to domineer it over me, and so I give you notice, master. Nobody shall be put over Peg Sliderskew's head after so many years; you know that, and so I needn't tell you. That won't do for me—no, no, nor for you. Try that once and come to ruin—ruin—ruin."

"Oh dear, dear, I shall never try it," said Arthur Gride, appalled by the mention of the word, "not for the world. It would be very easy to ruin me; we must be very careful; more saving than ever with another mouth to feed. Only we—we musn't let her lose her good looks, Peg, because I like to see 'em."

"Take care you don't find good looks come expensive," returned Peg, shaking her fore-finger.

"But she can earn money herself, Peg," said Ar-

thur Gride, eagerly watching what effect his communication produced upon the old woman's countenance: "She can draw, paint, work all manner of pretty things for ornamenting stools and chairs; slippers, Peg, watch-guards, hair-chains, and a thousand little dainty trifles that I couldn't give you half the names of. Then she can play the piano, (and, what's more, she's got one,) and sing like a little bird. She'll be very cheap to dress and keep, Peg; don't you think she will?"

"If you don't let her make a fool of you, she may," returned Peg.

"A fool of me!" exclaimed Arthur. "Trust your old master not to be fooled by pretty faces, Peg; no, no, no—nor by ugly ones neither, Mrs. Sliderskew," he softly added by way of soliloquy.

"You're a saying something you don't want me to hear," said Peg; "I know you are."

"Oh dear! the devil's in this woman," muttered Arthur; adding with an ugly leer, "I said I trusted everything to you, Peg, that was all."

"You do that, master, and all your cares are over," said Peg approvingly.

"When I do that, Peg Sliderskew," thought Arthur Gride, "they will be."

Although he thought this very distinctly, he durst not move his lips lest the old woman should detect him. He even seemed half afraid that she might have read his thoughts, for he leered coaxingly upon her as he said aloud:—

"Take up all loose stitches in the bottle-green with the best black silk. Have a skein of the best, and some new buttons for the coat, and—this is a good idea, Peg, and one you'll like, I know—as I have never given her anything yet, and girls like such attentions, you shall polish up a sparkling necklace that I've got up stairs, and I'll give it her upon the wedding morning—clasp it round her charming little neck myself—and take it away again next day. He, he, he!—lock it up for her, Peg, and lose it. Who'll be made the fool of there, I wonder, to begin with—eh Peg?"

Mrs. Sliderskew appeared to approve highly of this ingenious scheme, and expressed her satisfaction by various rackings and twitchings of her head and body, which by no means enhanced her charms. These she prolonged until she had hobbled to the door, when she exchanged them for a sour malignant look, and twisting her under-jaw from side to side, muttered hearty curses upon the future Mrs. Gride, as she crept slowly down the stairs, and paused for breath at nearly every one.

"She's half a witch, I think," said Arthur Gride, when he found himself again alone. "But she's very frugal, and she's very deaf; her living costs me next to nothing, and it's no use her listening at keyholes for she can't hear. She's a charming woman—for the purpose; a most discreet old house-keeper, and worth her weight in—copper."

Having extolled the merits of his domestic in these high terms, old Arthur went back to the burden of his song, and, the suit destined to grace his approaching nuptials being now selected, replaced the others with no less care than he had displayed in drawing them from the musty nooks where they had silently reposed for many years.

Startled by a ring at the door he hastily concluded this operation, and locked the press; but there was

no need for any particular hurry as the discreet Peg seldom knew the bell was rung unless she happened to cast her dim eyes upwards and to see it shaking against the kitchen ceiling. After a short delay, however, Peg tottered in, followed by Newman Noggs.

"Ah! Mr. Noggs!" cried Arthur Gride, rubbing his hands. "My good friend, Mr. Noggs, what news do you bring for me?"

Newman, with a steadfast and immovable aspect, and his fixed eye very fixed indeed, replied, suiting the action to the word, "A letter. From Mr. Nickleby. The bearer waits."

"Won't you take a—a—"

Newman looked up, and smacked his lips.

"A chair?" said Arthur Gride.

"No," replied Newman. "Thank'ee."

Arthur opened the letter with trembling hands, and devoured its contents with the utmost greediness, chuckling rapturously over it and reading it several times before he could take it from before his eyes. So many times did he peruse and re-peruse it, that Newman considered it expedient to remind him of his presence.

"Answer," said Newman. "Bearer waits."

"True," replied old Arthur. "Yes—yes; I almost forgot, I do declare."

"I thought you were forgetting," said Newman.

"Quite right to remind me, Mr. Noggs. Oh, very right indeed," said Arthur. "Yes. I'll write a line. I'm—I'm—rather flurried, Mr. Noggs. The news is—"

"Bad?" interrupted Newman.

"No, Mr. Noggs, thank you; good, good. The very best of news. Sit down, I'll get the pen and ink, and write a line in answer. I'll not detain you long, I know you're a treasure to your master, Mr. Noggs. He speaks of you in such terms sometimes, that, oh dear! you'd be astonished. I may say that I do too, and always did. I always say the same of you."

"That's 'Curse Mr. Noggs with all my heart!' then, if you do," thought Newman, as Gride hurried out.

The letter had fallen on the ground. Looking carefully about him for an instant, Newman, impelled by curiosity to know the result of the design he had overheard from his office closet, caught it up and rapidly read as follows:

"Gride,

"I saw Bray again this morning, and proposed the day after to-morrow (as you suggested) for the marriage. There is no objection on his part, and all days are alike to his daughter. We will go together, and you must be with me by seven in the morning. I need not tell you to be punctual.

"Make no further visits to the girl in the meantime. You have been there of late much oftener than you should. She does not languish for you, and it might have been dangerous. Restrain your youthful ardour for eight-and-forty hours, and leave her to the father. You only undo what he does, and does well.

Yours,

"RALPH NICKLEBY."

A footstep was heard without. Newman dropped the letter on the same spot again, pressed it with his

fect to prevent its fluttering away, regained his seat in a single stride, and looked as vacant and unconscious as ever mortal looked. Arthur Gride, after peering nervously about him, spied it on the ground, picked it up, and sitting down to write, glanced at Newman Noggs, who was staring at the wall with an intensity so remarkable, that Arthur was quite alarmed.

"Do you see anything particular, Mr. Noggs?" said Arthur, trying to follow the direction of Newman's eyes—which was an impossibility, and a thing no man had ever done.

"Only a cobweb," replied Newman.

"Oh! is that all?"

"No," said Newman. "There's a fly in it."

"There are a good many cobwebs here," observed Arthur Gride.

"So there are in our place," returned Newman; "and flies, too."

Newman appeared to derive great entertainment from this repartee, and to the great discomposure of Arthur Gride's nerves produced a series of sharp cracks from his finger-joints, resembling the noise of a distant discharge of small artillery. Arthur succeeded in finishing his reply to Ralph's note, nevertheless, and at length handed it over to the eccentric messenger for delivery.

"That's it, Mr. Noggs," said Gride.

Newman gave a nod, put it in his hat, and was shuffling away, when Gride, whose doting delight knew no bounds, beckoned him back again, and said in a shrill whisper, and with a grin which puckered up his whole face, and almost obscured his eyes—

"Will you—will you take a little drop of something—just a taste?"

In good fellowship (if Arthur Gride had been capable of it) Newman would not have drunk with him one bubble of the richest wine that was ever made; but to see what he would be at, and to punish him as much as he could, he accepted the offer immediately.

Arthur Gride, therefore, again applied himself to the press, and from a shelf laden with tall Flemish drinking-glasses and quaint bottles, some with necks like so many storks, and others with square Dutch-built bodies and short fat apoplectic throats, took down one dusty bottle of promising appearance and two glasses of curiously small size.

"You never tasted this," said Arthur. "Its *eau d'or*—golden water. I like it on account of its name. It's a delicious name. Water of gold, golden water! Oh dear me, it seems quite a sin to drink it!"

As his courage appeared to be fast failing him, and he trifled with the stopper in a manner which threatened the dismissal of the bottle to its old place, Newman took up one of the little glasses and chinked it twice or thrice against the bottle, as a gentle reminder that he had not been helped yet. With a deep sigh Arthur Gride slowly filled it—though not to the brim—and then filled his own.

"Stop, stop; don't drink it yet," he said, laying his hand on Newman's; "it was given to me twenty years ago, and when I take a little taste, which is very seldom, I like to think of it beforehand and tease myself. We'll drink a toast. Shall we have a toast, Mr. Noggs?"

"Ah!" said Newman, eyeing his little glass impatiently. "Look sharp. Bearer waits."

"Why, then, I'll tell you what," tittered Arthur, "we'll drink—he, he, he!—we'll drink a lady."

"The ladies?" said Newman.

"No, no, Mr. Noggs," replied Gride, arresting his hand, "a lady. You wonder to hear me say a lady—

I know you do, I know you do. Here's little Madeline—that's the toast, Mr. Noggs—little Madeline!"

"Madeline!" said Newman; inwardly adding, "and God help her!"

The rapidity and unconcern with which Newman dismissed his portion of the golden water had a great effect upon the old man, who sat upright in his chair and gazed at him open-mouthed, as if the sight had taken away his breath. Quite unmoved, however, Newman left him to sip his own at leisure, or to pour it back again into the bottle if he chose, and departed; after greatly outraging the dignity of Peg Sliderskew by brushing past her in the passage without a word of apology or recognition.

Mr. Gride and his housekeeper, immediately on being left alone, resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and discussed the arrangements which should be made for the reception of the young bride. As they were, like some other committees, extremely dull and prolix in debate, this history may pursue the footsteps of Newman Noggs, thereby combining advantage with necessity; for it would have been necessary to do so under any circumstances, and necessity has no law as all the world know.

"You've been a long time," said Ralph, when Newman returned.

"He was a long time," replied Newman.

"Bah!" cried Ralph impatiently. "Give me his note, if he gave you one; his message, if he didn't. And don't go away. I want a word with you, sir."

Newman handed in the note, and looked very virtuous and innocent while his employer broke the seal, and glanced his eye over it.

"He'll be sure to come!" muttered Ralph, as he tore it to pieces; "why of course I know he'll be sure to come. What need to say that? Noggs! Pray sir, what man was that with whom I saw you in the street last night?"

"I don't know," replied Newman.

"You had better refresh your memory, sir," said Ralph with a threatening look.

"I tell you," returned Newman boldly, "that I don't know him at all. He came here twice and asked for you. You were out. He came again. You packed him off yourself. He gave the name of Brooker."

"I know he did," said Ralph; "what then?"

"What then? Why, then he lurked about and dogged me in the street. He follows me night after night, and urges me to bring him face to face with you, as he says he has been once, and not long ago either. He wants to see you face to face, he says, and you'll soon hear him out, he warrants."

"And what say you to that?" inquired Ralph, looking keenly at his drudge.

"That it's no business of mine, and I won't. I told him he might catch you in the street, if that was all he wanted, but no! that wouldn't do. You wouldn't hear a word there, he said. He must have you alone in a room with the door locked, where he could speak without fear, and you'd soon change your tone, and hear him patiently."

"An audacious dog!" Ralph muttered.

"That's all I know," said Newman. "I say again, I don't know what man he is. I don't believe he knows himself. You have seen him; perhaps you do."

"I think I do," replied Ralph.

"Well," retorted Newman, sulkily, "then don't expect me to know him too, that's all. You'll ask me next why I never told you this before. What would you say, if I was to tell you all that people say of you? What do you call me when I sometimes do! 'Brute, ass!' and snap at me like a dragon."

This was true enough, though the question which Newman returned was in fact, upon Ralph's lips at the moment.

"He is an idle ruffian," said Ralph; "a vagabond from beyond the sea where he travelled for his crimes, a felon let loose to run his neck into the halter; a swindler, who has the audacity to try his schemes on me who know him well. The next time he tampers with you, hand him over to the police, for attempting to extort money by lies and threats,—d'ye hear? and leave the rest to me. He shall cool his heels in jail a little time, and I'll be bound he looks for other folks to fleece when he comes out. You mind what I say, do you?"

"I hear," said Newman.

"Do it then," returned Ralph, "and I'll reward you. Now, you may go."

Newman readily availed himself of the permission, and shutting himself up in his little office, remained there in very serious cogitation all day. When he was released at night, he proceeded with all the expedition he could use to the city, and took up his old position behind the pump, to watch for Nicholas—for Newman Noggs was proud in his way, and could not bear to appear as his friend before the brothers Cheryble, in the shabby and degraded state to which he was reduced.

He had not occupied this position many minutes when he was rejoiced to see Nicholas approaching, and darted out from his ambuscade to meet him. Nicholas, on his part, was no less pleased to encounter his friend, whom he had not seen for some time, so their greeting was a warm one.

"I was thinking of you at that moment," said Nicholas.

"That's right," rejoined Newman, "and I of you. I couldn't help coming up to-night. I say, I think I'm going to find out something."

"And what may that be?" returned Nicholas, smiling at this odd communication.

"I don't know what it may be, I don't know what it may not be," said Newman; "it's some secret in which your uncle is concerned, but what, I've not yet been able to discover, although I have my strong suspicions. I'll not hint 'em now, in case you should be disappointed."

"I disappointed!" cried Nicholas; "am I interested?"

"I think you are," replied Newman. "I have a crotchet in my head that it must be so. I have found out a man, who, plainly knows more than he cares to tell at once, and he has already dropped such hints to me as puzzle me—I say, as puzzle me," said Newman, scratching his red nose into a state of violent inflammation, and staring at Nicholas with all his might and main meanwhile.

Admiring what could have wound his friend up to such a pitch of mystery, Nicholas endeavoured, by a series of questions, to elucidate the cause, but in vain. Newman could not be drawn into any more explicit statement, than a repetition of the perplexities he had already thrown out, and a confused oration, showing, How it was necessary to use the utmost caution; how the lynx-eyed Ralph had already seen him in company with his unknown correspondent; and how he had baffled the said Ralph by extreme guardedness of manner and ingenuity of speech, having prepared himself for such a contingency from the first.

Remembering his companion's propensity,—of which his nose, indeed, perpetually warned all beholders like a beacon,—Nicholas had drawn him into a sequestered tavern, and here they fell to reviewing the origin and progress of their acquaintance, as men sometimes do, and tracing out the little events by which it was most strongly marked, came at last to Miss Cecilia Bobster.

"And that reminds me," said Newman, "that you never told me the young lady's real name."

"Madeline!" said Nicholas.

"Madeline!" cried Newman; "what Madeline? Her other name—say her other name."

"Bray," said Nicholas, in great astonishment.

"It's the same!" shrieked Newman. "Sad story? Can you stand idly by, and let that unnatural marriage take place without one attempt to save her?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Nicholas, starting up; "marriage! are you mad?"

"Are you? is she? are you blind, deaf, senseless, dead?" said Newman. "Do you know that within one day, by means of your uncle Ralph, she will be married to a man as bad as he, and worse, if worse there is? Do you know that within one day she will be sacrificed, as sure as you stand there alive, to a hoary wretch—a devil born and bred, and grey in devils' ways?"

"Be careful what you say," replied Nicholas, "for Heaven's sake be careful. I am left here alone, and those who could stretch out a hand to rescue her are far away. What is it that you mean?"

"I never heard her name said Newman, choking with his energy. "Why didn't you tell me? How was I to know? We might at least have had some time to think!"

"What is it that you mean?" cried Nicholas.

It was not an easy task to arrive at this information; but after a great quantity of extraordinary pantomime which in no way assisted it, Nicholas, who was almost as wild as Newman Noggs himself, forced him down upon his seat and held him down until he began his tale.

Rage, astonishment, indignation, and a storm of passions rushed through the listener's heart as the plot was laid bare. He no sooner understood it all, than with a face of ashy paleness, and trembling in every limb, he darted from the house.

"Stop him!" cried Newman, bolting out in pursuit. "He'll be doing something desperate—he'll murder somebody—hallo! there, stop him. Stop thief! stop thief!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER I.

The Return.

NEARLY nine years after the events last recorded, and about the middle of May, 1724, a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance took his way, one afternoon, along Wych-street; and, from the curiosity with which he regarded the houses on the left of the road, seemed to be in search of some particular habitation. The age of this individual could not be more than twenty-one; his figure was tall, robust, and gracefully proportioned; and his clear grey eye and open countenance bespoke a frank, generous, and resolute nature. His features were regular, and finely-formed; his complexion bright and blooming,—a little shaded, however, by travel and exposure to the sun; and, with a praiseworthy contempt for the universal and preposterous fashion then prevailing, of substituting a peruke for the natural covering of the head, he allowed his own dark-brown hair to fall over his shoulders in ringlets as luxuriant as those that distinguished the court gallant in Charles the Second's day—a fashion, which we do not despair of seeing revived in our own days. He wore a French military undress of the period, with high jack-boots, and a laced hat; and, though his attire indicated no particular rank, he had completely the air of a person of distinction. Such was the effect produced upon the passengers by his good looks and manly deportment, that few—especially of the gentler and more susceptible sex—failed to turn round and bestow a second glance upon the handsome stranger. Unconscious of the interest he excited, and entirely occupied by his own thoughts—which, if his bosom could have been examined, would have been found composed of mingled hopes and fears—the young man walked on till he came to an odd house, with great, projecting, bay windows on the first floor, and situated as nearly as possible at the back of St. Clement's church. Here he halted; and, looking upwards, read, at the foot of an immense sign-board, displaying a gaudily-painted angel with expanded pinions and an olive-branch, not the name he expected to find, but that of WILLIAM KNEEBONE, WOOLLEN-DRAPER.

Tears started to the young man's eyes on beholding the change, and it was with difficulty he could command himself sufficiently to make the inquiries he desired to do respecting the former owner of the house. As he entered the shop, a tall portly personage advanced to meet him, whom he at once recognised as the present proprietor. Mr. Kneebone was attired in the extremity of the mode. A full-curled wig descended half-way down his back and shoulders; a neckcloth of "right Mechlin" was twisted round his throat so tightly as almost to deprive him of breath, and threaten him with apoplexy; he had lace, also, at his wrists and bosom; gold clocks to his hose, and red heels to his shoes. A stiff, formally cut coat of cinnamon-coloured cloth, with rows of plate buttons, each of the size of a crown piece, on the sleeves, pockets, and skirts, reached the middle of his legs; and his costume was completed by the silver-hilted sword at his side, and the laced hat under his left arm.

Bowing to the stranger, the woollen-draper very politely requested to know his business.

"I'm almost afraid to state it," faltered the other; "but, may I ask whether Mr. Wood, the carpenter, who formerly resided here, is still living?"

"If you feel any anxiety on his account, sir, I'm happy to be able to relieve it," answered Kneebone, readily. "My good friend, Owen Wood,—heaven preserve him!—is still living. And, for a man who'll never see sixty again, he's in excellent preservation, I assure you."

"You delight me with the intelligence," said the stranger, entirely recovering his cheerfulness of look. "I began to fear, from his having quitted the old place, that some misfortune must have befallen him."

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the woollen-draper, laughing good-humouredly. "Everything has prospered with him in an extraordinary manner. His business has thriven; legacies have unexpectedly dropped into his lap; and, to crown all, he has made a large fortune by a lucky speculation in South-Sea stock,—made it, too, where so many others have lost fortunes, your humble servant amongst the number—ha! ha! In a word, sir, Mr. Wood is now in very affluent circumstances. He stuck to the shop as long as it was necessary, and longer, in my opinion. When he left these premises, three years ago, I took them from him; or rather—to deal frankly with you,—he placed me in them rent-free; for, I'm not ashamed to confess it, I've had losses, and heavy ones; and, if it hadn't been for him, I don't know where I should have been. Mr. Wood, sir," he added, with much emotion, "is one of the best of men, and would be the happiest, were it not that—" and he hesitated.

"Well, sir?" cried the other, eagerly.

"His wife is still living," returned Kneebone, drily.

"I understand," replied the stranger, unable to repress a smile. "But, it strikes me, I've heard that Mrs. Wood was once a favourite of yours."

"So she was," replied the woollen-draper, helping himself to an enormous pinch of snuff, with the air of a man who does not dislike to be rallied about his gallantry,—“so she was. But those days are over—quite over. Since her husband has laid me under such a weight of obligation, I couldn't, in honour, continue—hem!” and he took another explanatory pinch. “Added to which, she is neither so young as she was, nor is her temper by any means improved—hem!”

"Say no more on the subject, sir!" observed the stranger, gravely; "but, let us turn to a more agreeable one—her daughter."

"That is a far more agreeable one, I must confess," returned Kneebone, with a self-sufficient smirk.

The stranger looked at him as if strongly disposed to chastise his impertinence.

"Is she married?" he asked, after a brief pause.

"Married!—no—no," replied the woollen-draper.

"Winifred Wood will never marry, unless the grave can give up its dead. When a mere child, she fixed her affections upon a youth named Thames Darrell, whom her father had brought up, and who perished, it is supposed, about nine years ago; and she has determined to remain faithful to his memory."

"You astonish me," said the stranger, in a voice full of emotion.

"Why, it is astonishing, certainly," remarked Kneebone, "to find any woman constant—especially to a girlish attachment; but, such is the case. She has had offers innumerable; for, where wealth and

beauty are combined, as in her instance, suitors are seldom wanting. But she was not to be tempted."

"She is a matchless creature!" exclaimed the young man.

"So I think," replied Kneebone, again applying to the snuffbox, and by that means escaping the angry glance levelled at him by his companion.

"I have one inquiry more to make of you, sir," said the stranger, as soon as he had conquered his displeasure, "and I will then trouble you no further. You spoke just now of a youth whom Mr. Wood brought up. As far as I recollect, there were two. What has become of the other?"

"Why, surely you don't mean Jack Sheppard?" cried the woollen-draper, in surprise.

"That was the lad's name;" returned the stranger.

"I guessed from your dress and manner, sir, that you must have been long absent from your own country," said Kneebone; "and now I am convinced of it, or you wouldn't have asked that question. Jack Sheppard is the talk and terror of the whole town. The ladies can't sleep in their beds for him; and as to the men, they daren't go to bed at all. He's the most daring and expert housebreaker that ever used a crow-bar. He laughs at locks and bolts; and the more carefully you guard your premises from him, the more likely you are to insure an attack. His exploits and escapes are in everybody's mouth. He has been lodged in every roundhouse in the metropolis, and has broken out of them all, and boasts that no prison can hold him. We shall see. His skill has not yet been tried. At present, he is under the protection of Jonathan Wild."

"Does that villain still maintain his power?" asked the stranger sternly.

"He does," replied Kneebone, "and, what is more surprising, it seems to increase. Jonathan completely baffles and derides the ends of justice. It is useless to contend with him, even with right on your side. Some years ago, in 1715, just before the Rebellion, I was rash enough to league myself with the Jacobite party, and by Wild's machinations got clapped into Newgate, whence I was glad to escape with my head upon my shoulders. I charged the thief-taker, as was the fact, with having robbed me, by means of the lad Sheppard, whom he instigated to the deed, of the very pocket-book he produced in evidence against me; but it was of no avail—I couldn't obtain a hearing. Mr. Wood fared still worse. Bribed by a certain Sir Rowland Trenchard, Jonathan kidnapped the carpenter's adopted son, Thames Darrell, and placed him in the hands of a Dutch skipper, with orders to throw him overboard when he got out to sea; and, though this was proved as clear as day, the rascal managed matters so adroitly, and gave such a different complexion to the whole affair, that he came off with flying colours. One reason, perhaps, of his success in this case might be, that having arrested his associate in the dark transaction, Sir Rowland Trenchard, on a charge of high treason, he was favoured by Walpole, who found his account in retaining such an agent. Be this as it may, Jonathan remained the victor; and shortly afterwards, —at the price of a third of his estate, it was whispered,—he procured Trenchard's liberation from confinement."

At the mention of the latter occurrence, a dark cloud gathered upon the stranger's brow.

"Do you know anything further of Sir Rowland?" he asked.

"Nothing more than this," answered Kneebone,—"that after the failure of his projects, and the downfall of his party, he retired to his seat, Ashton Hall, near Manchester, and has remained there ever since, entirely secluded from the world."

The stranger was for a moment lost in reflection.

"And now, sir," he said, preparing to take his departure, "will you add to the obligation already conferred by informing me where I can meet with Mr. Wood?"

"With pleasure," replied the woollen-draper.

"He lives at Dollis Hill, a beautiful spot near Willesden, about four or five miles from town, where he has taken a farm. If you ride out there,—and the place is well worth a visit, for the magnificent view it commands of some of the finest country in the neighbourhood of London,—you are certain to meet with him. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he shouldn't stir from home for a week to come. He called here on his way back, after he had been to Bedlam to visit poor Mrs. Sheppard."

"Jack's mother!" exclaimed the young man.—"Gracious heaven!—is she the inmate of a mad house?"

"She is, sir," answered the woollen-draper, sadly, "driven there by her son's misconduct. Alas! that the punishment of his offences should fall on her head. Poor soul! she nearly died when she heard he had robbed his master; and it might have been well if she had done so, for she never afterwards recovered her reason. She rambles continually about Jack, and her husband, and that wretch Jonathan, to whom, as far as can be gathered from her wild raving, she attributes all her misery. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. But, in the midst of all her affliction, she has found a steady friend in Mr. Wood, who looks after her comforts, and visits her constantly. Indeed, I've heard him say that, but for his wife, he would shelter her under his own roof. That, sir, is what I call being a Good Samaritan."

The stranger said nothing, but hastily brushed away a tear. Perceiving he was about to take leave, Kneebone ventured to ask whom he had the honour of addressing.

Before the question could be answered, a side-door was opened, and a very handsome woman of Amazonian proportions presented herself, and marched familiarly up to Mr. Kneebone. She was extremely showily dressed, and her large hooped petticoat gave additional effect to her lofty statures. As soon as she noticed the stranger, she honoured him with an extremely impudent stare, and scarcely endeavoured to disguise the admiration with which his god looks impressed her.

"Don't you perceive, my dear Mrs. Maggot, that I'm engaged," said Kneebone a little disconcerted.

"Who've you got with you?" demanded the Amazon boldly.

"The gentleman is a stranger to me, Poll," replied the woollen-draper, with increased embarrassment. "I don't know his name." And he looked at the moment as if he had lost all desire to know it.

"Well he's a pretty fellow, at all events," observed Mrs. Maggot, eyeing him from head to heel with evident satisfaction;—"a devilish pretty fellow!"

"Upon my word, Poll," said Kneebone, becoming

very red, "you might have a little more delicacy than to tell him so before my face."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Maggot, drawing up her fine figure to its full height; "because I condescend to live with you, am I never to look at another man,—especially at one so much to my taste as this? Don't think it!"

"You had better retire, madam," said the woollen-draper, sharply, "if you can't conduct yourself with more propriety."

"Order those who choose to obey you," rejoined the lady scornfully. "Though you lorded it over that fond fool, Mrs. Wood, you shan't lord it over me, I can promise you. That for you!" And she snapped her fingers in his face.

"Zounds!" cried Kneebone, furiously. "Go to your own room, woman, directly, or I'll make you!"

"Make me!" echoed Mrs. Maggot, bursting into a loud contemptuous laugh. "Try!"

Enraged at the assurance of his mistress, the woollen-draper endeavoured to carry his threat into execution, but all his efforts to remove her were unavailing. At length, after he had given up the point from sheer exhaustion, the Amazon seized him by the throat, and pushed him backwards with such force that he rolled over the counter.

"There!" she cried, laughing, "that 'll teach you to lay hands upon me again. You should remember, before you try your strength against mine, that when I rescued you from the watch, and you induced me to come and live with you, I beat off four men, any of whom was a match for you—ha! ha!"

"My dear Poll!" said Kneebone, picking himself up, "I intreat you to moderate yourself."

"Intreat a fiddlestick!" retorted Mrs. Maggot: "I'm tired of you, and will go back to my old lover, Jack Sheppard. He's worth a dozen of you. Or, if this good-looking young fellow will only say the word, I'll go with him."

"You may go in welcome, madam!" rejoined Kneebone, spitefully. "But, I should think, after the specimen you've just given of your amiable disposition, no person would be likely to saddle himself with such an incumbrance."

"What say you, sir?" said the Amazon, with an engaging leer at the stranger. "You will find me tractable enough: and, with me by your side, you need fear neither constable nor watchman. I've delivered Jack Sheppard from many an assault. I can wield a quarter-staff as well as a prize-fighter, and have beaten Figg himself at the broadsword. Will you take me?"

However tempting Mrs. Maggot's offer may appear, the young man thought fit to decline it, and, after a few words of well-merited compliments upon her extraordinary prowess, and renewed thanks to Mr. Kneebone, he took his departure.

"Good bye!" cried Mrs. Maggot, kissing her hand to him. "I'll find you out. And now," she added, glancing contemptuously at the woollen-draper, "I'll go to Jack Sheppard."

"You shall first go to Bridewell, you jade!" rejoined Kneebone. "Here, Tom," he added, calling to a shop-boy, "run and fetch a constable."

"He had better bring half-a-dozen," said the Amazon, taking up a cloth-yard wand, and quietly seating herself; "one won't do."

On leaving Mr. Kneebone's house, the young man

hastened to a hotel in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where having procured a horse, he shaped his course towards the west end of the town. Urging his steed along Oxford Road, as that great approach to the metropolis was then termed,—he soon passed Marylebone Lane, beyond which, with the exception of a few scattered houses, the country was completely open on the right, and laid out in pleasant fields and gardens; nor did he draw in the rein until he arrived at Tyburn-gate, where before he turned off upon the Edgeware Road, he halted for a moment to glance at the place of execution.—This "fatal retreat for the unfortunate brave" was marked by a low wooden railing, within which stood the triple tree. Opposite the gallows was an open gallery, or scaffolding, like the stand at a race-course, which, on state occasions, was crowded with spectators. Without the inclosure were reared several lofty gibbets, with their ghastly burthens. Altogether, it was a hideous and revolting sight. Influenced, probably, by what he had heard from Mr. Kneebone, respecting the lawless career of Jack Sheppard, and struck with the probable fate that awaited him, the young man, as he contemplated this scene, fell into a gloomy reverie. While he was thus musing, two horsemen rode past him; and, proceeding to a little distance, stopped likewise. One of them was a stout square-built man, with a singularly swarthy complexion, and harsh forbidding features. He was well mounted, as was his companion; and had pistols in his holster, and a hanger at his girdle. The other individual, who was a little in advance, was concealed from the stranger's view. Presently, however a sudden movement occurred, and disclosed his features, which were those of a young man of nearly his own age. The dress of this person was excessively showy, and consisted of a scarlet riding-habit, lined and faced with blue, and bedizened with broad gold lace, a green silk-knit waistcoat, embroidered with silver, and decorated with a deep fringe, together with a hattricked out in the same gaudy style. His figure was slight but well-built; and, in stature he did exceed five feet four. His complexion was pale, and there was something sinister in the expression of his large black eyes. His head was small and bullet-shaped, and he did not wear a wig, but had his sleek black hair cut off closely round his temples. A mutual recognition took place at the same instant between the stranger and this individual. Both started. The latter seemed inclined to advance and address the former; but suddenly changing his mind, he shouted to his companion in tones familiar to the stranger's ear; and striking spurs into his steed, dashed off at full speed along the Edgeware Road.—Impelled by a feeling, into which we shall not pause to inquire, the stranger started after them; but they were better mounted, and soon distanced him. Remarking that they struck off at a turning on the left, he took the same road, and soon found himself on Paddington-Green. A row of magnificent, and even then venerable, elms threw their broad arms over this pleasant spot. From a man, who was standing beneath the shade of one of these noble trees, information was obtained that the horsemen had ridden along the Harrow Road. With a faint view of overtaking them, the pursuer urged his steed to a quicker pace. Arrived at Westbourne-Green—then nothing more than a common covered with gorse and furze—

bushes, and boasting only a couple of cottages and an ale house—he perceived through the hedges the objects of his search slowly ascending the gentle hill that rises from Kensall-Green.

By the time he had reached the summit of this hill, he had lost all trace of them; and the ardour of the chase having in some measure subsided, he began to reproach himself for his folly, in having wandered—as he conceived—so far out of his course. Before retracing his steps, however, he allowed his gaze to range over the vast and beautiful prospect spread out beneath him, which is now hidden from the traveler's view by the high walls of the National Cemetery, and can, consequently, only be commanded from the interior of that attractive place of burial,—and which before it was intersected by canals and railroads, and proportioned out into hippodromes, was exquisite indeed. After feasting his eye upon this superb panorama, he was about to return, when he ascertained from a farmer that his nearest road to Willesden would be down a lane a little further on, to the right. Following this direction, he opened a gate, and struck into one of the most beautiful green lanes imaginable; which, after various windings, conducted him into a more frequented road, and eventually brought him to the place he sought. Glancing at the finger-post over the cage which has been described as situated at the outskirts of the village, and seeing no direction to Dollis Hill, he made fresh inquiries as to where it lay, from an elderly man, who was standing with another countryman near the little prison.

"Whose house do you want, master?" said the man touching his hat.

"Mr. Wood's," was the reply.

"There is Dollis Hill," said the man, pointing to a well-wooded eminence about a mile distant, "and there," he added, indicating the roof of a house just visible above a grove of trees, "is Mr. Wood's. If you ride past the church, and mount the hill, you'll come to Neasdon, and then you'll not have above half a mile to go."

The young man thanked his informant, and was about to follow his instructions, when he called after him—

"I say, master, did you ever hear tell of Mr. Wood's famous 'prentice?"

"What apprentice?" asked the stranger, in surprise.

"Why, Jack Sheppard, the notorious house-breaker,—him as has robbed half Lunnun, to be sure. You must know, sir, when he was a lad, the day after he broke into his master's house in Wych Street, he picked a gentleman's pocket in our church, during service time,—that he did, the heathen. The gentleman caught him i' th' fact, and we shut him up for safety i' that pris'n. But," said the fellow, with a laugh, "he soon contrived to make his way out on it, though. Ever since he's become so famous, the folks about here ha' christened it Jack Sheppard's cage. His mother used to live i' this village, just down yonder; but when her son took to bad ways, she went distracted,—and now she's i' Bedlam, I've heard."

"I tell e'e what, John Dump," said the other fellow, who had hitherto preserved silence, "I don't know whether you're talkin' o' Jack Sheppard as put him into my head or not; but I once had him pointed out to me, and if that were him as I seed then,

he's just now ridden past us, and put up at the Six Bells."

"The deuce he has!" cried Dump. "If you were sure o' that, we might seize him, and get the reward for his apprehension."

"That 'ud be no such easy matter," replied the countryman. "Jack's a desperate fellow, and is always well armed; besides, he has a comrade with him. But I tell e'e what we might do——"

The young man heard no more. Taking the direction pointed out, he rode off. As he passed the Six Bells, he noticed the steeds of the two horse-men at the door; and glancing into the house, perceived the younger of the two in the passage. The latter no sooner beheld him than he dashed hastily into an adjoining room. After debating with himself whether he should further seek an interview, which, though now in his power, was so sedulously shunned by the other party, he decided in the negative; and contenting himself with writing upon a slip of paper the hasty words,—*"You are known by the villagers,—be upon your guard,"*—he gave it to the ostler, with instructions to deliver it instantly to the owner of the horse he pointed out, and pursued his course.

Passing the old rectory, and still older church, with its reverend screen of trees, and slowly ascending a hill side, from whence he obtained enchanting peeps of the spire and college of Harrow, he reached the cluster of well-built houses which constitute the village of Neasdon. From this spot a road, more resembling the drive through a park than a public thoroughfare, led him gradually to the brow of Dollis Hill. It was a serene and charming evening, and twilight was gently stealing over the face of the country. Bordered by fine timber, the road occasionally offered glimpses of a lovely valley, until a wider opening gave a full view of a delightful and varied prospect. On the left lay the heights of Hampstead, studded with villas, while farther off a hazy cloud marked the position of the metropolis. The stranger concluded he could not be far from his destination, and a turn in the road showed him the house.

Beneath two tall elms, whose boughs completely over-shadowed the roof, stood Mr. Wood's dwelling,—a plain, substantial, commodious farm-house. On a bench at the foot of the trees, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard by his side, sat the worthy carpenter, looking the picture of good-heartedness and benevolence. The progress of time was marked in Mr. Wood by increased corpulence and decreased powers of vision,—by deeper wrinkles and higher shoulders, by scanty breath and a fuller habit. Still he looked hale and hearty, and the country life he led had imparted a ruddier glow to his cheek. Around him were all the evidences of plenty. A world of hay-stacks, bean-stacks, and straw-ricks flanked the granges adjoining his habitation; the yard was crowded with poultry, pigeons were feeding at his feet, cattle were being driven towards the stall, horses led to the stable, a large mastiff was rattling his chain, and stalking majestically in front of his kennel, while a number of farming-men were passing and repassing about their various occupations. At the back of the house, on a bank, rose an old-fashioned terrace-garden, full of apple-trees and other

fruit-trees in blossom, and lively with the delicious verdure of early spring.

Hearing the approach of the rider, Mr. Wood turned to look at him. It was now getting dusk, and he could only imperfectly distinguish the features and figure of the stranger.

"I need not ask whether this is Mr. Wood's," said the latter, "since I find him at his own gate."

"You are right, sir," said the worthy carpenter, rising. "I am Owen Wood, at your service."

"You do not remember me, I dare say," observed the stranger.

"I can't say I do," replied Wood. "Your voice seems familiar to me—and yet—but I'm getting a little deaf—and my eyes don't serve me quite so well as they used to do, especially by this light."

"Never mind," returned the stranger, dismounting; "you'll recollect me by and by, I've no doubt. I bring you tidings of an old friend."

"Then you're heartily welcome, sir, whoever you are. Pray, walk in. Here, Jem, take the gentleman's horse to the stable—see him dressed and fed directly. Now, sir, will you please to follow me?"

Mr. Wood then led the way up a rather high and, according to modern notions, incommodious flight of steps, and introduced his guest to a neat parlour, the windows of which were darkened by pots of flowers and creepers. There was no light in the room; but, notwithstanding this, the young man did not fail to detect the buxom figure of Mrs. Wood, now more buxom and more gorgeously arrayed than ever,—as well as a young and beautiful female, in whom he was at no loss to recognise the carpenter's daughter.

Winifred Wood was now in her twentieth year. Her features were still slightly marked by the disorder alluded to in the description of her as a child,—but that was the only drawback to her beauty. Their expression was so amiable, that it would have redeemed a countenance a thousand times plainer than hers. Her figure was perfect,—tall, graceful, rounded, and, then, she had deep liquid blue eyes, that rivalled the stars in lustre. On the stranger's appearance, she was seated near the window busily occupied with her needle.

"My wife and daughter, sir," said the carpenter, introducing them to his guest.

Mrs. Wood, whose admiration for masculine beauty was by no means abated, glanced at the well proportioned figure of the young man, and made him a very civil salutation. Winifred's reception was kind, but more distant, and after the slight ceremonial she resumed her occupation.

"This gentleman brings us tidings of an old friend, my dear," said the carpenter.

"Ay, indeed! and who may that be?" inquired his wife.

"One whom you may perhaps have forgotten," replied the stranger, "but who can never forget the kindness he experienced at your hands, or at those of your excellent husband."

At the sound of his voice every vestige of colour fled from Winifred's cheeks, and the work upon which she was engaged fell from her hand.

"I have a token to deliver to you," continued the stranger, addressing her.

"To me?" gasped Winifred.

"This locket," he said, taking a little ornament at-

tached to a black riband from his breast, and giving it her,—“do you remember it?”

"I do—I do!" cried Winifred.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Wood, in amazement.

"Do you not know me, father?" said the young man, advancing towards him, and warmly grasping his hand. "Have nine years so changed me, that there is no trace left of your adopted son?"

"God bless me!" ejaculated the carpenter, rubbing his eyes, "can—can it be?"

"Surely," screamed Mrs. Wood, joining the group, "it isn't Thames Darrell come to life again?"

"It is—it is!" cried Winifred, rushing towards him, and flinging her arms round his neck,—“it is my dear—dear brother!”

"Well, this is what I never expected to see," said the carpenter, wiping his eyes; "I hope I'm not dreaming! Thames, my dear boy, as soon as Winny has done with you, let me embrace you."

"My turn comes before yours, sir," interposed his better half. "Come to my arms, Thames! Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

To repeat the questions and congratulations which now ensued, or describe the extravagant joy of the carpenter, who, after he had hugged his adopted son to his breast with such warmth as almost to squeeze the breath from his body, capered around the room, threw his wig into the empty fire-grate, and committed various other fantastic actions, in order to get rid of his superfluous satisfaction—to describe the scarcely less extravagant raptures of his spouse, or the more subdued, but not less heartfelt delight of Winifred, would be a needless task, as it must occur to every one's imagination. Supper was quickly served; the oldest bottle of wine was brought from the cellar; the strongest barrel of ale was tapped; but not one of the party could eat or drink—their hearts were too full.

Thames sat with Winifred's hand clasped in his own, and commenced a recital of his adventures, which may be briefly told. Carried out to sea by Van Galgebok, and thrown overboard, while struggling with the waves, he had been picked up by a French fishing-boat, and carried to Ostend. After encountering various hardships and privations for a long term, during which he had no means of communicating with England, he at length, found his way to Paris, where he was taken notice of by Cardinal Dubois, who employed him as one of his secretaries, and subsequently advanced to the service of Philip of Orleans, from whom he received a commission. On the death of his royal patron, he resolved to return to his own country; and, after various delays, which had postponed it to the present time, he had succeeded in accomplishing his object.

Winifred listened to his narration with the profoundest attention; and, when it concluded, her tearful eye and throbbing bosom told how deeply her feelings had been interested.

The discourse then turned to Darrell's old playmate, Jack Sheppard; and Mr. Wood, in deploring his wild career, adverted to the melancholy condition to which it had reduced his mother.

"For my part, it's only what I expected of him," observed Mrs. Wood, "and I'm sorry and surprised he hasn't swung for his crimes before this. The gallows has groaned for him for years. As to his

mother, I've no pity for her. She deserves what has befallen her."

"Dear mother, don't say so," returned Winifred. "One of the consequences of criminal conduct, is the shame and disgrace which—worse than any punishment the evil doer can suffer—is brought by it upon the innocent relatives; and, if Jack had considered this, perhaps he would not have acted as he has done, and have entailed so much misery on his unhappy parent."

"I always detested Mrs. Sheppard," cried the carpenter's wife bitterly; "and I repeat, Bedlam's too good for her."

"My dear," observed Wood, "you should be more charitable——"

"Charitable!" repeated his wife, "that's your constant cry. Marry, come up! I've been a great deal too charitable. Here's Winny always urging you to go and visit Mrs. Sheppard in the asylum, and take her this, and send her that;—and I've never prevented you, though such mistaken liberality's enough to provoke a saint. And then, forsooth, she must needs prevent your hanging Jack Sheppard after the robbery in Wych-Street, when you might have done so. Perhaps you'll call that charity; I call it defeating the ends of justice. See what a horrible rascal you've let loose upon the world!"

"I'm sure, mother," rejoined Winifred, "if any one was likely to feel resentment, I was; for no one could be more frightened. But I was sorry for poor Jack—as I am still, and hoped he would mend."

"Mend!" echoed Mrs. Wood, contemptuously, "he'll never mend till he comes to Tyburn."

"At least, I will hope so," returned Winifred. "But, as I was saying, I was most dreadfully frightened on the night of the robbery. Though so young at the time, I remember every circumstance distinctly. I was sitting up, lamenting your departure, dear Thames, when, hearing an odd noise, I went to the landing, and, by the light of a dark lantern, saw Jack Sheppard stealing up stairs, followed by two men with crape on their faces. I'm ashamed to say that I was too much terrified to scream out—but ran and hid myself."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Wood. "I declare you throw me into an ague. Do you think I forget it? Didn't they help themselves to all the plate and the money—to several of my best dresses, and amongst others, to my favourite kincob gown; and I've never been able to get another like it! Marry come up! I'd hang 'em all, if I could. Were such a thing to happen again, I'd never let Mr. Wood rest till he brought the villains to justice."

"I hope such a thing never will happen again, my dear," observed Wood, mildly; "but, when it does, it will be time to consider what course we ought to pursue."

"Let them attempt it, if they dare!" cried Mrs. Wood, who had worked herself into a passion; "and, I'll warrant 'em, the boldest robber among 'em all shall repent it, if he comes across me."

"No doubt, my dear," acquiesced the carpenter, "no doubt."

Thames, who had been more than once on the point of mentioning his accidental rencounter with Jack Sheppard, not being altogether without apprehension, from the fact of his being in the neighbourhood,—now judged it more prudent to say nothing on the subject, from a fear of increasing Mrs. Wood's displeasure; and he was the more readily induced to do this, as the conversation began to turn upon his own affairs. Mr. Wood could give him no further information respecting Sir Rowland Trenchard than what he had obtained from Kneebone; but begged

him to defer the further consideration of the line of conduct he meant to pursue until the morrow, when he hoped to have a plan to lay before him, of which he would approve.

The night was now advancing, and the party began to think of separating. As Mrs. Wood, who had recovered her good humour, quitted the room, she bestowed a hearty embrace on Thames, and told him, laughingly, that she would "defer all *she* had to propose to him until to-morrow."

To-morrow! She never beheld it.

After an affectionate parting with Winifred, Thames was conducted by the carpenter to his sleeping apartment—a comfortable cosy chamber; such a one, in short, as can only be met with in the country, with its dimity-curtained bed, its sheets fragrant of lavender, its clean white furniture, and an atmosphere breathing of freshness. Left to himself, he took a survey of the room, and his heart leaped as he beheld over the chimney-piece a portrait of himself. It was a copy of the pencil sketch taken of him nine years ago by Winifred, and awakened a thousand tender recollections.

When about to retire to rest, the rencounter with Jack Sheppard again recurred to him, and he half blamed himself for not acquainting Mr. Wood with the circumstance, and putting him upon his guard against the possibility of an attack. On weighing the matter over, he grew so uneasy that he resolved to descend, and inform him of his misgivings. But when he got to the door with this intention, he became ashamed of his fears; and feeling convinced that Jack—bad as he might be—was not capable of such atrocious conduct as to plunder his benefactor twice, he contented himself with looking to the priming of his pistols, and placing them near him, to be ready in case of need, he threw himself on the bed, and speedily fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

The Burglary at Dollis Hill.

THAMES DARRELL's fears were not, however, groundless. Danger, in the form he apprehended, was lurking outside: nor was he destined to enjoy long repose. On receiving the warning note from the ostler, Jack Sheppard and his companion left Willesden, and taking—as a blind—the direction of Harrow, returned at nightfall by a by-lane to Neasdon, and put up at a little public-house called the Spotted Dog. Here they remained till midnight, when, calling for their reckoning and their steeds, they left the house.

It was a night well-fitted to their enterprise,—calm, still, and profoundly dark. As they passed beneath the thick trees that shaded the road to Dollis Hill the gloom was almost impenetrable. The robbers proceeded singly, and kept on the grass skirting the road, so that no noise was made by their horses' feet.

As they neared the house, Jack Sheppard, who led the way, halted, and addressed his companion in a low voice:—

"I don't half like this job, Blueskin," he said; "it always went against the grain. But, since I've seen the friend and companion of my childhood, Thames Darrell, I've no heart for it. Shall we turn back?"

"And disappoint Mr. Wild, captain?" remonstrated the other, in a deferential tone. "You know this is a pet project. It might be dangerous to thwart him."

"Pish!" cried Jack: "I don't value his anger a straw. All our fraternity are afraid of him; but I laugh at his threats. He daren't quarrel with me: and, if he does, let him look to himself. I've my own reasons for disliking this job."

"Well, you know I always act under your orders, captain," returned Blueskin; "and, if you give the word to retreat, I shall obey, of course: but I know what Edgeworth Bess will say when we go home empty-handed."

"Why, what will she say?" inquired Sheppard.

"That we were afraid," replied the other; "but never mind her."

"Ay; but I do mind her," cried Jack, upon whom his comrade's observation had produced the desired effect. "We'll do it."

"That's right, captain," rejoined Blueskin. "You pledged yourself to Mr. Wild——"

"I did;" interrupted Jack; "and I never yet broke an engagement. 'Though a thief, Jack Sheppard is a man of his word.'"

"To be sure he is," acquiesced Blueskin; "I should like to meet the man who would dare to gainsay it."

"One word before we begin, Blueskin," said Jack, authoritatively; "in case the family should be alarmed—mind, no violence. There's one person in the house whom I wouldn't frighten for the world."

"Wood's daughter, I suppose?" observed the other.

"You've hit it," answered Sheppard.

"What say you to carrying her off, captain?" suggested Blueskin. "If you've a fancy for the girl, we might do it."

"No—no," laughed Jack. "Bess would'n't bear a rival. But if you wish to do old Wood a friendly turn, you may bring off his wife."

"I shouldn't mind ridding him of her," said Blueskin, gruffly; "and if she comes in my way, may the devil seize me if I don't make short work with her!"

"You forget," rejoined Jack, sternly, "I've just said I'll have no violence—mind that."

With this they dismounted; and fastening their horses to a tree, proceeded towards the house. It was still so dark, that nothing could be distinguished except the heavy masses of timber by which the premises were surrounded; but as they advanced, lights were visible in some of the windows. Presently, they came to a wall, on the other side of which the dog began to bark violently; but Blueskin tossed him a piece of prepared meat, and uttering a low growl, he became silent. They then clambered over a hedge, and scaling another wall, got into the garden at the back of the house. Treading with noiseless step over the soft mould, they soon reached the building. Arrived there, Jack felt about for a particular window; and having discovered the object of his search, and received the necessary implements from his companion, he instantly commenced operations. In a few seconds, the shutter flew open,—then the window,—and they were in the room. Jack now carefully closed the shutters, while Blueskin struck a light, with which he set fire to a candle. The room they were in was a sort of closet, with the door locked outside; but this was only a moment's obstacle to Jack, who with a chisel forced back the bolt. The operation was effected with so much rapidity and so little noise, that even if any one had

been on the alert, he could scarcely have detected it. They then took off their boots, and crept stealthily up stairs, treading upon the points of their toes so cautiously, that not a board creaked beneath their weight. Pausing at each door of the landing, Jack placed his ear to the key-hole, and listened intently. Having ascertained by the breathing which room Thames occupied, he speedily contrived to fasten him in. He then tried the door of Mr. Wood's bed-chamber—it was locked, with the key left in it. This occasioned a little delay; but Jack, whose skill as a workman in the particular line he had chosen was unequalled, and who laughed at difficulties, speedily cut out a panel by means of a centre-bit and knife, took the key from the other side, and unlocked the door. Covering his face with a crape mask, and taking the candle from his associate, Jack entered the room; and, pistol in hand, stepped up to the bed, and approached the light to the eyes of the sleepers. The loud noise proceeding from the couch proved that their slumbers were deep and real; and, unconscious of the danger in which she stood, Mrs. Wood turned over to obtain a more comfortable position. During this movement, Jack grasped the barrel of his pistol, held in his breath, and motioned to Blueskin, who had bared a long-knife, to keep still. The momentary alarm over, he threw a piece of wet leather over a bureau, so as to deaden the sound, and instantly broke it open with a small crow-bar. While he was filling his pockets with golden coin from this store, Blueskin had pulled the plate-chest from under the bed; and having forced it open, began filling a canvas bag with its contents,—silver coffee-pots, chocolate-dishes, waiters, trays, tankards, goblets, and candlesticks. It might be supposed that these articles, when thrust together into the bag, would have jingled; but these skilful practitioners managed matters so well that no noise was made. After rifling the room of everything portable, including some of Mrs. Wood's ornaments and wearing apparel, they prepared to depart. Jack then intimated his intention of visiting Winifred's chamber, in which several articles of value were known to be kept; but as, notwithstanding his reckless character, he still retained a feeling of respect for the object of his boyish affections, he would not suffer Blueskin to accompany him, so he commanded him to keep watch over the sleepers—strictly enjoining him, however, to do them no injury. Again having recourse to the centre-bit,—for Winifred's door was locked,—Jack had nearly cut out a panel, when a sudden outcry was raised in the carpenter's chamber. The next moment, a struggle was heard, and Blueskin appeared at the door, followed by Mrs. Wood.

Jack instantly extinguished the light, and called to his comrade to come after him.

But Blueskin found it impossible to make off,—at least with the spoil,—Mrs. Wood having laid hold of the canvas-bag.

"Give back the things!" cried the lady. "Help!—help, Mr. Wood!"

"Leave go!" thundered Blueskin,—"leave go—you'd better!"—and he held the sack as firmly as he could with one hand, while with the other he searched for his knife.

"No, I won't leave go!" screamed Mrs. Wood. "Fire!—murder!—thieves!—I've got one of 'em!"

"Come along," cried Jack.

"I can't," answered Blueskin. "This she-devil has got hold of the sack. Leave go, I tell you!" and he forced open the knife with his teeth.

"Help!—murder!—thieves!" screamed Mrs. Wood;—"Owen!—Owen!—Thames, help!"

"Coming!" cried Mr. Wood, leaping from the bed. "Where are you?"

"Here," replied Mrs. Wood. "Help—I'll hold him!"

"Leave her," cried Jack, darting down stairs, amid a furious ringing of bells,—“the house is alarmed,—follow me!”

"Curses light on you!" cried Blueskin, savagely; "since you won't be advised, take your fate."

And seizing her by the hair, he pulled back her head, and drew the knife with all his force across her throat. There was a dreadful stifled groan, and she fell heavily upon the landing.

The screams of the unfortunate woman had aroused Thames from his slumbers. Snatching up his pistols, he rushed to the door, but to his horror found it fastened. He heard the struggle on the landing, the fall of the heavy body, the groan,—and excited almost to frenzy by his fears, he succeeded in forcing open the door. By this time, several of the terrified domestics appeared with lights. A terrible spectacle was presented to the young man's gaze:—the floor deluged with blood,—the mangled and lifeless body of Mrs. Wood,—Winifred fainted in the arms of a female attendant,—and Wood standing beside them almost in a state of distraction. Thus, in a few minutes, had this happy family been plunged into the depths of misery. At this juncture, a cry was raised by a servant from below, that the robbers were flying through the garden. Darting to a window looking in that direction, Thames threw it up, and discharged both his pistols, but without effect. In another minute, the tramp of horses' feet told that the perpetrators of the outrage had effected their escape.

CHAPTER III.

Jack Sheppard's Quarrel with Jonathan Wild.

Scarcely an hour after the horrible occurrence just related, as Jonathan Wild was seated in the audience chamber of his residence at the Old Bailey, occupied, like Peachum, (for whose portrait he sat,) with his account-books and registers, he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Quilt Arnold, who announced Jack Sheppard and Blueskin.

"Ah!" cried Wild, laying down his pen and looking up with a smile of satisfaction. "I was just thinking of you, Jack. What news. Have you done the trick at Dollis Hill?—brought off the swag—eh?"

"No," answered Jack, flinging himself sullenly into a chair, "I've not."

"Why, how's this?" exclaimed Jonathan. "Jack Sheppard failed! I'd not believe it, if any one but himself told me so."

"I've not failed," returned Jack, angrily: "but we've done too much."

"I'm no reader of riddles," said Jonathan. "Speak plainly."

"Let this speak for me," said Sheppard, tossing a heavy bag of money towards him. "You can generally understand that language. There's more than

I undertook to bring. It has been purchased by blood!"

"What! have you cut old Wood's throat?" asked Wild, with great unconcern, as he took up the bag.

"If I had, you'd not have seen me here," replied Jack, sullenly. "The blood that has been spilt is that of his wife."

"It was her own fault," observed Blueskin, moodily. "She wouldn't let me go. I did it in self-defence."

"I care not why you did it," said Jack, sternly. "We work together no more."

"Come, come, captain," remonstrated Blueskin. "I thought you'd have got rid of your ill-humour by this time. You know as well as I do that it was accident."

"Accident, or not," rejoined Sheppard; "you're no longer pal of mine."

"And so this is my reward for having made you the tip-top cracksmen you are," muttered Blueskin;—"to be turned off at a moment's notice, because I silenced a noisy woman. It's too hard. Think better of it."

"My mind's made up," rejoined Jack, coldly,—“we part to-night.”

"I'll not go," answered the other. "I love you like a son, and will follow you like a dog. You'd not know what to do without me, and shan't drive me off."

"Well!" remarked Jonathan, who had paid little attention to the latter part of the conversation; "this is an awkward business certainly; but we must do the best we can in it. You must keep out of the way till it's blown over. I can accommodate you below."

"I don't require it," returned Sheppard. "I'm tired of the life I'm leading. I shall quit it and go abroad."

"I'll go with you," said Blueskin.

"Before either of you go, you will ask my permission," said Jonathan, coolly.

"How!" exclaimed Sheppard. "Do you mean to say you will interfere?"

"I mean to say this," interrupted Wild, with contemptuous calmness, "that I'll neither allow you to leave England nor the profession you've engaged in. I wouldn't allow you to be honest even if you could be so,—which I doubt. You are my slave—and such you shall continue."

"Slave?" echoed Jack.

"Dare to disobey," continued Jonathan: "neglect my orders, and I will hang you."

Sheppard started to his feet.

"Hear me," he cried, restraining himself with difficulty. "It is time you should know whom you have to deal with. Henceforth, I utterly throw off the yoke you have laid upon me. I will neither stir hand nor foot for you more. Attempt to molest me, and I split. You are more in my power than I am in yours. Jack Sheppard is a match for Jonathan Wild, any day."

"That he is," added Blueskin, approvingly.

Jonathan smiled contemptuously.

"One motive alone shall induce me to go on with you," said Jack.

"What's that?" asked Wild.

"The youth whom you delivered to Vap-Galgebrok,—Thames Darrell, is returned."

"Impossible!" cried Jonathan. "He was thrown overboard, and perished at sea."

"He is alive," replied Jack. "I have seen him, and might have conversed with him if I had chosen. Now, I know you can restore him to his rights, if you choose. Do so; and I am yours as heretofore."

"Humph!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Your answer!" cried Sheppard. "Yes, or no?"

"I will make no terms with you," rejoined Wild, sternly. "You have defied me, and shall feel my power. You have been useful to me, or I would not have spared you thus long. I swore to hang you two years ago, but I deferred my purpose."

"Deferred!" echoed Sheppard.

"Hear me out," said Jonathan. "You came hither under my protection, and you shall depart freely,—nay, more, you shall have an hour's grace. After that time, I shall place my setters on your heels."

"You cannot prevent my departure," replied Jack, dauntlessly, "and therefore your offer is no favour. But I tell you in return, I shall take no pains to hide myself. If you want me, you know where to find me."

"An hour," said Jonathan, looking at his watch,—"remember!"

"If you send for me to the Cross Shovels in the Mint, where I'm going with Blueskin, I will surrender myself without resistance," returned Jack.

"You will spare the officers a labour then," rejoined Jonathan.

"Can't I settle this business, captain," muttered Blueskin, drawing a pistol.

"Don't harm him," said Jack, carelessly; "he dares not do it."

So saying he left the room.

"Blueskin," said Jonathan, as that worthy was about to follow, "I advise you to remain with me."

"No," answered the ruffian, moodily. "If you arrest him, you must arrest me also."

"As you will," said Jonathan, seating himself.

Jack and his comrade went to the Mint, where he was joined by Edgeworth Bess, with whom he sat down most unconcernedly to supper. His revelry, however, was put an end to at the expiration of the time mentioned by Jonathan by the entrance of a posse of constables with Quilt Arnold and Abraham Mendez at their head. Jack, to the surprise of all his companions, at once surrendered himself; but Blueskin would have made a fierce resistance, and attempted a rescue if he had not been ordered by his leader to desist. He then made off. Edgeworth Bess, who passed for Sheppard's wife, was secured. They were hurried before a magistrate, and charged by Jonathan Wild with various robberies; but, as Jack Sheppard stated that he had most important disclosures to make, as well as charges to bring forward against his accuser, he was committed with his female companion to the New Prison in Clerkenwell for further examination.

CHAPTER IV.

Jack Sheppard's escape from the new Prison.

In consequence of Jack Sheppard's desperate character, it was judged expedient by the keeper of the New Prison

to load him with fetters of unusual weight, and to place him in a cell which, from its strength and security, was called the Newgate Ward. The ward in which he was confined, was about six yards in length, and three in width, and in height might be about twelve feet. The windows which were about nine feet from the floor, had no glass; but were secured by thick iron bars, and an oak beam. Along the floor ran an iron bar to which Jack's chain was attached, so that he could move along it from one end of the chamber to the other. No prisoner except Edgeworth Bess was placed in the same cell with him. Jack was in excellent spirits; and by his wit, drollery, and agreeable demeanour, speedily became a great favourite with the turnkey, who allowed him every indulgence consistent with his situation. The report of his detention caused an immense sensation. Numberless charges were preferred against him, amongst others, information was lodged of the robbery at Dollis Hill, and murder of Mrs. Wood, and a large reward offered for the apprehension of Blueskin; and as, in addition to this, Jack had threatened to impeach Wild, his next examination was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

The day before this examination was appointed to take place—the third of the prisoner's detention—an old man, respectfully dressed, requested permission to see him. Jack's friends were allowed to visit him; but, as he had openly avowed his intention of attempting an escape, their proceedings were narrowly watched. The old man was conducted to Jack's cell by the turnkey, who remained near him during the interview. He appeared to be a stranger to the prisoner, and the sole motive of his visit, curiosity. After a brief conversation, which Sheppard sustained with his accustomed liveliness, the old man turned to Bess and addressed a few words of commonplace gallantry to her. While this was going on, Jack suddenly made a movement which attracted the turnkey's attention; and during that interval the old man slipped some articles wrapped in a handkerchief into Bess's hands, who instantly secreted them in her bosom. The turnkey looked round the next moment, but the manœuvre escaped his observation. After a little further discourse the old man took his departure.

Left alone with Edgeworth Bess, Jack burst into a loud laugh of exultation.

"Blueskin's a friend in need," he said. "His disguise was capital; but I detected it in a moment. Has he given you the tools?"

"He has," replied Bess, producing the handkerchief.

"Bravo!" cried Sheppard, examining its contents, which proved to be a file, a chisel, two or three gimblets, and a piercer. "Jonathan Wild shall find it's not so easy to detain me. As sure as he's now living, I'll pay him a visit in the Old Bailey before morning. And then I'll pay off old scores. It's almost worth while being sent to prison to have the pleasure of escaping. I shall now be able to test my skill." And, running on in this way, he carefully concealed the tools.

Whether the turnkey entertained any suspicions of the old man, Jack could not tell, but that night he was more than usually rigorous in his search; and having carefully examined the prisoners and finding nothing to excite his suspicions, he departed tolerably satisfied.

As soon as he was certain he should be disturbed no more that night, Jack set to work, and with the aid of the file in less than an hour had freed himself from his fetters. With Bess's assistance he then climbed up to the window, which, as has just been stated, was secured by iron bars of great thickness crossed by a stout beam of oak. The very sight of these impediments, would have appalled a less courageous spirit than Sheppard's—but nothing

could daunt him. To work then he went, and with wonderful industry filed off two of the iron bars. Just as he completed this operation, the file broke. The oaken beam, nine inches in thickness, was now the sole but most formidable obstacle to his flight. With his gimblet he contrived to bore a number of holes so close together that at last one end of the bar, being completely pierced through, yielded; and pursuing the same plan with the other extremity, it fell out altogether.

This last operation was so fatiguing, that for a short time he was obliged to pause to recover the use of his fingers. He then descended; and having induced Bess to take off some part of her clothing, he tore the gown and petticoat into shreds and twisted them into a sort of rope which he fastened to the lower bars of the window. With some difficulty he contrived to raise her to the window, and with still greater difficulty to squeeze her through it—her bulk being much greater than his own. He then made a sort of running noose, passed it over her body, and taking firmly hold of the bars, prepared to guide her descent. But Bess could scarcely summon resolution enough to hazard the experiment; and it was only on Jack's urgent entreaties, and even threats, that she could be prevailed upon to trust herself to the frail tenure of the rope he had prepared. At length, however, she threw herself off; and Jack carefully guiding the rope she landed in safety.

The next moment he was by her side.

But the great point was still unaccomplished. They had escaped from the New Prison, it is true; but the wall of Clerkenwell Bridewell, by which that jail was formerly surrounded, and which was more than twenty feet high, and protected by formidable and bristling *chevaux de frise*, remained to be scaled. Jack, however, had an expedient for mastering this difficulty. He ventured to the great gates, and by inserting his gimblets into the wood at intervals, so as to form points upon which he could rest his foot, he contrived to ascend them; and when at the top, having fastened a portion of his dress to the spikes, he managed, not without considerable risk, to draw up his female companion. Once over the iron spikes, Bess exhibited no reluctance to be let down on the other side of the wall. Having seen his mistress safe down, Jack instantly descended, leaving the best part of his clothes, as a memorial of his flight, to the jailor.

And thus he effected his escape from the New Prison.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER V.

The Disguise.

In a hollow in the meadows behind the prison whence Jack Sheppard had escaped,—for at this time, the whole of the now thickly-peopled district north of Clerkenwell Bridewell was open country, stretching out in fertile fields in the direction of Islington,—and about a quarter of a mile off, stood a solitary hovel, known as Black Mary's Hole. This spot, which still retains its name, acquired the appellation from an old crone who lived there, and who, in addition to a very equivocal character for honesty, enjoyed the reputation of being a witch. Without inquiring into the correctness of the latter part of the story, it may be sufficient to state, that Black Mary was a person in whom Jack Sheppard thought he could confide, and as Edgeworth Bess was incapable of much further exertion, he determined to leave her in the old woman's care till the following night, while he shifted for himself, and fulfilled his design—for, however

rash or hazardous a project might be, if once conceived, Jack always executed it,—of visiting Jonathan Wild at his house in the Old Bailey.

It was precisely two o'clock on the morning of Whitmonday, the 25th of May 1724, when the remarkable escape before detailed was completed: and though it wanted full two hours to daybreak, the glimmer of a waning moon prevented it from being totally dark. Casting a hasty glance, as he was about to turn an angle of the wall, at the great gates and upper windows of the prison, and perceiving no symptoms of pursuit, Jack proceeded towards the hovel at a very deliberate pace, carefully assisting his female companion over every obstacle in the road, and bearing her in his arms when, as was more than once the case, she sank from fright and exhaustion. In this way he crossed one or two public gardens and a bowling-green,—the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell then abounded in such places of amusement,—passed the noted Ducking Pond, where Black Mary had been frequently immersed; and striking off to the left across the fields, arrived in a few minutes at his destination.

Descending the hollow, or rather excavation,—for it was an old disused clay-pit, at the bottom of which the cottage was situated,—he speedily succeeded in arousing the ancient sibyl, and having committed Edgeworth Bess to her care, with a promise of an abundant reward in case she watched diligently over her safety, and attended to her comforts till his return,—to all which Black Mary readily agreed,—he departed with a heart lightened of half its load.

Jack's first object was to seek out Blueskin, whom he had no doubt he should find at the New Mint, at Wapping, for the Old Mint no longer offered a secure retreat to the robber; and, with this view, he made the best of his way along a bye-lane leading towards Hockley-in-the-hole. He had not proceeded far when he was alarmed by the tramp of a horse which seemed to be rapidly approaching, and he had scarcely time to leap the hedge and conceal himself behind a tree, when a tall man, enveloped in an ample cloak, with his hat pulled over his brows, rode by at full speed. Another horseman followed quickly at the heels of the first; but just as he passed the spot where Jack stood, his steed missed its footing, and fell. Either ignorant of the accident, or heedless of it, the foremost horseman pursued his way without even turning his head.

Conceiving the opportunity too favourable to be lost, Jack sprang suddenly over the hedge, and before the man, who was floundering on the ground with one foot in the stirrup, could extricate himself from his embarrassing position, secured his pistols, which he drew from the holsters, and held them to his head. The fellow swore lustily, in a voice which Jack instantly recognised as that of Quilt Arnold, and vainly attempted to rise and draw his sword.

"Dog!" thundered Sheppard, putting the muzzle of the pistol so close to the janizary's ear, that the touch of the cold iron made him start, "don't you know me?"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Quilt, opening his eyes with astonishment. "It can't be Captain Sheppard!"

"It is," replied Jack; "and you had better have met the devil on your road than me. Do you remember what I said when you took me at the Mint

four days ago. I told you my turn would come. It has come,—and sooner than you expected."

"So I find, captain," rejoined Quilt, submissively; "but you're too noble-hearted to take advantage of my situation. Besides, I acted for others, and not for myself."

"I know it," replied Sheppard, "and therefore I spare your life."

"I was sure you wouldn't injure me, captain, remarked Quilt, in a wheedling tone, while he felt about for his sword; "you're far too brave to strike a fallen man."

"Ah! traitor!" cried Jack, who had noticed the movement; "make such another attempt, and it shall cost you your life." So saying, he unbuckled the belt to which the janizary's hanger was attached, and fastened it to his own girdle.

"And now," he continued, sternly, "was it your master who has just ridden by?"

"No," answered Quilt, sullenly.

"Who, then?" demanded Jack. "Speak, or I fire!"

"Well, if you will have it, it's Sir Rowland Trenchard."

"Sir Rowland Trenchard!" echoed Jack, in amazement.

"What are you doing with him?"

"It's a long story, captain, and I've no breath to tell it, —unless you choose to release me," rejoined Quilt.

"Get up, then," said Jack, freeing his foot from the stirrup. "Now—begin."

Quilt, however, seemed unwilling to speak.

"I should be sorry to proceed to extremities," continued Sheppard, again raising the pistol.

"Well, since you force me to betray my master's secrets," replied Quilt, sullenly, "I've ridden express to Manchester to deliver a message to Sir Rowland."

"Respecting Thames Darrell?" observed Jack.

"Why, how the devil did you happen to guess that?" cried the janizary.

"No matter," replied Sheppard. "I'm glad to find I'm right. You informed Sir Rowland that Thames Darrell was returned?"

"Exactly so," replied Quilt, "and he instantly decided upon returning to London with me. We've ridden post all the way, and I'm horribly tired, or you wouldn't have mastered me so easily."

"Perhaps not," replied Jack, to whom an idea had suddenly occurred. "Now, sir, I'll trouble you for your coat. I've left mine on the spikes of the New Prison, and must borrow yours."

"Why, surely you can't be in earnest, captain. "You wouldn't rob Mr. Wild's chief janizary?"

"I'd rob Mr. Wild himself if I met him," retorted Jack. "Come, off with it, sirrah, or I'll blow out your brains, in the first place, and strip you afterwards."

"Well, rather than you should commit so great a crime, captain, here it is," replied Quilt, handing him the garment in question. "Anything else?"

"Your waistcoat."

"Zounds! captain, I shall get my death of cold. I was in hopes you'd be content with my bat and wig."

"I shall require them as well," rejoined Sheppard; "and your boots."

"My boots! Fire and fury! They won't fit you; they're too large. Besides, how am I to ride home without them?"

"Don't distress yourself," returned Jack, "you shall walk. Now," he added, as his commands were reluctantly obeyed, "help me on with them."

Quilt knelt down, as if he meant to comply; but, watching his opportunity, he made a sudden grasp at Sheppard's leg, with the intention of overthrowing him.

But Jack was too nimble for him. Striking out his foot, he knocked half a dozen teeth down the janizary's throat; and seconding the kick with a blow on the head from the butt-end of the pistol, stretched him, senseless and bleeding, on the ground.

"Like master like man," observed Jack as he rolled the inanimate body to the side of the road. "From Jonathan Wild's confidential servant what could be expected but treachery?"

With this, he proceeded to dress himself in Quilt Arnold's clothes, pulled the wig over his face and eyes so as completely to conceal his features, slouched the hat over his brows, drew the huge boots above his knees, and muffled himself up in the best way he could. On searching the coat, he found amongst other matters, a mask, a key, and a pocket-book. The latter appeared to contain several papers, which Jack carefully put by, in the hope that they might turn out of importance in a scheme of vengeance which he meditated against the thief-taker. He then mounted the jaded hack, which had long since regained its legs, and was quietly browsing the grass at the road-side, and, striking spurs into its side, rode off. He had not proceeded far when he encountered Sir Rowland, who having missed his attendant, had returned to look after him.

"What has delayed you?" demanded the knight, impatiently.

"My horse has had a fall," replied Jack, assuming to perfection—for he was a capital mimic—the tones of Quilt Arnold. "It was some time before I could get him to move."

"I fancied I heard voices," rejoined Sir Rowland.

"So did I," answered Jack; "we had better move on. This is a noted place for highwaymen."

"I thought you told me that the rascal who has so long been the terror of the town—Jack Sheppard—was in custody."

"So he is," returned Jack; but, there's no saying how long he may remain so. Besides, there are greater rascals than Jack Sheppard at liberty, Sir Rowland."

Sir Rowland made no reply, but angrily quickened his pace. The pair then descended Saffron-hill, threaded Field-lane, and, entering Holborn, passed over the little bridge which then crossed the muddy waters of Fleet-ditch, mounted Snow-hill, and soon drew in the bridle before Jonathan Wild's door. Aware of Quilt Arnold's mode of proceeding, Jack instantly dismounted, and instead of knocking, opened the door with the pass-key. The porter instantly made his appearance, and Sheppard ordered him to take care of the horses.

"Well, what sort of a journey have you had, Quilt?" asked the man as he hastened to assist Sir Rowland to dismount.

"Oh! we've lost no time, as you perceive," replied Jack. "Is the governor within?"

"Yes; you'll find him in the audience-chamber. He has got Blueskin with him."

"Ah! indeed! what's he doing here?" inquired Jack.

"Come to buy off Jack Sheppard, I suppose," replied the fellow. "But it won't do. Mr. Wild has made up his mind; and, when that's the case, all the persuasion on earth won't turn him. Jack will be tried to-morrow; and, as sure as my name's Obadiah Lemon he'll take up his quarters at the King's-Head," pointing to Newgate, "over the way."

"Well, we shall see," replied Jack. "Look to the horses, Obadiah. This way, Sir Rowland."

As familiar as Quilt Arnold himself with every part of Wild's mysterious abode, as well as with the ways of its inmates, Jack, without a moment's hesitation, took up a

lamp which was burning in the hall, and led his companion up the great stone stairs. Arrived at the audience-chamber, he set down the light upon a stand, threw open the door, and announced in a loud voice, but with the perfect intonation of the person he represented,—“Sir Rowland Trenchard.”

Jonathan, who was engaged in conversation with Blueskin, instantly arose, and bowed with cringing ceremoniousness to the knight. The latter haughtily returned his salutation, and flung himself, as if exhausted, into a chair.

“You’ve arrived sooner than I expected, Sir Rowland,” observed the thief-taker. “Lost no time on the road—eh!—I didn’t expect you till to-morrow at the earliest. Excuse me an instant while I dismiss this person.—You’ve your answer, Blueskin,” he added, pushing that individual, who seemed unwilling to depart, towards the door; “it’s useless to urge the matter further. Jack is registered in the Black Book.”

“One word before I go,” urged Blueskin.

“Not a syllable,” replied Wild. “If you talk as long as an Old Bailey counsel, you’ll not alter my determination.”

“Won’t my life do as well as his?” supplicated the other.

“Humph!” exclaimed Jonathan, doubtfully. “And you would surrender yourself—eh?”

“I’ll surrender myself at once, if you’ll engage to bring him off; and you’ll get the reward from old Wood. It’s two hundred pounds. Recollect that.”

“Faithful fellow!” murmured Jack. “I forgive him his disobedience.”

“Will you do it?” persisted Blueskin.

“No,” replied Wild; “and I’ve only listened to your absurd proposal to see how far your insane attachment to this lad would carry you.”

“I do love him,” cried Blueskin, “and that’s the long and short of it. I’ve taught him all he can do; and there isn’t his fellow, and never will be again. I’ve seen many a clever crackman, but never one like him. If you hang Jack Sheppard, you’ll cut off the flower of the profession. But I’ll not believe it of you. It’s all very well to read him a lesson, and teach him obedience; but you’ve gone far enough for that.”

“Not quite,” rejoined the thief-taker, significantly.

“Well,” growled Blueskin, “you’ve had my offer.”

“And you my warning,” retorted Wild. “Good night!”

“Blueskin,” whispered Jack, in his natural tones, as the other passed him, “wait without.”

“Powers o’ mercy!” cried Blueskin, starting.

“What’s the matter?” demanded Jonathan, harshly.

“Nothin’—nothin’,” returned Blueskin; “only I thought—”

“You saw the hangman, no doubt,” said Jack. “Take courage, man; it’s only Quilt Arnold. Come, make yourself scarce. Don’t you see Mr. Wild’s busy.” And then he added, in an under tone, “Conceal yourself outside, and be within call.”

Blueskin nodded, and left the room. Jack affected to close the door, but left it slightly ajar.

“What did you say to him? inquired Jonathan, suspiciously.

“I advised him not to trouble you farther about Jack Sheppard,” answered the supposed janizary.

“He seems infatuated about the lad,” observed Wild.

“I shall be obliged to hang him to keep him company.—And now, Sir Rowland,” he continued, turning to the knight, “to our own concerns. It’s a long time since we met—eight years, and more. I hope you’ve enjoyed your

health. ‘S life! you’re wonderfully altered. I should scarcely have known you.”

The knight was indeed greatly changed. Though not much past the middle term of life, he seemed prematurely stricken with old age. His frame was wasted, and slightly bent; his eyes were hollow, his complexion haggard, and his beard, which had remained unshorn during his hasty journey, was perfectly white. His manner, however, was as stern and haughty as ever, and his glances retained their accustomed fire.

“I did not come hither to consult you as to the state of my health, sir,” he observed, displeased by Jonathan’s allusion to the alteration in his appearance.

“True,” replied Wild. “You were no doubt surprised by the unlooked-for intelligence I sent you of your nephew’s return?”

“Was it *unlooked-for* on your part?” demanded the knight, distrustfully.

“On my soul, yes,” rejoined Jonathan. “I should as soon have expected the bones of Tom Sheppard to reunite themselves and walk out of that case, as Thames Darrell to return. The skipper, Van Galgebrok, affirmed to me,—nay, gave me the additional testimony of two of his crew,—that he was thrown overboard. But it appears he was picked up by fishermen, and carried to France, where he has remained ever since, and where it would have been well for him if he had remained altogether.”

“Have you seen him?” asked Trenchard.

“I have,” replied Wild; “and nothing but the evidence of my senses would have made me believe he was living, after the positive assurance I received to the contrary. He is at present with Mr. Wood,—the person whom you may remember adopted him,—at Dollis Hill, near Willesden; and it’s a singular but fortunate circumstance, so far as we are concerned, that Mrs. Wood chanced to be murdered by Blueskin, the fellow who has just left the room, on the very night of his return, as it has thrown the house into such confusion, and so distracted them, that he has had no time as yet for hostile movements.”

“And what course do you propose to pursue in reference to him?” asked Sir Rowland.

“My plan is a very simple one,” rejoined the thief-taker, smiling bitterly. “I would treat him as you treated his father, Sir Rowland.”

“Murder him!” cried Trenchard, shuddering.

“Ay, murder him, if you like the term,” returned Wild. “I should call it putting him out of the way. But, no matter how you phrase it, the end is the same.”

“I cannot consent to it,” replied Sir Rowland, firmly.

“Since the sea has spared him, I will spare him. It is in vain to struggle against the arm of fate. I will shed no more blood.”

“And perish upon the gibbet,” rejoined Jonathan, contemptuously.

“Flight is still left me,” replied Trenchard. “I can escape to France.”

“And do you think I’ll allow you to depart,” cried Jonathan, in a menacing tone, “and compromise my safety? No, no. We are linked together in this matter, and must go through with it. You cannot—shall not retreat.”

“Death and hell!” cried Sir Rowland, rising and drawing his sword; “do you think you can shackle my free will, villain?”

“In this particular instance I do, Sir Rowland,” replied Jonathan, calmly, “because you are wholly in my power. But be patient, I am your fast friend. Thames Darrell must die. Our mutual safety requires it. Leave the means to me.”

"More blood! more blood!" cried Trenchard, passing his hand with agony across his brow. "Shall I never banish those horrible phantoms from my couch—the father with his bleeding breast and dripping hair!—the mother with her wringing hands, and looks of vengeance and reproach!—And must another be added to their number—their son! Horror!—let me be spared this new crime! And yet the gibbet—my name tarnished—my escutcheon blotted by the hangman?—No. I cannot submit to that."

"I should think not," observed Jonathan, "who had some practice in the knight's moods, and knew how to humour him."

"It's a miserable weakness to be afraid of bloodshed. The general who gives an order for wholesale carnage never sleeps a wink the less soundly for the midnight groans of his victims, and we should deride him as a coward if he did. And life is much the same, whether taken in battle or on the couch, or by the road-side. Besides those whom I've slain with my own hand, I've brought upwards of thirty persons to the gallows. Most of their relics are in yonder cases: but I don't remember that any of them have disturbed my rest. The mode of destruction makes no difference. It's precisely the same thing to me to bid my janizaries cut Thames Darrell's throat, as to order Jack Sheppard's execution."

As Jonathan said this, Jack's hand involuntarily sought a pistol.

"But to the point," continued Wild, unconscious of the peril in which the remark had placed him,—"to the point. On the terms that procured your liberation from Newgate, I will free you from this new danger."

"Those terms were a third of my estate," observed Trenchard, bitterly.

"What of that?" rejoined Jonathan. "Any price was better than your head. If Thames Darrell escapes, you will lose both life and property."

"True, true," replied the knight, with an agonised look: "there is no alternative."

"None whatever," rejoined Wild. "Is it a bargain?"

"Take half of my estate—take all—my life, if you will—I am weary of it!" cried Trenchard, passionately.

"No," replied Jonathan, "I'll not take you at your word, as regards the latter proposition. We shall both, I hope, live to enjoy our shares—long after Thames Darrell is forgotten—ha! ha! A third of your estate I accept. And, as these things should always be treated as matters of business, I'll just draw up a memorandum of our arrangement."

And, as he spoke, he took up a sheet of paper, and hastily traced a few lines upon it.

"Sign this," he said, pushing the document towards Sir Rowland.

The knight mechanically complied with his request.

"Enough!" cried Jonathan, eagerly pocketing the memorandum. "And now, in return for your liberality, I'll inform you of a secret with which it is important you should be acquainted."

"A secret!" exclaimed Trenchard. "Concerning whom?"

"Mrs. Sheppard," replied Jonathan, mysteriously.

"Mrs. Sheppard?" echoed Jack, surprised out of his caution.

"Ah!" exclaimed Wild, looking angrily towards his supposed attendant.

"I beg pardon, sir," replied Jack, with the accent and manner of the janizary; "I was betrayed into the exclamation by my surprise that anything in which Sir Rowland Trenchard was interested could have reference to so humble a person as Mrs. Sheppard."

"Be pleased, then, in future not to let your surprise find vent in words," rejoined Jonathan, sternly. "My servants, like Eastern mutes must have eyes, and ears,—and hands, if need be,—but no tongues. You understand me, sirrah?"

"Perfectly," replied Jack. "I'm dumb."

"Your secret?" demanded Trenchard, impatiently.

"I need not remind you, Sir Rowland," replied Wild, "that you had two sisters—Aliva and Constance."

"Both are dead," observed the knight, gloomily.

"Not so;" answered Wild. "Constance is yet living."

"Constance alive! Impossible!" ejaculated Trenchard.

"I've proofs to the contrary," replied Jonathan.

"If this is the case, where is she?"

"In Bedlam," replied the thief-taker, with a Satanic grin.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the knight, upon whom a light seemed suddenly to break. "You mentioned Mrs. Sheppard. What has she to do with Constance Trenchard?"

"Mrs. Sheppard is Constance Trenchard," replied Jonathan, maliciously.

Here Jack Sheppard was unable to repress an exclamation of astonishment.

"Again," cried Jonathan, sternly; "beware!"

"What!" vociferated Trenchard. "My sister the wife of one condemned felon! the parent of another! It cannot be."

"It is so, nevertheless," replied Wild. "Stolen by a gipsy when scarcely five years old, Constance Trenchard, after various vicissitudes, was carried to London, where she lived in great poverty, with the dregs of society. It is useless to trace out her miserable career; though I can easily do so if you require it. To preserve herself, however, from destitution, or what she considered worse, she wedded a journeyman carpenter, named Sheppard."

"Alas! that one so highly born should submit to such a degradation!" groaned the knight.

"I see nothing surprising in it," rejoined Jonathan. "In the first place, she had no knowledge of her birth; and, consequently, no false pride to get rid of. In the second, she was wretchedly poor, and assailed by temptations of which you can form no idea. Distress like hers might palliate far greater offences than she ever committed. With the same inducements we should all do the same thing. Poor girl! she was beautiful once; so beautiful as to make me, who care little for the allurements of women, fancy myself enamoured of her."

Jack Sheppard again sought his pistol, and was only withheld from levelling it at the thief-taker's head, by the hope that he might gather some further information respecting his mother. And he had good reason before long to congratulate himself on his forbearance.

"What proof have you of the truth of this story?" inquired Trenchard.

"This," replied Jonathan, taking a paper from a portfolio, and handing it to the knight, "this written evidence, signed by Martha Cooper, the gipsy, by whom the girl was stolen, and who was afterwards executed for a similar crime. It is attested, you will

observe, by the Reverend Mr. Purney, the present ordinary of Newgate."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Purney's hand-writing," said Jack, advancing, "and can at once decide whether this is a forgery or not."

"Look at it then," said Wild, giving him the portfolio.

"It's the ordinary's signature, undoubtedly," replied Jack.

And as he gave back the portfolio to Sir Rowland he contrived, unobserved, to slip the precious document into his sleeve, and from thence into his pocket.

"And, does any of our bright blood flow in the veins of a ruffianly housebreaker?" cried Trenchard, with a look of bewilderment. "I'll not believe it."

"Others may, if you won't," muttered Jack, retreating. "Thank heaven! I'm not basely born."

"Now, mark me," said Jonathan, "and you'll find I don't do things by halves. By your father, Sir Montacute Trenchard's will, you are aware,—and, therefore, I need not repeat it, except for the special purpose I have in view,—you are aware, I say, that, by this will, in case your sister Aliva, died without issue, or, on the death of such issue, the property reverts to Constance and her issue."

"I hear," said Sir Rowland, moodily.

"And I," muttered Jack.

"Thames Darrell once destroyed," pursued Jonathan, "Constance—or, rather, Mrs. Sheppard—becomes entitled to the estates; which eventually—provided he escapes the gallows—would descend to her son."

"Ha!" exclaimed Jack, drawing in his breath, and leaning forward with intense curiosity.

"Well, sir?" gasped Sir Rowland.

"But this need give you no uneasiness," pursued Jonathan; "Mrs. Sheppard, as I told you, is in Bedlam, an incurable maniac; while her son is in the New Prison, whence he will only be removed to Newgate and Tyburn."

"So you think," muttered Jack, between his ground teeth.

"To make your mind perfectly easy on the score of Mrs. Sheppard," continued Jonathan; "after we've disposed of Thames Darrell, I'll visit her in Bedlam; and, as I understand I form one of her chief terrors, I'll give her such a fright that I'll engage she shan't long survive it."

"Devil!" muttered Jack, again grasping his pistol. But, feeling secure of vengeance, he determined to abide his time.

"And now, having got rid of the minor obstacles," said Jonathan, "I'll submit a plan for the removal of the main difficulty. Thames Darrell, I've said, is at Mr. Wood's at Dollis-hill, wholly unsuspecting of any designs against him, and, in fact, entirely ignorant of your being acquainted with his return, or even of his existence. In this state, it will be easy to draw him into the snare. To-morrow night—or rather to-night, for we are fast verging on another day—I propose to lure him out of the house by a stratagem which I am sure will prove infallible; and, then, what so easy as to knock him on the head. To make sure work of it, I'll superintend the job myself. Before midnight, I'll answer for it, it shall be done. My janizaries shall go with me. You hear what I say, Quilt!" he added, looking at Jack.

"I do," replied Sheppard.

"Abraham Mendez will like the task,—for he has entertained a hatred to the memory of Thames Darrell ever since he received the wound in the head, when the two lads attempted to break out of St. Giles's roundhouse. I've despatched him to the New Prison. But I expect him back every minute."

"The New Prison!" exclaimed Sheppard. "What is he gone there for?"

"With a message to the trunker to look after his prisoner," replied Wild, with a cunning smile. "Jack Sheppard had a visiter, I understand, yesterday, and may make an attempt to escape. It's as well to be on the safe side."

"It is," replied Jack.

At this moment, his quick ears detected the sound of footsteps on the stairs. He drew both his pistols and prepared for a desperate encounter.

"There is another mystery I would have solved," said Trenchard, addressing Wild; "you have told me much, but not enough."

"What do you require further?" asked Jonathan.

"The name and rank of Thames Darrell's father," said the knight.

"Another time," replied the thief-taker, evasively.

"I will have it now," rejoined Trenchard, "or our agreement is void."

"You cannot help yourself, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan contemptuously.

"Indeed!" replied the knight, drawing his sword, "the secret, villain, or I will force it from you."

Before Wild could make any reply, the door was thrown violently open, and Abraham Mendez rushed into the room, with a face of the utmost consternation.

"He hash eschaped!" cried the Jew.

"Who? Jack!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Yesh," replied Abraham. "I vent to de New Prish'n, and on wishitin' his shell vid de turnkey, vot should ve find but de shains on de ground, de vinder broken, and Jack and Ageoorth Besh gone."

"Damnation!" cried Jonathan, stamping his foot with uncontrollable rage. "I'd rather have given a thousand pounds than this had happened. But he might have broken out of prison, and yet not get over the wall of Clerkenwell Bridewell. Did you search the yard, fool?"

"Ve did," replied Abraham; "and found his fine coat and ruffles torn to shtrips on de shpikes near de create cate. It vos plain he vent dat vay."

Jonathan gave utterance to a torrent of imprecations.

While he thus vented his rage, the door again opened, and Quilt Arnold rushed into the room, bleeding, and half-dressed.

"Sblood! what's this?" cried Jonathan, in the utmost surprise. "Quilt Arnold, is that you?"

"It is, sir," sputtered the janizary. "I've been robbed, maltreated, and nearly murdered by Jack Sheppard."

"By Jack Sheppard!" exclaimed the thief-taker.

"Yes; and I hope you'll take ample vengeance upon him," said Quilt.

"I will, when I catch him, rely on it," rejoined Wild.

"You needn't go far to do that," returned Quilt; "There he stands."

"Ay, here I am," said Jack, throwing off his hat and wig, and marching towards the group, amongst whom there was a general movement of surprise at

his audacity. "Sir Rowland, I salute you as your nephew."

"Back, villain?" said the knight, haughtily. "I disown you. The whole story of your relationship is a fabrication."

"Time will show," replied Jack with equal haughtiness. "But, however, it may turn out, I disown you."

"Well, Jack," said Jonathan, who had looked at him with surprise not unmingled with admiration, "you are a bold and clever fellow, I must allow. Were I not Jonathan Wild, I'd be Jack Sheppard. I'm almost sorry I've sworn to hang you. But, it can't be helped. I'm a slave to my word. Were I to let you go, you'd say I feared you. Besides, you've secrets which must not be disclosed. Nab and Quilt to the door! Jack, you are my prisoner."

"And you flatter yourself you can detain me?" laughed Jack.

"At least I'll try," replied Jonathan, sarcastically. "You must be a cleverer lad than even I take you for, if you get out of this place."

"What ho! Blueskin!" shouted Jack.

"Here I am, captain," cried a voice from without. And the door was suddenly thrown open, and the two janizaries felled to the ground by the strong arm of the stalwart robber.

"Your boast, you see, was a little premature, Mr. Wild," said Sheppard. "Adieu, my worthy uncle. Fortunately, I've secured the proof of my birth."

"Confusion!" thundered Wild, "Close the doors below! Loose the dogs! Curses! they don't hear me! I'll ring the alarm-bell." And he raised his arm with the intention of executing his purpose, when a ball from Jack's pistol passed through the back of his hand, shattering the limb. "Aha! my lad!" he cried, without appearing to regard the pain of the wound; "now I'll show you no quarter." And, with the uninjured hand he drew a pistol, which he fired, but without effect, at Jack.

"Fly, captain, fly!" vociferated Blueskin; "I shan't be able to keep these devils down. Fly! They shall knock me on the head—curse 'em!—before they shall touch you."

"Come along!" cried Jack, darting through the door. "The key's on the outside—quick! quick!"

Instantly alive to this chance, Blueskin broke away. Two shots were fired at him by Jonathan; one of which passed through his hat, and the other through the fleshy part of his arm; but he made good his retreat. The door was closed—locked,—and the pair were heard descending the stairs.

"Hell's curses!" roared Jonathan. "They'll escape. Not a moment is to be lost."

So saying, he took hold of a ring in the floor, and disclosed a flight of steps, down which he hurried, followed by the janizaries. This means of communication instantly brought them to the lobby. But, Jack and his companion were already gone.

Jonathan threw open the street-door. Upon the pavement near the court lay the porter, who had been prostrated by a blow from the butt-end of a pistol. The man, who was just able to move, pointed towards Giltspur-street. Jonathan looked in that direction, and beheld the fugitives riding off in triumph.

"To-night it is *their* turn," said Jonathan, binding

up his wounded fingers with a handkerchief. "To-morrow it will be *mine*."

CHAPTER VI.

Winifred receives two Proposals.

The tragical affair at Dollis Hill, it need scarcely be said, was a dreadful blow to the family. Mr. Wood bore up with great fortitude against the shock, attended the inquest, delivered his evidence with composure, and gave directions afterwards for the funeral, which took place on the day but one following—Sunday. As soon, however, as the last solemn rites were over, and the remains of the unfortunate woman committed to their final resting-place in Willesden churchyard, his firmness completely deserted him, and he sank beneath the weight of his affliction. It was fortunate that by this time Winifred had so far recovered, as to be able to afford her father the best and only solace that, under the circumstances, he could have received,—her personal attentions.

The necessity which had previously existed of leaving the ghastly evidence of the murderous deed undisturbed,—the presence of the mangled corpse,—the bustle of the inquest, at which her attendance was required,—all these circumstances produced a harrowing effect upon the young girl's imagination. But when all was over, a sorrowful calm succeeded, and, if not free from grief, she was tranquil. As to Thames, though deeply and painfully affected by the horrible occurrence that had marked his return to his old friends, he was yet able to control his feelings, and devote himself to the alleviation of the distress of the more immediate sufferers by the calamity.

It was Sunday evening—a soft delicious evening, and, from the happy, cheerful look of the house, none would have dreamed of the dismal tragedy so lately acted within its walls. The birds were singing blithely amid the trees,—the lowing of the cows resounded from the yard,—a delicious perfume from the garden was wafted through the open window,—at a distance, the church-bells of Willesden were heard tolling for evening service. All these things spoke of peace;—but there are seasons when the pleasantest external influences have a depressing effect on the mind, by painfully recalling past happiness. So, at least, thought one of two persons who were seated together in a small back-parlour of the house at Dollis Hill. She was a lovely girl, attired in deep mourning, and having an expression of profound sorrow on her charming features. Her companion was a portly handsome man, also dressed in a full suit of the deepest mourning, with the finest of lace at his bosom and wrists, and a sword in a black sheath by his side. These persons were Mr. Kneebone and Winifred.

The funeral, it has just been said, took place on that day. Amongst others, who attended the sad ceremony was Mr. Kneebone. Conceiving himself called upon, as the intimate friend of the deceased, to pay this last tribute of respect to her memory, he appeared as one of the chief mourners. Overcome by his affliction, Mr. Wood had retired to his own room, where he had just summoned Thames. Much to her annoyance, therefore, Winifred was left alone with the woollen-drafter, who, following up a maxim of his own, that "nothing was gained by too much bashfulness," determined to profit by the opportuni-

ty. He had only been prevented, indeed, by a fear of Mrs. Wood from pressing his suit long ago. This obstacle removed, he thought he might now make the attempt. Happen what might, he could not be in a worse position.

"We have had a sad loss, my dear Winifred," he began,—for I must use the privilege of an old friend, and address you by that familiar name,—we have had a sad loss in the death of your lamented parent, whose memory I shall for ever revere."

Winifred's eyes filled with tears. This was not exactly what the woollen-draper desired. So he resolved to try another tack.

"What a very remarkable thing it is," he observed, applying to his snuff-box, "that Thames Darrell, whom we all supposed dead,"—Kneebone in his heart sincerely wished he *had* been so,—should turn out to be alive after all. Strange, I shouldn't know him when he called on me."

"It is strange," replied Winifred, artlessly. I knew him at once."

"Of course," rejoined Kneebone, a little maliciously: but that's easily accounted for. May I be permitted, as a very old and very dear friend of your lamented parent, whose loss I shall ever deplore, to ask you one question?

"Undoubtedly," replied Winifred.

"And you will answer it frankly?"

"Certainly."

"Now for it," thought the woollen-draper. "I shall at least, ascertain how the land lies.—Well, then, my dear," he added aloud, "do you still entertain the strong attachment you did to Captain Darrell?"

Winifred's cheeks glowed with blushes, and fixing her eyes which flashed with resentment, upon the questioner, she said,

I have promised to answer your question, and I will do so. I love him as a brother."

"Only as a brother?" persisted Kneebone.

If Winifred remained silent, her looks would have disarmed a person of less assurance than the woollen-draper.

"If you knew how much importance I attach to your answer," he continued, passionately, "you would not refuse me one. Were Captain Darrell to offer you his hand, would you accept it?"

"Your impertinence deserves very different treatment, sir," said Winifred; "but to put an end to this annoyance, I will tell you—I would not."

"And why not?" asked Kneebone, eagerly.

"I will not submit to be thus interrogated," said Winifred, angrily.

"In the name of your lamented parent whose memory I shall for ever revere, I implore you to answer me," urged Kneebone, "why—why would you not accept him?"

"Because our positions are different," replied Winifred, who could not resist this appeal to her feelings.

"You are a paragon of prudence and discretion," rejoined the woollen-draper, drawing his chair closer to hers. "Disparity of rank is very productive of unhappiness in the married state. When Captain Darrell's birth is ascertained, I've no doubt he'll turn out a nobleman's son. At least I hope so for his sake, as well as my own," he added, mentally. "He has quite the air of one. And now, my angel, that I am acquainted with your sentiments on this subject, I

shall readily fulfil a promise which I made to your lamented parent, whose loss I shall ever deplore."

"A promise to my mother? said Winifred unsuspiciously.

"Yes, my angel, to *her*—rest her soul! She extorted it from me and bound me, by a solemn oath to fulfil it."

"Oh! name it?"

"You are a party concerned. Promise me that you will not disobey the injunctions of her whose memory we must both of us revere. Promise me."

"If in my power—certainly. But, what is it? What *did* you promise?"

"To offer you my heart, my hand, my life," replied Kneebone, falling at her feet.

"Sir!" exclaimed Winifred, rising.

"Inequality of rank can be no bar to *our* union," continued Kneebone. "Heaven be praised, I am not the son of a nobleman."

In spite of her displeasure, Winifred could not help smiling at the absurdity of this address. Taking this for encouragement, her suitor proceeded still more extravagantly. Seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses.

"Adorable girl!" he cried, in the most impassioned tone, and with the most impassioned look he could command, "Adorable girl, I have long loved you to desperation. Your lamented mother, whose loss I shall ever deplore, perceived my passion and encouraged it. Would she were alive to back my suit!"

"This is beyond all endurance," said Winifred, striving to withdraw her hand. "Leave me, sir; I insist."

"Never!" rejoined Kneebone, with increased ardour,—never, till I receive from your own lips the answer which is to make me the happiest or the most miserable of mankind. Hear me, adorable girl! You know not the extent of my devotion. No mercenary consideration influences me. Love—admiration for your matchless beauty alone sways me. Let your father—if he chooses—leave all his wealth to his adopted son. I care not. Possessed of *you*, I shall have a treasure such as kings could not boast."

"Pray, cease this nonsense," said Winifred, "and quit the room, or I will call for assistance."

At this juncture the door opened, and Thames entered the room. As the woollen-draper's back was towards him, he did not perceive him, but continued his passionate addresses.

"Call as you please, beloved girl," he cried; "I will not stir till I am answered. You say that you only love Captain Darrell as a brother—"

"Mr. Kneebone!"

"That you would not accept him were he to offer—"

"Be silent, sir!"

"He then," continued the woollen-draper, "is no longer to be considered—"

"How, sir!" cried Thames, advancing. "What is the meaning of your reference to my name! Have you dared to insult this lady? If so—"

"Insult her!" replied Kneebone, rising, and endeavouring to hide his embarrassment under a look of defiance. "Far from it, sir. I have made her an honourable proposal of marriage, in compliance with the request of her lamented parent, whose memory—"

"Dare to utter that falsehood in my hearing again, scoundrel," interrupted Thames, fiercely, "and I will

put it out of your power to repeat the offence. Leave the room! leave the house, sir! and, enter it again at your peril."

"I shall do neither, sir," replied Kneebone, "unless I am requested by this lady to withdraw,—in which case I shall comply with her request. And you have to thank *her* presence, hot-headed boy, that I do not chastise your insolence as it deserves."

"Go, Mr. Kneebone—pray go!" implored Winifred. "Thames, I entreat—"

"Your wishes are my laws, beloved girl," replied Kneebone, bowing profoundly. "Captain Darrell," he added, sternly, "you shall hear from me."

"When you please, sir," said Thames coldly.

And the woollen-draper departed.

"What is all this, dear Winny?" inquired Thames, as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, bursting into tears. "Don't ask me about it now."

"Winny," said Thames, tenderly, "something which that self-sufficient fool has said has so far done me a service in enabling me to speak upon a subject which I have long had upon my lips, but have not had courage to utter."

"Thames!"

"You seem to doubt my love," he continued,—"you seem to think that change of circumstances may produce some change in my affections. Hear me then, now, before I take one step to establish my origin, or secure my rights. Whatever those rights may be, whoever I am, my heart is yours. Do you accept it?"

"Dear Thames!"

"Forgive this ill-timed avowal of my love. But, answer me. Am I mistaken? Is your heart mine?"

"It is—it is; and has ever been," replied Winifred, falling upon his neck.

Lovers' confidences should be respected. We close the chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Jack Sheppard warns Thames Darrell.

On the following night—namely, Monday,—the family assembled together, for the first time since the fatal event, in the chamber to which Thames had been introduced on his arrival at Dollis Hill. As this had been Mrs. Wood's favourite sitting-room, and her image was so intimately associated with it, neither the carpenter nor his daughter could muster courage to enter it before. Determined, however, to conquer the feeling as soon as possible, Wood had given orders to have the evening meal served there; but, notwithstanding all his good resolutions upon his first entrance, he had much ado to maintain his self-command. His wife's portrait had been removed from the walls, and the place it had occupied was only to be known by the cord by which it had been suspended. The very blank, however, affected him more deeply than if it had been left. Then, a handkerchief was thrown over the cage, to prevent the bird from singing; it was *her* favourite canary. The flowers upon the mantel-shelf were withered and drooping—*she* had gathered them. All these circumstances—slight in themselves, but powerful in their effect,—touched the heart of the widowed carpenter, and added to his depression.

Supper was over. It had been discussed in silence.

The cloth was removed, and Wood, drawing the table as near the window as possible—for it was getting dusk—put on his spectacles, and opened that sacred volume from which the best consolation in affliction is derived, and left the lovers—for such they may now be fairly termed—to their own conversation. Having already expressed our determination not to betray any confidence of this sort, which, however interesting to the parties concerned, could not possibly be so to others, we shall omit also the "love passages," and, proceeding to such topics as may have general interest, take up the discourse at the point when Thames Darrell, expressed his determination of starting for Manchester as soon as Jack Sheppard's examination had taken place.

"I am surprised we have received no summons for attendance to-day," he remarked; "perhaps the other robber may be secured."

"Or Jack have escaped," remarked Winny.

"I don't think that's likely. But, this sad affair disposed of, I will not rest till I have avenged my murdered parents."

"*The avenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer,*" said Wood, who was culling for himself certain texts from the scriptures.

"It is the voice of inspiration," said Thames; "and I receive it as a solemn command. The villain has enjoyed his security too long."

"*Bloody and deceitful men shall not live half their days,*" said Wood, reading aloud another passage.

"And yet, he has been spared thus long; perhaps with a wise purpose," rejoined Thames. "But, though the storm has spared him, I will not."

"*No doubt,*" said Wood, who had again turned over the leaves of the sacred volume,—"*no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.*"

"No feelings of consanguinity shall stay my vengeance," said Thames, sternly. "I will have no satisfaction but his life."

"*Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death,*" said Wood, referring to another text.

"Do not steel your heart against him, dear Thames," interposed Winifred.

"*And thine eye shall not pity,*" said her father, in a tone of rebuke, "*but, life shall be for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.*"

As these words were delivered by the carpenter with stern emphasis, a female servant entered the room, and stated that a gentleman was at the door, who wished to speak with Captain Darrell on business of urgent importance.

"With me?" said Thames. "Who is it?"

"He didn't give his name, sir," replied the maid; "but he's a young gentleman."

"Don't go near him, dear Thames," said Winifred; "he may have some ill intention."

"Pshaw!" cried Thames. "What! refuse to see a person who desires to speak with me. Say I will come to him."

"Law! miss," observed the maid, "there's nothing mischievous in the person's appearance, I'm sure. He's as nice and civil-spoken a gentleman as need be; by the same token," she added, in an under tone, "that he gave me a span new crown piece."

"*The thief cometh in the night, and the troop of robbers spoileth without,*" said Wood, who had a text for every emergency.

"Lor' ha' musay, sir!—how you *do* talk," said the

woman; "this is no robber, I'm sure. I should have known at a glance if it was. He's more like a lord than—"

As she spoke, steps were heard approaching; the door was thrown open, and a young man marched boldly into the room.

The intruder was handsomely, even richly, attired in a scarlet riding-suit, embroidered with gold; a broad belt, to which a hanger was attached, crossed his shoulders; his boots rose above his knee, and he carried a laced hat in his hand. Advancing to the middle of the chamber, he halted, drew himself up, and fixed his dark, expressive eyes, on Thames Darrell. His appearance excited the greatest astonishment and consternation amid the group. Winifred screamed. Thames sprang to his feet, and half drew his sword, while Wood, removing his spectacles to assure himself that his eyes did not deceive him, exclaimed in a tone and with a look that betrayed the extremity of surprise—"Jack Sheppard!"

"Jack Sheppard!" echoed the maid. "Is this Jack Sheppard? Oh, is! I'm undone! We shall all have our throats cut! Oh! oh!" And she rushed, screaming, into the passage, where she fell down in a fit.

The occasion of all this confusion and dismay, meanwhile, remained perfectly motionless; his figure erect, and with somewhat of dignity in his demeanour. He kept his keen eyes steadily fixed on Thames, as if awaiting to be addressed.

"Your audacity passes belief," cried the latter, as soon as his surprise would allow him utterance. "If you have contrived to break out of your confinement, villain, this is the last place where you ought to show yourself."

"And, therefore, the first I would visit," replied Jack, boldly. "But, pardon my intrusion. I was resolved to see you. And, fearing you might not come to me, I forced my way hither, even with certainty of discomposing your friends."

"Well, villain!" replied Thames, "I know not the motive of your visit. But, if you have come to surrender yourself to justice, it is well. You cannot depart hence."

"Cannot!" echoed Jack, a slight smile crossing his features. "But, let that pass. My motive in coming hither is to serve you, and save your life. If you choose to requite me by detaining me, you are at liberty to do so. I shall make no defence. That I am not ignorant of the reward offered for my capture this will show," he added, taking a large placard headed '*Murder*' from his pocket, and throwing it on the floor. "My demeanour ought to convince you that I came with no hostile intention. And, to show you that I have no intention of flying, I will myself close and lock the door. There is the key. Are you now satisfied?"

"No," interposed Wood, furiously, "I shall never be satisfied till I see you hanged on the highest gibbet at Tyburn."

"A time may come when you will be gratified, Mr. Wood," replied Jack, calmly.

"May come!—it *will* come!—it *shall* come!" cried the carpenter, shaking his hand menacingly at him. "I have some difficulty in preventing myself from becoming your executioner. Oh! that I should have nursed such a viper!"

"Hear me, sir," said Jack.

"No, I won't hear you, murderer," rejoined Wood.

"I am no murderer," replied Sheppard. "I had no thought of injuring your wife, and would have died rather than commit so foul a crime."

"Think not to delude me, audacious wretch," cried the carpenter. "Even if you are not a principal, you are an accessory. If you had not brought your companion

here, it would not have happened. But you shall swing, rascal,—you shall swing."

"My conscience acquits me of all share in the offence," replied Jack, humbly. "But the past is irremediable, and I did not come hither to exculpate myself. I came to save *your* life, he added, turning to Thames,

"I was not aware it was in danger," rejoined Darrell.

"Then you ought to be thankful to me for the warning. You *are* in danger."

"From some of your associates?"

"From your uncle,—from my uncle,—Sir Rowland Trenchard."

"What means this idle boasting, villain?" said Thames.

"Your uncle, Sir Rowland?"

"It is no idle boasting," replied the other. "You are cousin to the house-breaker, Jack Sheppard."

"If it were so, he would have great reason to be proud of the relationship, truly," observed Wood, shrugging his shoulders.

"It is easy to make an assertion like this," said Thames, contemptuously.

"And equally easy to prove it," replied Jack, giving him the paper he had abstracted from Wild. "Read that."

Thames hastily cast his eyes over it, and transferred it with a look of incredulity to Wood.

"Gracious heavens! this is more wonderful than all the rest," cried the carpenter, rubbing his eyes. "Thames, this is no forgery."

"You believe it father?"

"From the bottom of my heart. I always thought Mrs. Sheppard superior to her station."

"So did I," said Winifred. "Let me look at the paper."

"Poor soul!—poor soul!" groaned Wood, brushing the tears from his vision. "Well, I'm glad she's spared this. Oh! Jack, Jack, you've much to answer for!"

"I have indeed," replied Sheppard, in a tone of contrition.

"If this document is correct," continued Wood, "and I am persuaded it is so,—you are as unfortunate as wicked. See what your misconduct has deprived you of—see what you might have been. This is retribution."

"I feel it," replied Jack, in a tone of agony, "and I feel it more on my poor mother's account than my own."

"She has suffered enough for you," said Wood.

"She has, she has," said Jack, in a broken voice.

"Weep on, reprobate," cried the carpenter, a little softened. "Those tears will do you good."

"Do not distress him, dear father," said Winifred: "he suffers deeply. Oh, Jack! repent, while it is yet time, of your evil conduct. I will pray for you."

"I cannot repent,—I cannot pray," replied Jack, recovering his hardened demeanor. "I should never have been what I am, but for you."

"How so!" inquired Winifred.

"I loved you," replied Jack,—"*don't start—it is over now—I loved you, I say, as a boy, hopelessly, and it made me desperate. And now I find, when it is too late, that I might have deserved you—that I am as well born as Thames Darrell. But I mustn't think of these things, or I shall grow mad. I have said your life is in danger, Thames. Do not slight my warning. Sir Rowland Trenchard is aware of your return to England. I saw him last night at Jonathan Wild's, after my escape from the New Prison. He had just arrived from Manchester, whence he had been summoned by that treacherous thief-taker. I over-heard them planning your assassination. It is to take place to-night.*"

"Oh heavens!" screamed Winifred, while her father lifted up his hands in silent horror.

"And when I further tell you," continued Jack, "that, after yourself and my mother, I am the next heir to the estates of my grand-father, Sir Montacute Trenchard, you will perhaps own that my caution is sufficiently disinterested."

"Could I credit your wild story, I might do so," returned Thames, with a look of perplexity.

"Here are Jonathan Wild's written instructions to Quilt Arnold," rejoined Sheppard, producing the pocket-book he had found in the janizary's clothes. "This letter will vouch for me that a communication has taken place between your enemies."

Thames glanced at the despatch, and, after a moment's reflection, inquired, "In what way is the attempt upon my life to be made?"

"That I couldn't ascertain," replied Jack; "but I advise you to be upon your guard. For aught I know, they may be in the neighbourhood at this moment."

"Here!" ejaculated Wood, with a look of alarm. "Oh Lord! I hope not."

"This I do know," continued Jack,—"Jonathan Wild superintends the attack."

"Jonathan Wild!" repeated the carpenter, trembling. "Then it's all over with us. Oh dear!—how sorry I am I ever left Wych-street. We may be all murdered in this unprotected place, and nobody be the wiser."

"There's some one in the garden at this moment," cried Jack; "I saw a face at the window."

"Where—where?" cried Thames.

"Don't stir," replied Jack. "I will at once convince you of the truth of my assertions, and ascertain whether the enemy really is at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the window, threw open the sash, and called out in the voice of Thames Darrell,

"Who's there?"

He was answered by a shot from a pistol. The ball passed over his head, and lodged in the ceiling.

"I was right," replied Jack, returning as coolly as if nothing had happened. "It is Jonathan. Your uncle—our uncle is with him. I saw them both."

"May I trust you?" cried Thames, eagerly.

"You may," replied Jack; "I'll fight for you to the last gasp."

"Follow me, then," cried Thames drawing his sword, and springing through the window.

"To the world's end," answered Jack, darting after him.

"Thames!—Thames!" cried Winifred, rushing to the window. "Oh! he will be murdered!—oh!"

"My child!—my love!" cried Wood, dragging her forcibly back.

Two shots were fired, and presently the clashing of swords was heard below.

After some time, the scuffle grew more and more distant, until nothing could be heard.

Wood, meanwhile, had summoned his men-servants, and having armed them with such weapons as could be found, they proceeded to the garden, where the first object they encountered was Thames Darrell, extended on the ground, and weltering in his blood. Of Jack Sheppard or the assailants they could not discover a single trace.

As the body was borne to the house in the arms of the farming-men, Mr. Wood fancied he heard the exulting laugh of Jonathan Wild.

CHAPTER VIII.

Old Bedlam.

WHEN Thames Darrell and Jack Sheppard sprang through the window, they were instantly assailed by Wild,

Trenchard, and their attendants. Jack attacked Jonathan Wild with such fury, that he drove him into a shrubbery, and might perhaps have come off the victor, if his foot had not slipped as he made a desperate lunge. In this state it would have been all over with him, as, being stunned by the fall, it was some moments before he could recover himself, if another party had not unexpectedly come to his rescue. This was Blueskin, who burst through the trees, and sword in hand assaulted the thief-taker. As soon as Jack gained his legs, he perceived Blueskin lying, as he thought, dead in the plantation, with a severe cut across his temples, and while he was stooping to assist him, he heard groans at a little distance. Hastening in the direction of the sound, he discovered Thames Darrell stretched upon the ground.

"Are you hurt, Thames?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Not dangerously, I hope," returned Thames; "but fly—save yourself."

"Where are the assassins?" cried Sheppard.

"Gone," replied the wounded man. "They imagine their work is done. But I may yet live to thwart them."

"I will carry you to the house, or fetch Mr. Wood," urged Jack.

"No, no," rejoined Thames; "fly—or I will not answer for your safety. If you desire to please me, you will go."

"And leave you thus?" rejoined Jack. "I cannot do it."

"Go, I insist," cried Thames, "or take the consequences upon yourself. I cannot protect you."

Thus urged, Jack reluctantly departed. Hastening to the spot where he had tied his horse to a tree, he vaulted into the saddle, and rode off across the fields,—for he was fearful of encountering the hostile party,—till he reached the Edgeware Road. Arrived at Paddington, he struck across Marylebone Fields,—for as yet the New Road was undreamed of,—and never moderated his speed until he reached the city. His destination was the New Mint. At this place of refuge, situated in the heart of Wapping, near the river side, he arrived in less than an hour, in a complete state of exhaustion.

In consequence of the infamous abuse of its liberties, an act for the entire suppression of the Old Mint was passed in the ninth year of the reign of George the First, not many months before the date of the present epoch of this history; and as, after the destruction of Whitefriars, which took place in the reign of Charles the Second, in consequence of the protection afforded by its inmates to the Levellers and Fifth-monarchy-men, when the inhabitants of Alsatia crossed the water, and settled themselves in the borough of Southwark,—so now, driven out of their fastnesses, they again migrated, and re-crossing the Thames, settled in Wapping, in a miserable quarter between Artichoke Lane and Nightingale Lane, which they termed the New Mint. Ousted from his old retreat, the Cross Shovel, Baptist Kettleby opened another tavern, conducted upon the same plan as the former, which he denominated the Seven Cities of Refuge. His subjects, however, were no longer entirely under his control; and, though he managed to enforce some little attention to his commands, it was evident his authority was waning fast. Aware that they would not be allowed to remain long unmolested, the New Minters conducted themselves so outrageously, and with such extraordinary insolence, that measures were at this time being taken for their effectual suppression.

To the Seven Cities of Refuge Jack proceeded. Having disposed of his steed, and swallowed a glass of brandy, without taking any other refreshment, he threw himself on a couch, where he sank at once into a heavy slumber.

When he awoke it was late in the day, and he was surprised to find Blueskin seated by his bed-side, watching over him with a drawn sword on his knee, a pistol in each hand, and blood-stained cloth bound across his brow.

"Don't disturb yourself," said his follower, motioning him to keep still; "it's all right."

"What time is it?" inquired Jack.

"Past noon," replied Blueskin. "I didn't awaken you, because you seemed tired."

"How did you escape?" asked Sheppard, who, as he shook off his slumber, began to recall the events of the previous night.

"Oh, easily enough," rejoined the other. "I suppose I must have been senseless for some time; for, on coming to myself, I found this gash in my head, and the ground covered with blood. However, no one had discovered me, so I contrived to drag myself to my horse. I thought if you were living, and not captured, I should find you here,—and I was right. I kept watch over you, for fear of a surprise on the part of Jonathan. But what's to be done?"

"The first thing I do," replied Jack, "will be to visit my poor mother in Bedlam."

"You'd better take care of your mother's son instead," rejoined Blueskin. "It's runnin' a great risk."

"Risk, or no risk, I shall go," replied Jack. "Jonathan has threatened to do her some mischief. I am resolved to see her without delay, and ascertain if it's possible to remove her."

"It's a hopeless job," grumbled Blueskin, "and harm will come of it. What are you to do with a mad mother at a time when you need all your wits to take care of yourself?"

"Don't concern yourself further about me," returned Jack. "Once for all, I shall go."

"Won't you take me?"

"No; you must await my return here."

"Then I must wait a long time," grumbled Blueskin. "You'll never return."

"We shall see," replied Jack. "But, if I should not return, take this purse to Edgeworth Bess. You'll find her at Black Mary's Hole."

And, having partaken of a hasty breakfast, he set out. Taking his way along East Smithfield; mounting Little Tower-hill, and threading the Minorities and Houndsditch, he arrived without accident or molestation, at Moorfields.

Old Bethlehem, or Bedlam,—every trace of which has been swept away, and the hospital for lunatics removed to Saint George's Field,—was a vast and magnificent structure. Erected in Moorfields in 1675, upon the model of the Tuilleries, it is said that Louis the Fourteenth was so incensed at the insult offered to his palace, that he had a counterpart of St. James's built for offices of the meanest description. The size and grandeur of the edifice, indeed, drew down the ridicule of several of the wits of the age: by one of whom—the facetious Tom Brown—it was said, "Bedlam is a pleasant place, and abounds with amusements;—the first of which is the building so stately a fabric for persons wholly insensible of the beauty and use of it: the outside being a perfect mockery of the inside, and admitting of two amusing queries,—Whether the persons that ordered the building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? and, whether the name and thing be not as disagreeable as harp and harrow." By another—the no less facetious Ned Ward—it was termed, "A costly college for a crack-brained society, raised in a mad age, when the chief of the city were in a great danger of losing their senses, and so contrived it the more noble for their own reception; or they would never have flung away so much money to so

foolish a purpose." The cost of the building exceeded seventeen thousand pounds. However the taste of the architecture may be questioned, which was the formal French style of the period, the general effect was imposing. Including the wings, it presented a frontage of five hundred and forty feet. Each wing had a small cupola; and, in the centre of the pile rose a larger dome, surmounted by a gilded ball and vane. The asylum was approached by a broad gravel walk, leading through a garden edged on either side by a stone balustrade, and shaded by tufted trees. A wide terrace then led to large iron gates, over which were placed the two celebrated figures of Raving and Melancholy Madness, executed by the elder Cibber, and commemorated by Pope in the Dunciad, in the well-known lines:—

"Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand."

Internally, it was divided by two long galleries, one over the other. These galleries were separated in the middle by iron grates. The wards on the right were occupied by male patients, on the left by the females. In the centre of the upper gallery was a spacious saloon, appropriated to the governors of the asylum. But, the besetting evil of the place, and that which drew down the severest censures of the writers above-mentioned, was that this spot,—which of all others should have been most free from such intrusion—was made a public exhibition. There all the loose characters thronged, assignments were openly made, and the spectators diverted themselves with the vagaries of its miserable inhabitants.

Entering the outer gate, and traversing the broad gravel walk before-mentioned, Jack ascended the steps, and was admitted, on feigning the porter, by another iron gate, into the hospital. Here he was almost stunned by the deafening clamour resounding on all sides. Some of the lunatics were rattling their chains; some shrieking; some singing; some beating with frantic violence against the doors. Altogether, it was the most dreadful noise he had ever heard. Amidst it all, however, there were several light-hearted and laughing groups walking from cell to cell, to whom all this misery appeared matter of amusement. The doors of several of the wards were thrown open for these parties, and as Jack passed, he could not help glancing at the wretched inmates. Here was a poor half-naked creature, with a straw crown on his head, and a wooden sceptre in his hand, seated on the ground with all the dignity of a monarch on his throne. There was a mad musician, seemingly rapt in admiration of the notes he was extracting from a child's violin. Here was a terrific figure gnashing his teeth, and howling like a wild beast:—there a lover, with hands clasped together, and eyes turned passionately upward. In this cell was a huntsman, who had fractured his skull while hunting, and was perpetually hallooing after the hounds:—in that, the most melancholy of all, the grinning gibbering lunatic, the realization of "moody madness, laughing wild."

Hastening from this heart-rending spectacle, Jack soon reached the grating that divided the men's compartment from that appropriated to the women. Inquiring for Mrs. Sheppard, a matron offered to conduct him to her cell.

"You'll find her quiet enough to-day, sir," observed the woman, as they walked along; "but she has been very outrageous lately. Her nurse says she may live some time; but she seems to me to be sinking fast."

"Heaven help her?" sighed Jack. "I hope not."
 "Her release would be a mercy," pursued the matron.
 "Oh! sir, if you'd seen her as I've seen her, you'd not wish her a continuance of misery."

As Jack made no reply, the woman proceeded.

"They say her son's taken at last, and is to be hanged. I'm glad of it, I'm sure; for it's all owing to him his poor mother's here. See what crime does, sir. Those who act wickedly bring misery on all connected with them. And so gentle as the poor creature is, when she's not in her wild fits—it would melt a heart of stone to see her. She will cry for days and nights together. If Jack Sheppard could behold his mother in this state, he'd have a lesson he'd never forget—ay, and a severer one than even the hangman could read him. Hardened as he is, that would touch him. But he has never been near her—never."

Rambling in this way, the matron at length came to a halt, and taking out a key, pointed to a door and said, "This is Mrs. Sheppard's ward, sir."

"Leave us together, my good woman," said Jack, putting a guinea into her hand.

"As long as you please, sir," answered the matron, dropping a curtsy. "There, sir," she added, unlocking the door, "you can go in. Don't be frightened of her. She's not mischievous,—and besides, she's chained, and can't reach you."

So saying, she retired, and Jack entered the cell.

Prepared as he was for a dreadful shock, and with his nerves strung to endure it, Jack absolutely recoiled before the appalling object that met his gaze. Cowering in a corner upon a heap of straw sat his unfortunate mother, the complete wreck of what she had been. Her eyes glistened in the darkness—for light was only admitted through a small grated window—like flames, and, as she fixed them on him, their glances seemed to penetrate his very soul. A piece of old blanket was fastened across her shoulders, and she had no other clothing except a petticoat. Her arms and feet were uncovered, and of almost skeleton thinness. Her features were meagre, and ghastly white, and had the fixed and horrible stamp of insanity. Her head had been shaved, and around it was swathed a piece of rag, in which a few straws were stuck. Her thin fingers were armed with nails as long as the talons of a bird. A chain, riveted to an iron belt encircling her waist, bound her to the wall. The cell in which she was confined was about six feet long and four wide; the walls were scored all over with fantastic designs, snatches of poetry, short sentences and names,—the work of its former occupants, and of its present inmate.

When Jack entered the cell, she was talking to herself in the muttering unconnected way peculiar to her distracted condition: but, after her eye had rested on him some time, the fixed expression of her features relaxed, and a smile crossed them. This smile was more harrowing even than her former rigid look.

"You are an angel," she cried, with a look beaming with delight.

"Rather a devil," groaned her son, "to have done this."

"You are an angel, I say," continued the poor maniac: "and my Jack would have been like you, if he had lived. But he died when he was a child—long ago—long ago—long ago."

"Would he had done so!" cried Jack.

"Old Van told me if he grew up he would be hanged. He showed me a black mark under his ear, where the noose would be tied. And so I'll tell you what I did—"

And she burst into a laugh that froze Jack's blood in his veins.

"What did you do?" he asked, in a broken voice.

"I strangled him—ha! ha! ha!—strangled him while he was at my breast—ha! ha!"—And then with a sudden and fearful change of look she added, "That's what has driven me mad. I killed my child to save him from the gallows—oh! oh! One man hanged in a family is enough. If I'd not gone mad, they would have hanged me."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated her son.

"I'll tell you of a dream I had last night," continued the unfortunate being. "I was at Tyburn. There was a gallows erected, and a great mob round it—thousands of people, and all with white faces like corpses. In the midst of them there was a cart with a man in it—and that man was Jack—my son Jack—they were going to hang him. And opposite to him, with a book in his hand,—but it couldn't be a prayer-book,—sat Jonathan Wild, in a parson's cassock and band. I knew him in spite of his dress. And when they came to the gallows, Jack leaped out of the cart, and the hangman tied up Jonathan instead—ha! ha! How the mob shouted and huzzaed—and I shouted too—ha! ha! ha!"

"Mother!" cried Jack, unable to endure this agonizing scene longer. "Don't you know me, mother!"

"Ah!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard. "What's that! Jack's voice!"

"It is," replied her son.

"The ceiling is breaking! the floor is opening! he is coming to me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"He stands before you," rejoined her son.

"Where?" she cried. "I can't see him. Where is he?"

"Here," answered Jack.

"Are you his ghost, then?"

"No—no," answered Jack. "I am your most unhappy son."

"Let me touch you, then; let me feel if you are really flesh and blood," cried the poor maniac, creeping towards him on all fours.

Jack did not advance to meet her. He could not move; but stood like one stupified with his hands clasped together, and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, fixed upon his unfortunate parent.

"Come to me!" cried the poor maniac, who had crawled as far as the chain would permit her,— "come to me!" she cried, extending her thin arm towards him.

Jack fell on his knees beside her.

"Who are you?" inquired Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hands over his face, and gazing at him with a look that made him shudder.

"Your son," replied Jack,— "your miserable, repentant son."

"It is false," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "You are not. Jack was not half your age when he died. They buried him in Willesden churchyard after the robbery."

"Oh, God!" cried Jack, "she does not know me. Mother—dear mother!" he added, clasping her in his arms. "Look at me again."

"Off!" she exclaimed, breaking from his embrace with a scream. "Don't touch me. I'll be quiet. I'll not speak of Jack or Jonathan. I won't dig their graves with my nails. Don't strip me quite. Leave

me my blanket! I'm very cold at nights. Or, if you must take off my clothes, don't dash cold water on my head. It throbs cruelly."

"Horror!" cried Jack.

"Don't scourge me," she cried, trying to hide herself in the farthest corner of the cell. "The lash cuts to the bone. I can't bear it. Spare me, and I'll be quiet—quiet—quiet!"

"Mother!" said Jack, advancing towards her.

"Off!" she cried, with a prolonged and piercing shriek. And she buried herself beneath the straw, which she tossed above her head with the wildest gestures.

"I shall kill her if I stay longer," muttered her son, completely terrified.

While he was thus considering what it would be best to do, the poor maniac, over whose bewildered brain another change had come, raised her head from under the straw, and, peeping round the room, asked in a low voice, "If they were gone?"

"Who?" inquired Jack.

"The nurses," she answered.

"Do they treat you ill?" asked her son.

"Hush!" she said, putting her lean fingers to her lips. "Hush!—come hither, and I'll tell you."

Jack approached her.

"Sit beside me," continued Mrs. Sheppard. "And, now I'll tell you what they do. Stop! we must shut the door, or they'll catch us. See!" she added, tearing off the rag from her head,—"I had beautiful black hair once. But, they cut it all off."

"I shall go mad myself if I listen to her longer," said Jack, attempting to rise. "I must go."

"Don't stir, or they'll chain you to the wall," said his mother, detaining him. "Now, tell me why they brought you here?"

"I came to see you, dear mother!" answered Jack.

"Mother!" she echoed.—"mother! why do you call me by that name?"

"Because you are my mother."

"What!" she exclaimed, staring eagerly in his face. "Are you my son? Are you Jack?"

"I am," replied Jack. "Heaven be praised, she knows me at last."

"Oh, Jack!" cried his mother, falling upon his neck, and covering him with kisses.

"Mother—dear mother!" said Jack, bursting into tears.

"You will never leave me," said the poor woman, straining him to her breast.

"Never—never!"

The words were scarcely pronounced, when the door was violently thrown open, and two men appeared at it. They were Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, starting to his feet.

"Just in time," said the thief-taker. "You are my prisoner, Jack."

"You shall take my life first," rejoined Sheppard.

And, as he was about to put himself into a posture of defence, his mother clasped him in her arms.

"They shall not harm you, my love!" she exclaimed.

The movement was fatal to her son. Taking advantage of his embarrassed position, Jonathan and his assistant rushed upon him, and disarmed him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Sheppard," cried the thief-taker, as he slipped a pair of handcuffs over Jack's wrists,

"for the help you have given us in capturing your son. Without you, we might have had some trouble."

Aware, apparently, in some degree, of the mistake she had committed, the poor maniac sprang towards him with frantic violence, and planted her long nails in his cheek.

"Keep off, you accursed jade!" roared Jonathan—"Keep off, I say, or—" And he struck her a violent blow with his clenched hand.

The miserable woman staggered, uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless on the straw.

"Devil!" cried Jack; "that blow shall cost you your life."

"It'll not need to be repeated, at all events," rejoined Jonathan, looking with a smile of satisfaction at the body. "And, now,—to Newgate."

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER LII.

Nicholas despairs of rescuing Madeline Bray, but plucks up his spirits again, and determines to attempt it. Domestic intelligence of the Kenwigses and Lillyvicks.

FINDING that Newman was determined to arrest his progress at any hazard, and apprehensive that some well intentioned passenger attracted by the cry of "stop thief," might really lay violent hands upon his person, and place him in a disagreeable predicament from which he might have some difficulty in extricating himself, Nicholas soon slackened his pace, and suffered Newman Noggs to come up with him, which he did in so breathless a condition that it seemed impossible he could have held out for a minute longer.

"I will go straight to Bray's," said Nicholas. "I will see this man; and if there is one feeling of humanity lingering in his breast, one spark of consideration for his own child, motherless and friendless as she is, I will awaken it."

"You will not," replied Newman. "You will not, indeed."

"Then," said Nicholas, pressing onward, "I will act upon my first impulse, and go straight to Ralph Nickleby."

"By the time you reach his house he will be in bed," said Newman.

"I'll drag him from it," cried Nicholas, fiercely.

"Tut, tut," said Noggs. "Be yourself."

"You are the best of friends to me, Newman," rejoined Nicholas after a pause, and taking his hand as he spoke. "I have made head against many trials, but the misery of another, and such misery is involved in this one, that I declare to you I am rendered desperate, and know not how to act."

In truth it did seem a hopeless case. It was impossible to make any use of such intelligence as Newman Noggs had gleaned when he lay concealed in the closet. The mere circumstance of the compact between Ralph Nickleby and Gride would not invalidate the marriage, or render Bray averse to it, who, if he did not actually know of the existence of some

such understanding, doubtless suspected it. What had been hinted with reference to some fraud on Madeline, had been put with sufficient obscurity by Arthur Gride, but coming from Newman Noggs, and obscured still further by the smoke of his pocket-pistol, it became wholly unintelligible and involved in utter darkness.

"There seems no ray of hope," said Nicholas.

"The greater necessity for coolness, for reason, for consideration, for thought," said Newman, pausing at every alternate word, to look anxiously into his friend's face. "Where are the brothers?"

"Both absent on urgent business, as they will be for a week to come."

"Is there no way of communicating with them? no way of getting one of them here by to-morrow night?"

"Impossible!" said Nicholas, "the sea is between us and them. With the fairest winds that ever blew, to go and return would take three days and nights."

"Their nephew—" said Newman, "their old clerk."

"What could either do that I cannot?" rejoined Nicholas. "With reference to them especially, I am enjoined to the strictest silence on this subject. What right have I to betray the confidence reposed in me, when nothing but a miracle can prevent this monstrous sacrifice?"

"Think," urged Newman. "Is there no way?"

"There is none," said Nicholas, in utter dejection. "Not one. The father urges—the daughter consents. These demons have her in their toils; legal right, might, power, money, and every influence are on their side. How can I hope to save her?"

"Hope to the last," said Newman, clapping him on the back. "Always hope, that's a dear boy. Never leave off hoping, it don't answer. Do you mind me, Nick? it don't answer. Don't leave a stone unturned. It's always something to know you've done the most you could. But don't leave off hoping, or it's of no use doing anything. Hope, hope, to the last!"

Nicholas needed encouragement, for the suddenness with which intelligence of the two usurers' plans had come upon him, the little time which remained for exertion, the probability, almost amounting to certainty itself, that a few hours would place Madeline Bray for ever beyond his reach, consign her to unspeakable misery, and perhaps to an untimely death: all this quite stunned and overwhelmed him. Every hope connected with her that he had suffered himself to form, or had entertained unconsciously, seemed to fall at his feet withered and dead. Every charm with which his memory or imagination had surrounded her, presented itself before him only to heighten his anguish and add new bitterness to his despair. Every feeling of sympathy for her forlorn condition, and of admiration for her heroism and fortitude, aggravated the indignation which shook him in every limb, and swelled his heart almost to bursting.

But if Nicholas's own heart embarrassed him, Newman's came to his relief. There was so much earnestness in his remonstrance, and such sincerity and fervour in his manner, odd and ludicrous as it always was, that it imparted to Nicholas new firmness, and enabled him to say, after he had walked on for some little way in silence,

"You read me a good lesson, Newman, and I will profit by it. One step at least I may take, am bound to take indeed, and to that I will apply myself to-morrow."

"What is that?" asked Noggs, wistfully. "Not to threaten Ralph? Not to see the father?"

"To see the daughter, Newman," replied Nicholas. "To do what after all is the utmost that the brothers could do if they were here, as Heaven send they were! To reason with her upon this hideous union, to point out to her all the horrors to which she is hastening; rashly, it may be, and without due reflection. To entreat her at least to pause. She can have had no councillor for her good; and perhaps even I may move her so far yet, though it is the eleventh hour, and she upon the very brink of ruin."

"Bravely spoken!" said Newman. "Well done, well done! Yes. Very good."

"And I do declare," cried Nicholas, with honest enthusiasm, "that in this effort I am influenced by no selfish or personal considerations, but by pity for her and detestation and abhorrence of this heartless scheme; and that I would do the same were there twenty rivals in the field, and I the last and least favoured of them all."

"You would, I believe," said Newman. "But where are you hurrying now?"

"Homewards," answered Nicholas. "Do you come with me, or shall I say good night?"

"I'll come a little way if you will but walk, not run," said Noggs.

"I cannot walk to-night, Newman," returned Nicholas, hurriedly. "I must move rapidly, or I could not draw my breath. I'll tell you what I've said and done to-morrow!"

Without waiting for a reply, he darted off at a rapid pace, and plunging into the crowds which thronged the street, was quickly lost to view.

"He's a violent youth at times," said Newman, looking after him; "and yet I like him for it. There's cause enough now, or the deuce is in it. Hope! I said hope, I think! Ralph Nickleby and Gride with their heads together—and hope for the opposite party! Ho! ho!"

It was with a very melancholy laugh that Newman Noggs concluded this soliloquy, and it was with a very melancholy shake of the head and a very rueful countenance, that he turned about, and went plodding on his way.

This, under ordinary circumstances, would have been to some small tavern or dram-shop, that being his way in more senses than one; but Newman was too much interested and too anxious to betake himself even to this resource, and so, with many desponding and dismal reflections, went straight home.

It had come to pass that afternoon, that Miss Morleena Kenwigs had received an invitation to repair next day per steamer from Westminster Bridge unto the Eel-pie Island at Twickenham, there to make merry upon a cold collation, bottled-beer, shrub, and shrimps, and to dance in the open air to the music of a locomotive band, conveyed thither for the purpose: the steamer being specially engaged by a dancing-master of extensive connection for the accommodation of his numerous pupils, and the pupils displaying their appreciation of the dancing-master's services by purchasing themselves, and inducing their friends to do the like, divers light-blue tickets, entitling them to join the expedition. Of these light-blue tickets, one had been presented by an ambitious neighbour to Miss Morleena Kenwigs, with an invitation to join her daughters; and Mrs. Kenwigs, rightly deeming that the honour of the family was involved in Miss Morleena's making the most

splendid appearance possible on so short a notice, and testifying to the dancing-master that there were other dancing-masters besides him, and to all fathers and mothers present that other people's children could learn to be genteel besides theirs, had fainted away twice under the magnitude of her preparations, but upheld by a determination to sustain the family name or perish in the attempt, was still hard at work when Newman Noggs came home.

Now, between the Italian-ironing of frills, the flouncing of trousers, the trimming of frocks, the faintings and the comings-to again incidental to the occasion, Mrs. Kenwigs had been so entirely occupied that she had not observed, until within half an hour before, that the flaxen tails of Miss Morleena's hair were in a manner run to seed; and that unless she were put under the hands of a skilful hair-dresser, she never could achieve that signal triumph over the daughters of all other people, anything less than which would be tantamount to defeat. This discovery drove Mrs. Kenwigs to despair, for the hair-dresser lived three streets and eight dangerous crossings off. Morleena could not be trusted to go there alone, even if such a proceeding were strictly proper, of which Mrs. Kenwigs had her doubts; Mr. Kenwigs had not returned from business; and there was nobody to take her. So Mrs. Kenwigs first slapped Miss Kenwigs for being the cause of her vexation, and then shed tears.

"You ungrateful child!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, "after I have gone through what I have this night for your good."

"I can't help it, ma," replied Morleena, also in tears; "my hair *will* grow."

"Don't talk to me, you naughty thing!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, "don't. Even if I was to trust you by yourself and you were to escape being run over, I know you'd run in to Laura Chopkins," who was the daughter of the ambitious neighbour, "and tell her what you're going to wear to-morrow, I know you would. You've no proper pride in yourself, and are not to be trusted out of sight for an instant."

Deploping the evil-mindedness of her eldest daughter in these terms, Mrs. Kenwigs distilled fresh drops of vexation from her eyes, and declared that she did believe there never was anybody so tried as she was. Thereupon Morleena Kenwigs wept afresh, and they bemoaned themselves together.

Matters were at this point as Newman Noggs was heard to limp past the door on his way up-stairs, when Mrs. Kenwigs, gaining new hope from the sound of his footsteps, hastily removed from her countenance as many traces of her late emotion as were effaceable on so short a notice; and presenting herself before him, and representing their dilemma, entreated that he would escort Morleena to the hair-dresser's shop.

"I wouldn't ask you, Mr. Noggs," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "if I didn't know what a good, kind-hearted creature you are—no, not for worlds. I am a weak constitution, Mr. Noggs, but my spirit would no more let me ask a favour where I thought there was a chance of its being refused, than it would let me submit to see my children trampled down and trod upon by envy and lowness!"

Newman was too good-natured not to have consented, even without this avowal of confidence on the part of Mrs. Kenwigs. Accordingly, a very few minutes had elapsed when he and Miss Morleena were on their way to the hair-dresser's.

It was not exactly a hair-dresser's; that is to say, people of a coarse and vulgar turn of mind might have called it a barber's, for they not only cut and curled ladies elegantly and children carefully, but shaved gentlemen

easily. Still it was a highly genteel establishment—quite first-rate in fact—and there were displayed in the window, besides other elegancies, waxen busts of a light lady and a dark gentleman which were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood. Indeed, some ladies had gone so far as to assert, that the dark gentleman was actually a portrait of the spirited young proprietor, and the great similarity between their head-dresses—both wore very glossy hair with a narrow walk straight down the middle, and a profusion of flat circular curls on both sides—encouraged the idea. The better informed among the sex, however, made light of this assertion, for however willing they were (and they were very willing) to do full justice to the handsome face and figure of the proprietor, they held the countenance of the dark gentleman in the window to be an exquisite and abstract idea of masculine beauty, realised sometimes perhaps among angels and military men, but very rarely embodied to gladden the eyes of mortals.

It was to this establishment that Newman Noggs led Miss Kenwigs in safety, and the proprietor knowing that Miss Kenwigs had three sisters, each with two flaxen tails, and all good for sixpence a-piece once a month at least, promptly deserted an old gentleman whom he had just lathered for shaving, and handing him over to the journeyman, (who was not very popular among the ladies, by reason of his obesity and middle age) waited on the young lady himself.

Just as this change had been effected, there presented himself for shaving, a big, burly, good-humoured coal-heaver with a pipe in his mouth, who drawing his hand across his chin, requested to know when a shaver would be disengaged.

The journeyman to whom this question was put looked doubtfully at the young proprietor, and the young proprietor looked scornfully at the coal-heaver, observing at the same time—

"You won't get shaved here, my man."

"Why not?" said the coal-heaver.

"We don't shave gentlemen in your line," remarked the young proprietor.

"Why, I see you a shaving of a baker when I was a looking through the window, last week," said the coal-heaver.

"It's necessary to draw the line somewhere my fine feller," replied the principal. "We draw the line there. We can't go beyond bakers. If we was to get any lower than bakers our customers would desert us, and we might shut up shop. You must try some other establishment, sir. We couldn't do it here."

The applicant stared, grinned at Newman Noggs, who appeared highly entertained, looked slightly round the shop as if in depreciation of the pomatum pots and other articles of stock, took his pipe out of his mouth and gave a very loud whistle, and then put it in again, and walked out.

The old gentleman who had just been lathered, and who was sitting in a melancholy manner with his face turned towards the wall, appeared quite unconscious of this incident, and to be insensible to everything around him in the depth of a reverie—a very mournful one, to judge from the sighs he occasionally vented—in which he was absorbed. Affected by this example, the proprietor began to clipp Miss Kenwigs, the journeyman to scrape the old gentleman, and Newman Noggs to read last Sunday's paper, all three in silence; when Miss Kenwigs uttered a shrill little scream, and Newman raising his eyes, saw that it had been elicited by the circumstance of the old gentleman turning his head, and disclosing the features of Mr. Lillyvick the collector.

The features of Mr. Lillyvick they were, but strangely

altered. If ever an old gentleman had made a point of appearing in public, shaved close and clean, that old gentleman was Mr. Lillyvick. If ever a collector had borne himself like a collector, and assumed before all men a solemn and portentous dignity as if he had the world on his books and it was all two quarters in arrears, that collector was Mr. Lillyvick. And now, there he sat with the remains of a beard at least a week old encumbering his chin, a soiled and crumpled shirt-frill crouching as it were upon his breast instead of standing boldly out; a demeanor so abashed and drooping, so despondent, expressive of such humiliation, grief, and shame, that if the souls of forty unsubstantial housekeepers all of whom had had their water cut off for non-payment of the rate, could have been concentrated in one body, that one body could hardly have expressed such mortification and defeat as he was now expressed in the person of Mr. Lillyvick the collector.

Newman Noggs uttered his name, and Mr. Lillyvick groaned, then coughed to hide it. But the groan was a full-sized groan, and the cough was but a wheeze.

"Is anything the matter?" said Newman Noggs.

"Matter, Sir!" cried Mr. Lillyvick. "The plug of life is dry, Sir, and but the mud is left."

This speech—the style of which Newman attributed to Mr. Lillyvick's recent association with theatrical characters—not being quite explanatory, Newman looked as if he were about to ask another question, when Mr. Lillyvick prevented him by shaking his hand mournfully, and then waving his own.

"Let me be shaved," said Mr. Lillyvick. "I shall be done before Morleena—it is Morleena, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Newman.

"Kenwises have got a boy, haven't they?" inquired the collector.

Again Newman said "Yes."

"Is it a nice boy?" demanded the collector.

"It ain't a very nasty one," returned Newman, rather embarrassed by the question.

"Susan Kenwigs used to say," observed the collector, "that if ever she had another boy, she hoped it might be like me. Is this one like me, Mr. Noggs?"

This was a puzzling inquiry, but Newman evaded it by replying to Mr. Lillyvick, that he thought the baby might possibly come like him in time.

"I should be glad to have somebody like me, somehow," said Mr. Lillyvick, "before I die."

"You don't mean to do that yet awhile?" said Newman.

Unto which Mr. Lillyvick replied in a solemn voice, "Let me be shaved;" and again consigning himself to the hands of the journeyman, said no more.

This was remarkable behaviour, and so remarkable did it seem to Miss Morleena, that that young lady, at the imminent hazard of having her ear sliced off, had not been able to forbear looking round some score of times during the foregoing colloquy. Of her, however, Mr. Lillyvick took no notice, rather striving (so, at least, it seemed to Newman Noggs) to evade her observation, and to shrink into himself whenever he attracted her regards. Newman wondered very much what could have occasioned this altered behaviour on the part of the collector; but philosophically reflecting that he would most likely know sooner or later, and that he could perfectly afford to wait, he was very little disturbed by the singularity of the old gentleman's deportment.

The cutting and curling being at last concluded, the old gentleman, who had been some time waiting, rose to go, and walking out with Newman and his charge, took Newman's arm, and proceeded with them for some time

without making any observation. Newman, who in power of taciturnity was excelled by few people, made no attempt to break silence, and so they went on until they had very nearly reached Miss Morleena's home, when Mr. Lillyvick said—

"Were the Kenwises very much overpowered, Mr. Noggs, by that news?"

"What news?" returned Newman.

"That about—my—being—"

"Married?" suggested Newman.

"Ah!" replied Mr. Lillyvick, with another groan—this time not even disguised by a wheeze.

"It made me cry when she knew it," interposed Miss Morleena, "but we kept it from her for a long time; and pa was very low in his spirits, but he is better now; and I was very ill, but I am better too."

"Would you give your great-uncle Lillyvick a kiss if he was to ask you, Morleena?" said the collector, with some hesitation.

"Yes,—uncle Lillyvick, I would," returned Miss Morleena, with the energy of both her parents combined; "but not aunt Lillyvick. She's not an aunt of mine, and I'll never call her one."

Immediately upon the utterance of these words, Mr. Lillyvick caught Miss Morleena up in his arms and kissed her, and being by this time at the door of the house where Mr. Kenwigs lodged (which, as has been before-mentioned, usually stood wide open,) he walked straight up into Mr. Kenwigs' sitting-room, and put Miss Morleena down in the midst. Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs were at supper. At sight of their perjured relative, Mrs. Kenwigs turned faint and pale, and Mr. Kenwigs rose majestically.

"Kenwigs," said the collector, "shake hands."

"Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "the time has been when I was proud to shake hands with such a man as that man as now surveys me. The time has been, Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "when a visit from that man has excited in me and my family's boozums sensations both nateral and awakening. But now I look upon that man with emotions totally surpassing everything, and I ask myself where is his honour, where is his straight'for'ardness, and where is his human natur."

"Susan Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, turning humbly to his niece, "don't you say anything to me?"

"She is not equal to it, Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, striking the table emphatically. "What with the nursing of a healthy babby, and the reflections upon your cruel conduct, four pints of malt liquor a day is hardly able to sustain her."

"I am glad," said the poor collector meekly, "that the baby is a healthy one. I am very glad of that."

This was touching the Kenwises on the tenderest point. Mrs. Kenwigs instantly burst into tears, and Mr. Kenwigs evinced great emotion.

"My pleasantest feeling all the time that child was expected," said Mr. Kenwigs, mournfully, "was a thinking, 'if it's a boy, as I hope it may be, for I have heard it's uncle Lillyvick say again and again he would perfer our having a boy next—if it's a boy, what will his uncle Lillyvick say—what will he like him to be called—will he be Peter, or Alexander, or Pompey, or Diorgeenes, or what will he be?' and now when I look at him—a precious, unconscious, helpless infant, with no use in his little arms but to tear his little cap, and no use in his little legs but to kick his little self—when I see him a-lying on his mother's lap cooing and cooing, and in his innocent state almost a choking himself with his little fist—when I see him such a infant as he is, and think that that uncle Lillyvick, as was once a going to be so fond of him has withdrawn himself away, such a feeling of wengeance

comes over me as no language can depict, and I feel as if even that holy babe was a telling me to hate him."

This affecting picture moved Mrs. Kenwigs deeply. After several imperfect words which vainly attempted to struggle to the surface, but were drowned and washed away by the strong tide of her tears, she spoke.

"Uncle," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "to think that you should have turned your back upon me and my dear children, and upon Kenwigs which is the author of their being—you who was once so kind and affectionate, and who, if anybody had told us such a thing of, we should have withered with scorn like lightning—you that little Lillyvick our first and earliest boy was named after at the very altar—oh gracious!"

"Was it money that we cared for!" said Mr. Kenwigs. "Was it property that we ever thought of?"

"No," cried Mrs. Kenwigs, "I scorn it."

"So do I," said Mr. Kenwigs, "and always did."

"My feelings have been lacerated," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "my heart has been torn asunder with anguish, I have been thrown back in my confinement, my unoffending infant has been rendered uncomfortable and fractious. Morleena has pined herself away to nothing; all this I forget and forgive, and with you, uncle, I never can quarrel. But never ask me to receive her—never do it, uncle. For I will not, I will not, I won't, I won't, I won't—"

"Susan, my dear," said Mr. Kenwigs, "consider your child."

"Yes," shrieked Mrs. Kenwigs, "I will consider my child! I will consider my child!! my own child, that no uncles can deprive me of, my own hated, despised, deserted, cut-off little child." And here the emotions of Mrs. Kenwigs became so violent that Mr. Kenwigs was fain to administer hartshorn internally and vinegar externally, and to destroy a stay-lace, four petticoat strings, and several small buttons.

Newman had been a silent spectator of this scene, for Mr. Lillyvick had signed to him not to withdraw, and Mr. Kenwigs had further solicited his presence by a nod of invitation. When Mrs. Kenwigs had been in some degree restored, and Newman, as a person possessed of some influence with her, had remonstrated and begged her to compose herself, Mr. Lillyvick said in a faltering voice:

"I never shall ask any-body here to receive my—I needn't mention the word, you know what I mean. Kenwigs and Susan, yesterday was a week she eloped with a half-pay captain."

Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs started together.

"Eloped with a half-pay captain," repeated Mr. Lillyvick, "basely and falsely eloped with a half-pay captain—with a bottle-nosed captain that any man might have considered himself safe from. It was in this room," said Mr. Lillyvick, looking sternly round, "that I first see Henrietta Petowker. It is in this room that I turn her off for ever."

This declaration completely changed the whole posture of affairs. Mrs. Kenwigs threw herself upon the old gentleman's neck, bitterly reproaching herself for her late harshness, and exclaiming if she had suffered, what must his sufferings have been? Mr. Kenwigs grasped his hand and vowed eternal friendship and remorse. Mrs. Kenwigs was horror-stricken to think that she should ever have nourished in her bosom such a snake, adder, viper, serpent, and base crocodile as Henrietta Petowker. Mr. Kenwigs argued that she must have been bad indeed not to have improved by so long a contemplation of Mrs. Kenwig's virtue. Mrs. Kenwigs remembered that Mr. Kenwigs had often said that he was not quite satisfied of the propriety of Miss Petowker's conduct, and wondered

how it was that she could have been blinded by such a wretch. Mr. Kenwigs remembered that he had had his suspicions, but did not wonder why Mrs. Kenwigs had not had hers, as she was all chastity, purity, and truth, and Henrietta all baseness, falsehood, and deceit. And Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs both said with strong feeling and tears of sympathy, that everything happened for the best, and conjured the good collector not to give way to unavailing grief, but to seek consolation in the society of those affectionate relations whose arms and hearts were ever open to him.

"Out of affection and regard for you, Susan and Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, "and not out of revenge and spite against her, for she is below it, I shall to-morrow morning settle upon your children, and make payable to the survivors of them when they come of age or marry, that money that I once meant to leave 'em in my will. The deed shall be executed to-morrow, and Mr. Noggs shall be one of the witnesses. He hears me promise this, and he shall see it done."

Overpowered by this noble and generous offer, Mr. Kenwigs, Mrs. Kenwigs, and Miss Morleena Kenwigs all began to sob together, and the noise of their sobbing communicating itself to the next room, where the children lay a-bed, and causing them to cry too, Mr. Kenwigs rushed wildly in and bringing them out in his arms by two and two, tumbled them down in their night-caps and gowns at the feet of Mr. Lillyvick, and called upon them to thank and bless him.

"And now," said Mr. Lillyvick, when a heart-rending scene had ensued and the children were cleared away again, "Give me some supper. This took place twenty mile from town. I came up this morning, and have been lingering about all day without being able to make up my mind to come and see you. I humoured her in everything, she had her own way, she did just as she pleased, and now she has done this. There was twelve tea-spoons and twenty-four pound in sovereigns—I missed them first—it's a trial—I feel I shall never be able to knock a double knock again when I go my rounds—don't say anything more about it, please—the spoons were worth—never mind—never mind!"

With such muttered outpourings as these, the old gentleman shed a few tears, but they got him into the elbow-chair and prevailed upon him, without much pressing, to make a hearty supper, and by the time he had finished his first pipe and disposed of half-a-dozen glasses out of a crown bowl of punch, ordered by Mr. Kenwigs in celebration of his return to the bosom of his family, he seemed, though still very humble, quite resigned to his fate, and rather relieved than otherwise by the flight of his wife.

"When I see that man," said Mr. Kenwigs, with one hand round Mrs. Kenwig's waist, his other hand supporting his pipe (which made him wink and cough very much, for he was no smoker) and his eyes on Morleena, who sat upon her uncle's knee, "when I see that man a mingling once again in the spear which he adorns, and see his affections developing themselves in legitimate situations, I feel that his nature is as elevated and expanded as his standing afore society as a public character is unimpeached, and the voices of my infant children purvised for in life, seem to whisper to me softly, 'This is an event at which Evina itself looks down!'"

CHAPTER XLII.

Containing the further progress of the plot contrived by Mr. Ralph Nickleby and Mr. Arthur Gride.

WITH that settled resolution and steadiness of purpose to which extreme circumstances so often give birth, acting upon far less excitable and more sluggish temperaments

than that which was the lot of Madeline Bray's admirer, Nicholas started, at dawn of day, from the restless couch which no sleep had visited on the previous night, and prepared to make that last appeal by whose slight and fragile thread her only remaining hope of escape depended.

Although to restless and ardent minds, morning may be the fitting season for exertion and activity, it is not always at that time that hope is strongest or the spirit most sanguine and buoyant. In trying and doubtful positions, use, custom, a steady contemplation of the difficulties which surround us, and a familiarity with them, imperceptibly diminish our apprehensions and beget comparative indifference, if not a vague and reckless confidence in some relief, the means or nature of which we care not to foresee. But when we come fresh upon such things in the morning, with that dark and silent gap between us and yesterday, with every link in the brittle chain of hope to rivet afresh, our hot enthusiasm subdued, and cool calm reason substituted in its stead, doubt and misgiving revive. As the traveller sees farthest by day, and becomes aware of rugged mountains and trackless plains which the friendly darkness had shrouded from his sight and mind together, so the wayfarer in the toilsome path of human life sees with each returning sun some new obstacle to surmount, some new height to be attained; distances stretch out before him which last night were scarcely taken into account, and the light which gilds all nature with its cheerful beams, seems but to shine upon the weary obstacles which yet lie strewn between him and the grave.

So thought Nicholas, when, with the impatience natural to a situation like his, he softly left the house, and feeling as though to remain in bed were to lose most precious time, and to be up and stirring were in some way to promote the end he had in view, he wandered into London, although perfectly well knowing that for hours to come he could not obtain speech with Madeline, and could do nothing but wish the intervening time away.

And even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, everything appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly gripping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and never taught—how jail-door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned

haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.

But youth is not prone to contemplate the darkest side of a picture it can shift at will. By dint of reflecting on what he had to do and reviving the train of thought which might have interrupted, Nicholas gradually summoned up his utmost energy, and by the time the morning was sufficiently advanced for his purpose, had no thought but that of using it to the best advantage. A hasty breakfast taken, and such affairs of business as required prompt attention disposed of, he directed his steps to the residence of Madeline Bray, whither he lost no time in arriving.

It had occurred to him that very possibly the young lady might be denied, although to him she never had been; and he was still pondering upon the surest method of obtaining access to her in that case, when, coming to the door of the house, he found it had been left ajar—probably by the last person who had gone out. The occasion was not one upon which to observe the nicest ceremony; therefore, availing himself of this advantage, Nicholas walked gently up stairs and knocked at the door of the room into which he had been accustomed to be shown. Receiving permission to enter from some person on the other side, he opened the door and walked in.

Bray and his daughter were sitting there alone. It was nearly three weeks since he had seen her last, but there was a change in the lovely girl before him which told Nicholas, in startling terms, what mental suffering had been compressed into that short time. There are no words which can express, nothing with which can be compared, the perfect pallor, the clear transparent cold ghastly whiteness, of the beautiful face which turned towards him when he entered. Her hair was a rich deep brown, but shading that face, and straying upon a neck that rivalled it in whiteness, it seemed by the strong contrast raven black. Something of wildness and restlessness there was in the dark eye, but there was the same patient look, the same expression of gentle mournfulness which he well remembered, and no trace of a single tear. Most beautiful—more beautiful perhaps in appearance than ever—there was something in her face which quite unmanned him, and appeared far more touching than the wildest agony of grief. It was not merely calm and composed, but fixed and rigid, as though the violent effort which had summoned that composure beneath her father's eye, while it mastered all other thoughts, had prevented even the momentary expression they had communicated to the features from subsiding, and had fastened it there as an evidence of its triumph.

The father sat opposite to her—not looking directly in her face, but glancing at her as he talked with a gay air which ill disguised the anxiety of his thoughts. The drawing materials were not on the accustomed table, nor were any of the other tokens of her usual occupations to be seen. The little vases which he had always seen filled with fresh flowers, were empty or supplied only with a few withered stalks and leaves. The bird was silent. The cloth

that covered his cage at night was not removed. His mistress had forgotten him.

There are times when the mind being painfully alive to receive impressions, a great deal may be noted at a glance. This was one, for Nicholas had but glanced round him when he was recognised by Mr. Bray, who said impatiently,

"Now sir, what do you want? Name your errand here quickly if you please, for my daughter and I are busily engaged with other and more important matters than those you come about. Come, sir, address yourself to your business at once."

Nicholas could very well discern that the irritability and impatience of this speech were assumed, and that Bray in his heart was rejoiced at any interruption which promised to engage the attention of his daughter. He bent his eyes involuntarily upon the father as he spoke, and marked his uneasiness, for he coloured directly and turned his head away.

The device, however, so far as it was a device for causing Madeline to interfere, was successful. She rose, and advancing towards Nicholas paused half way, and stretched out her hand as expecting a letter.

"Madeline," said her father impatiently, "my love, what are you doing?"

"Miss Bray expects an enclosure perhaps," said Nicholas, speaking very distinctly, and with an emphasis she could scarcely misunderstand. "My employer is absent from England, or I should have brought a letter with me. I hope she will give me time—a little time—I ask a very little time."

"If that is all you come about, Sir," said Mr. Bray. "you may make yourself easy on that head. Madeline, my dear, I didn't know this person was in your debt?"

"A—a trifle I believe," returned Madeline, faintly.

"I suppose you think now," said Bray, wheeling his chair round and confronting Nicholas, "that but for such pitiful sums as you bring here because my daughter has chosen to employ her time as she has we should starve?"

"I have not thought about it," returned Nicholas.

"You have not thought about it?" sneered the invalid. "You know you have thought about it, and have thought that and think so every time you come here. Do you suppose young man, that I don't know what little purse-proud tradesmen are, when through some fortunate circumstance they get the upper hand for a brief day—or think they get the upper hand—of a gentleman?"

"My business," said Nicholas respectfully, "is with a lady."

"With a gentleman's daughter, Sir," returned the sick man, "and the pettifoggish spirit is the same. But perhaps you bring orders eh? Have you any fresh orders for my daughter, Sir?"

Nicholas understood the tone of triumph and the sneer in which this interrogatory was put, but remembering the necessity of supporting his assumed character, produced a scrap of paper purporting to contain a list of some subjects for drawings which his employer desired to have executed; and with which he had prepared himself in case of any such contingency.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bray. "These are the orders, are they?"

"Since you insist upon the term, Sir—yes," replied Nicholas.

"Then you may tell your master," said Bray, tossing the paper back again with an exulting smile, "that my daughter—Miss Madeline Bray—condescends to employ herself no longer in such labours as these; that she is not at his beck and call as he supposes her to be; that we don't live upon his money as he flatters himself we do; that he may give whatever he owes us to the first beggar that passes his shop, or add it to his own profits next time he calculates them; and that he may go to the devil, for me. That's my acknowledgement of his orders, Sir!"

"And this is the independence of a man who sells his daughter as he has sold that weeping girl!" thought Nicholas indignantly.

The father was too much absorbed with his own exultation to mark the look of scorn which for an instant Nicholas would not have suppressed had he been upon the rack. "There," he continued, after a short silence, "you have your message and can retire—unless you have any further—ha!—any further orders."

"I have none," said Nicholas sternly; "neither in consideration of the station you once held, have I used that or any other word which, however harmless in itself, could be supposed to imply authority on my part or dependence on yours. I have no orders, but I have fears—that I will express, chafe as you may—fears that you may be consigning that young lady to something worse than supporting you by the labour of her hands, had she worked herself dead. These are my fears, and these fears I found upon your own demeanour. Your conscience will tell you, Sir, whether I construe it well or not."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Madeline, interposing in alarm between them. "Remember, Sir, he is ill."

"Ill! cried the invalid, gasping and catching for breath. "Ill! Ill! I am bearded and bullied by a shop-boy, and she beseeches him to pity me and remember I am ill!"

He fell into a paroxysm of his disorder, so violent that for a few moments Nicholas was alarmed for his life; but finding that he began to recover, he withdrew, after signifying by a gesture to the young lady that he had something important to communicate, and would wait for her outside the room. He could hear that the sick man came gradually but slowly to himself, and that without any reference to what had just occurred, as though he had no distinct recollection of it as yet, he requested to be left alone.

"Oh" thought Nicholas, "that this slender chance might not be lost, and that I might prevail if it were but for one week's time and re-consideration?"

"You are charged with some commission to me, Sir," said Madeline, presenting herself in great agitation. "Do not press it now, I beg and pray you. The day after to-morrow—come here then."

"It will be too late—too late for what I have to say," rejoined Nicholas, "and you will not be here. Oh, Madam, if you have but one thought of him who sent me here, but one last lingering care for your own peace of mind and heart, I do for God's sake urge you to give me a hearing."

She attempted to pass him, but Nicholas gently detained her.

"A hearing," said Nicholas. "I ask you but to hear me—not me alone, but him for whom I speak, who is far away and does not know your danger. In the name of Heaven hear me."

The poor attendant with her eyes swollen and red with weeping stood by, and to her Nicholas appealed in

such passionate terms that she opened a side-door, and supporting her mistress into an adjoining room beckoned Nicholas to follow them.

"Leave me, Sir, pray," said the young lady.

"I cannot, will not leave you thus," returned Nicholas. "I have a duty to discharge, and either here or in the room from which we have just now come, at whatever risk or hazard to Mr. Bray, I must beseech you to contemplate again the fearful course to which you have been impelled."

"What course is this you speak of, and impelled by whom, Sir?" demanded the young lady, with an effort to speak proudly.

"I speak of this marriage," returned Nicholas, "of this marriage, fixed for to-morrow by one who never flattered in a bad purpose, or lent his aid to any good design; of this marriage, the history of which is known to me, better, far better, than it is to you. I know what web is wound about you. I know what men they are from whom these schemes have come. You are betrayed, and sold for money—for gold, whose every coin is rusted with tears, if not red with the blood of ruined men, who have fallen desperately by their own mad hands."

"You say you have a duty to discharge," said Madeline firmly, "and so have I. And with the help of Heaven I will perform it."

"Say rather with the help of devils," replied Nicholas, "with the help of men, one of them your destined husband, who are——"

"I must not hear this," cried the young lady, striving to repress a shudder, occasioned, as it seemed, even by this slight allusion to Arthur Gride. "This evil, if evil it is, has been of my own seeking. I am impelled to this course by no one, but follow it of my own free will."

"You see I am not constrained or forced by menace and intimidation. Report this," said Madeline, "to my dear friend and benefactor, and taking with you my prayers and thanks for him and for yourself, leave me for ever."

"Not until I have besought you, with all the earnestness and fervour by which I am animated," cried Nicholas, "to postpone this marriage for one short week. Not until I have besought you to think more deeply than you can have done, influenced as you are, upon the step you are about to take. Although you cannot be fully conscious of the villainy of this man to whom you are about to give your hand, some of his deeds you know. You have heard him speak, and looked upon his face—reflect, reflect before it is too late, on the mockery of plighting to him at the altar, faith in which your heart can have no share—of uttering solemn words, against which nature and reason must rebel—of the degradation of yourself in your own esteem, which must ensue, and must be aggravated every day as his detested character opens upon you more and more. Shrink from the loathsome companionship of this foul wretch as you would from corruption and disease. Suffer toil and labour if you will, but shun him, shun him, and be happy. For, believe me, that I speak the truth, the most abject poverty, the most wretched condition of human life, with a pure and upright mind, would be happiness to that which you must undergo as the wife of such a man as this!"

Long before Nicholas ceased to speak, the young lady buried her face in her hands, and gave her tears free way. In a voice at first inarticulate with emotion, but gradually recovering strength as she proceeded, she answered him,

"I will not disguise from you, Sir—though perhaps I ought—that I have undergone great pain of mind, and have been nearly broken-hearted since I saw you last. I do not love this gentleman; the difference between our

ages, tastes, and habits, forbids it. This he knows, and knowing, still offers me his hand. By accepting it, and by that step alone, I can release my father who is dying in this place, prolong his life, perhaps, for many years, restore him to comfort—I may almost call it affluence—and relieve a generous man from the burden of assisting one by whom, I grieve to say, his noble heart is little understood. Do not think so poorly of me as to believe that I feign a love I do not feel. Do not report so ill of me, for that I could not bear. If I cannot in reason or in nature love the man who pays this price for my poor hand, I can discharge the duties of a wife; I can be all he seeks in me, and will. He is content to take me as I am. I have passed my word, and should rejoice, not weep, that it is so—I do. The interest you take in one so friendless and forlorn as I, the delicacy with which you have discharged your trust, the faith you have kept with me, have my warmest thanks, and while I make this last feeble acknowledgement, move me to tears, as you see. But I do not repent, nor am I unhappy. I am happy in the prospect of all I can achieve so easily, and shall be more so when I look back upon it, and all is done, I know."

"Your tears fall faster as you talk of happiness," said Nicholas, "and you shun the contemplation of that dark future which must come laden with so much misery to you. Defer this marriage for a week—for but one week."

"He was talking, when you came upon us just now, with such smiles as I remember to have seen of old, and have not seen for many and many a day, of the freedom that was to come to-morrow," said Madeline, with momentary firmness, "of the welcome change, the fresh air; all the new scenes and objects that would bring fresh life to his exhausted frame. His eye grew bright, and his face lightened at the thought. I will not defer it for an hour."

"These are but tricks and wiles to urge you on," cried Nicholas.

"I'll hear no more," said Madeline, hurriedly, "I have heard too much—more than I should—already. What I have said to you, sir, I have said as to that dear friend to whom I trust in you honourably to repeat it. Some time hence when I am more composed and reconciled to my new mode of life, if I should live so long, I will write to him. Meantime, all holy angels shower their blessings on his head, and prosper and preserve him."

She was hurrying past Nicholas, when he threw himself before her, and implored her to think but once again upon the fate to which she was precipitately hastening.

"There is no retreat," said Nicholas, in an agony of supplication, "no withdrawing; all regret will be unavailing, and deep and bitter it must be. What can I say that will induce you to pause at this last moment! What can I do to save you?"

"Nothing," she incoherently replied. "This is the hardest trial I have had. Have mercy on me, Sir, I beseech, and do not pierce my heart with such appeals as these. I—I hear him calling;—I—I—must not, will not, remain here for another instant."

"If this were a plot," said Nicholas, with the same violent rapidity with which she spoke, "a plot, not yet laid bare by me, but which, with time, I might unravel, if you were (not knowing it) entitled to a fortune of your own, which being recovered, would do all that this marriage can accomplish, would you not retract?"

"No, no, no, — it is impossible; it is a child's tale, time would bring his death. He is calling again."

"It may be the last time we shall ever meet on earth," said Nicholas, "it may be better for me that we should never meet more."

"For both—for both," replied Madeline, not heeding what she said, "The time will come when to recall the

memory of this one interview might drive me mad. Be sure to tell them that you left me calm and happy. And God be with you, Sir, and my grateful heart and blessing!"

She was gone, and Nicholas, staggering from the house, thought of the hurried scene which had just closed upon him, as if it were the phantom of some wild, unquiet dream. The day wore on: at night, having been enabled in some measure to collect his thoughts, he issued forth again.

That night, being the last of Arthur Gride's bachelorship, found him in tip-top spirits and great glee. The bottle-green suit had been brushed ready for to-morrow. Peg Sliderskew had rendered the accounts of her past housekeeping; the eighteen-pence had been rigidly accounted for (she was never trusted with a larger sum at once, and the accounts were not usually balanced more than twice a-day), every preparation had been made for the coming festival, and Arthur might have sat down and contemplated his approaching happiness, but that he preferred sitting down and contemplating the entries in a dirty old vellum-book with rusty clasps.

"Well-a-day!" he chuckled, as sinking on his knees before a strong chest screwed down to the floor, he thrust in his arm nearly up to the shoulder, and slowly drew forth this greasy volume, "Well-a-day now, this is all my library, but it's one of the most entertaining books that were ever written: it's a delightful book, and all true and real—that's the best of it—true as the Bank of England, and real as its gold and silver. Written by Arthur Gride—he, he, he! None of your story-book writers will ever make as good a book as this, I warrant me. It's composed for private circulation—for my own particular reading, and nobody else's. He, he!"

Muttering this soliloquy, Arthur carried his precious volume to the table, and adjusting it upon a dusty desk, put on his spectacles, and began to pore among the leaves.

"It's a large sum to Mr. Nickleby," he said, in a dolorous voice. "Debt to be paid in full, nine hundred and seventy-five, four, three, Additional sum as per bond five hundred pound. One thousand, four hundred and seventy-five pounds, four shillings, and three-pence, to-morrow at twelve o'clock. On the other side though, there's the *per contra* by means of this pretty chick. But again there's the question whether I mightn't have brought all this about myself. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Why was my heart so faint! Why didn't I boldly open it to Bray myself, and save one thousand four hundred and seventy-five, four, three!"

These reflections depressed the old usurer so much as to wring a feeble groan or two from his breast, and cause him to declare with uplifted hands that he would die in a work-house. Remembering on further cogitation, however, that under any circumstances he must have paid, or handsomely compounded for, Ralph's debt, and being by no means confident that he would have succeeded had he undertaken his enterprise alone, he regained his equanimity, and chattered and mowed over more satisfactory items until the entrance of Peg Sliderskew interrupted him.

"Aha, Peg!" said Arthur, "what is it? What is it now, Peg?"

"It's the fowl," replied Peg, holding up a plate containing a little—a very little one—quite a phenomenon of a fowl—so very small and skinny.

"A beautiful bird!" said Arthur, after inquiring the price, and finding it proportionate to the size. "With a rasher of ham, and an egg made into sauce, and potatoes, and greens, and an apple-pudding, Peg, and a little bit of cheese, we shall have a dinner

for an emperor. There'll only be she and me—and you, Peg, when we've done—nobody else."

"Don't you complain of the expense afterwards," said Mrs. Sliderskew, sulkily.

"I'm afraid we must live expensively for the first week," returned Arthur, with a groan, "and then we must make up for it. I won't eat more than I can help, and I know you love your old master too much to eat more than *you* can help, don't you, Peg?"

"Don't I what?" said Peg.

"Love your old master too much—"

"No, not a bit too much," said Peg.

"Oh dear, I wish the devil had this woman!" cried Arthur—"love him too much to eat more than you can help at his expense."

"At his what?" said Peg.

"Oh dear! she can never hear the most important word, and hears all the others!" whined Gride. "At his expense—you catamaran."

The last-mentioned tribute to the charms of Mrs. Sliderskew being uttered in a whisper, that lady assented to the general proposition by a harsh growl, which was accompanied by a ring at the street-door.

"There's the bell," said Arthur.

"Ay, ay; I know that," rejoined Peg.

"Then why don't you go?" bawled Arthur.

"Go where?" retorted Peg. "I ain't doing any harm here, am I?"

Arthur Gride in reply repeated the word "bell" as loud as he could roar, and his meaning being rendered further intelligible to Mrs. Sliderskew's dull sense of hearing by pantomime expressive of ringing at a street-door, Peg hobbled out, after sharply demanding why he hadn't said there was a ring before, instead of talking about all manner of things that had nothing to do with it, and keeping her half-pint of beer waiting on the steps.

"There's a change come over you, Mrs. Peg," said Arthur, following her out with his eyes. "What it means I don't quite know, but if it lasts we shan't agree together long, I see. You are turning crazy, I think, and if you are you must take yourself off. Mrs. Peg—or be taken off. All's one to me."

Turning over the leaves of his book as he muttered this, he soon lighted upon something which attracted his attention, and forgot Peg Sliderskew and everything else in the engrossing interest of its pages.

The room had no other light than that which it derived from a dim and dirt clogged lamp, whose lazy wick, being still further obscured by a dark shade, cast its feeble rays over a very little space, and left all beyond in heavy shadow. This, the money-lender had drawn so close to him, that there was only room between it and himself for the book over which he bent; and as he sat with his elbows on the desk, and his sharp cheek-bones resting on his hands, it only served to bring out his hideous features in strong relief, together with the little table at which he sat, and to shroud all the rest of the chamber in a deep sullen gloom. Raising his eyes and looking vacantly into this gloom as he made some mental calculation, Arthur Gride suddenly met the fixed gaze of a man.

"Thieves! thieves!" shrieked the usurer, starting up and folding his book to his breast, "robbers! murder!"

"What is the matter?" said the form advancing.

"Keep off!" cried the trembling wretch. "Is it a man or a—?"

"For what do you take me, if not for a man?" was the disdainful inquiry.

"Yes, yes," cried Arthur Gride, shading his eyes with his hand, "it is a man, and not a spirit. It is a man. Robbers! robbers!"

"For what are these cries raised—unless indeed you know me, and have some purpose in your brain?" said the stranger, coming close up to him. "I am no thief, fellow."

"What then, and how come you here?" cried Gride, somewhat reassured, but still retreating from his visitor, "what is your name, and what do you want?"

"My name you need not know," was the reply. "I came here because I was shown the way by your servant. I have addressed you twice or thrice, but you were too profoundly engaged with your book to hear me, and I have been silently waiting until you should be less abstracted. What I want I will tell you, when you can summon up courage enough to hear and understand me."

Arthur Gride venturing to regard his visitor more attentively, and perceiving that he was a young man of good mien and bearing, returned to his seat and muttering that there were bad characters about, and that this with former attempts upon his house, had made him nervous, requested his visitor to sit down. This however he declined.

"Good God! I don't stand up to have you at an advantage," said Nicholas (for Nicholas it was), as he observed a gesture of alarm on the part of Gride. Listen to me. You are to be married to-morrow morning."

"N—n—no," rejoined Gride. "Who said I was? How do you know that?"

"No matter how," replied Nicholas, "I know it. The young lady who is to give you her hand hates and despises you. Her blood runs cold at the mention of your name—the vulture and the lamb, the rat and the dove, could not be worse matched than you and she. You see I know her."

Gride looked at him as if he were petrified with astonishment, but did not speak, perhaps lacking the power.

"You and another man, Ralph Nickleby by name, have hatched this plot between you," pursued Nicholas, "you pay him for his share in bringing about this sale of Madeline Bray. You do. A lie is trembling on your lips, I see."

He paused, but Arthur making no reply, resumed again.

"You pay yourself by defrauding her. How or by what means—for I scorn to sully her cause by falsehood or deceit—I do not know; at present I do not know, but I am not alone or single-handed in this business. If the energy of man can compass the discovery of your fraud and treachery before your death—if wealth, revenge, and just hatred can hunt and track you through your windings—you will yet be called to a dear account for this. We are on the scent already—judge you, that know what we do not, when we shall have you down."

He paused again, and still Arthur Gride glared upon him in silence.

"If you were a man to whom I could appeal with any hope of touching his compassion or humanity,"

said Nicholas, "I would urge upon you to remember the helplessness, the innocence, the youth of this lady, her worth and beauty, her filial excellence, and last, and more than all as concerning you more nearly, the appeal she has made to your mercy and your manly feeling. But I take the only ground that can be taken with men like you, and ask what money will buy you off. Remember the danger to which you are exposed. You see I know enough to know much more with very little help. Bate some expected gain, for the risk you save, and say what is your price."

Old Arthur Gride moved his lips, but they only formed an ugly smile and were motionless again.

"You think," said Nicholas, "that the price would not be paid. Miss Bray has wealthy friends who would coin their hearts to save her in such a strait as this. Name your price, defer these nuptials for but a few days, and see whether those I speak of shrink from the payment. Do you hear me?"

When Nicholas began, Arthur Gride's impression was that Ralph Nickleby had betrayed him; but as he proceeded he felt convinced that however he had come by the knowledge he possessed, the part he acted was a genuine one, and that with Ralph he had no concern. All he seemed to know for certain was, that he, Gride, paid Ralph's debt, but that to anybody who knew the circumstances of Bray's detention—even to Bray himself on Ralph's own statement—must be perfectly notorious. As to the fraud on Madeline herself, his visitor knew so little about its nature or extent, that it might be a lucky guess or a hap-hazard accusation, and whether or no, he had clearly no key to the mystery, and could not hurt him who kept it close within his own breast. The allusion to friends and the offer of money Gride held to be mere empty vapouring for purposes of delay. "And even if money were to be had," thought Arthur Gride, as he glanced at Nicholas, and trembled with passion at his boldness and audacity, "I'd have that dainty chick for my wife, and cheat you of her young smooth-face."

Long habit of weighing and noting well what clients said, and nicely balancing chances in his mind and calculating odds to their faces, without the least appearance of being so engaged, had rendered Gride quick in forming conclusions and arriving, from puzzling, intricate, and often contradictory premises, at very cunning deductions. Hence it was that as Nicholas went on he followed him closely with his own constructions, and when he ceased to speak was as well prepared as if he had deliberated for a fortnight.

"I hear you," he cried, starting from his seat, casting back the fastenings of the window-shutters, and throwing up the sash. "Help here! Help! Help!"

"What are you doing?" said Nicholas, seizing him by the arm.

"I'll cry robbers, thieves, murder, alarm the neighbourhood, struggle with you, let loose some blood, and swear you came to rob me if you don't quit my house," replied Gride, drawing in his head with a frightful grin, "I will."

"Wretch!" cried Nicholas.

"You'll bring your threats here, will you?" said Gride, whom jealousy of Nicholas and a sense of his own triumph had converted into a perfect fiend.

"You, the disappointed lover—oh dear! He! he! he!—but you shan't have her, no, nor she you. She's my wife, my fond doting little wife. Do you think she'll miss you? Do you think she'll weep? I shall like to see her weep—I shan't mind it. She looks prettier in tears."

"Villain!" said Nicholas, choking with his rage.

"One minute more," cried Arthur Gride, "and I'll rouse the street with such screams as, if they were raised by anybody else, should wake me even in the arms of pretty Madeline."

"You base hound!" said Nicholas, "if you were but a younger man—"

"Oh yes!" sneered Arthur Gride, "if I was but a younger man it wouldn't be so bad, but for me, so old and ugly—to be jilted by little Madeline for me!"

"Hear me," said Nicholas, "and be thankful I have enough command over myself not to fling you into the street, which no aid could prevent my doing if I once grappled with you. I have been no lover of this lady's. No contract or engagement, no word of love has ever passed between us. She does not even know my name."

"I'll ask it for all that—I'll beg it of her with kisses," said Arthur Gride. "Yes, and she'll tell me, and pay them back, and we'll laugh together, and hug ourselves—and be very merry—when we think of the poor youth that wanted to have her, but couldn't, because she was bespoken by me."

This taunt brought such an expression into the face of Nicholas, that Arthur Gride plainly apprehended it to be the forerunner of his putting his threat of throwing him into the street in immediate execution, for he thrust his head out of the window, and holding tight on with both hands, raised a pretty brisk alarm. Not thinking it necessary to abide the issue of the noise, Nicholas gave vent to an indignant defiance, and stalked from the room and from the house. Arthur Gride watched him across the street, and then drawing in his head, fastened the window as before, and sat down to take breath.

"If she ever turns pettish or ill-humored, I'll taunt her with that spark," he said, when he had recovered. "She'll little think I know about him, and if I manage it well, I can break her spirit by this means and have her under my thumb. I'm glad nobody came. I didn't call too loud. The audacity to enter my house, and open upon me!—But I shall have a very good triumph to-morrow, and he'll be gnawing his fingers off, perhaps drown himself, or cut his throat! I shouldn't wonder! That would make it quite complete, that would—quite."

When he had become restored to his usual condition by these and other comments on his approaching triumph, Arthur Gride put away his book, and having locked up the chest with great caution, descended into the kitchen to warn Peg Sliderskew to bed, and to scold her for having afforded such ready admission to a stranger.

The unconscious Peg, however, not being able to comprehend the offence of which she had been guilty, he summoned her to hold the light while he made a tour of the fastenings, and secured the street door with his own hands.

"Top bolt," muttered Arthur, fastening as he spoke, "bottom bolt—chain—bar—double-lock—and key out to put under my pillow—so if any more rejected admirers come, they may come through the

keyhole. And now I'll go to sleep till half-past five, when I must get up to be married, Peg."

With that, he jocularly tapped Mrs. Sliderskew under the chin, and appeared, for the moment, inclined to celebrate the close of his bachelor days by imprinting a kiss on her shrivelled lips. Thinking better of it, however, he gave her chin another tap in lieu of that warmer familiarity, and stole away to bed.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Crisis of the Project and its Result.

There are not many men who tie abed too late or oversleep themselves on their wedding morning. A legend there is of somebody remarkable for absence of mind, who opened his eyes upon the day which was to give him a young wife, and forgetting all about the matter, rated his servants for providing him with such fine clothes as had been prepared for the festival. There is also a legend of a young gentleman who, not having before his eyes the fear of the canons of the church for such cases made and provided, conceived a passion for his grandmama. Both cases are of a singular and special kind, and it is very doubtful whether either can be considered as a precedent likely to be extensively followed by succeeding generations.

Arthur Gride had enrobed himself in his marriage garments of bottle-green, a full hour before Mrs. Sliderskew, shaking off her more heavy slumbers, knocked at his chamber door; and he had hobbled down stairs in full array and smacked his lips over a scanty taste of his favourite cordial, ere that delicate piece of antiquity enlightened the kitchen with her presence.

"Faugh!" said Peg, grubbing in the discharge of her domestic functions, among a scanty heap of ashes in the rusty grate, "Wedding indeed! A precious wedding! He wants somebody better than his old Peg to take care of him, does he? And what has he said to me many and many a time to keep me content with short food, small wages, and little fire? 'My will, Peg! my will!' says he, 'I'm a bachelor—no friends—no relations, Peg.' Lies! And now he's to bring home a new mistress, a baby-faced chit of a girl—if he wanted a wife, the fool, why couldn't he have one suitable to his age and that knew his ways? She won't come in my way, he says. No, that she won't, but you little think why, Arthur boy."

While Mrs. Sliderskew, influenced possibly by some lingering feelings of disappointment and personal slight occasioned by her old master's preference for another, was giving loose to these grumbings below stairs, Arthur Gride was cogitating in the parlour upon what had taken place last night.

"I can't think how he can have picked up what he knows," said Arthur, "unless I have committed myself—let something drop at Bray's, for instance, which has been overheard. Perhaps I may. I shouldn't be surprised if that was it. Mr. Nickleby was often angry at my talking to him before we got outside the door. I mustn't tell him that part of the business, or he'll put me out of sorts and make me nervous for the day."

Ralph was universally looked up to and recognised among his fellows as a superior genius, but upon

Arthur Gride his stern unyielding character and consummate art had made so deep an impression, that he was actually afraid of him. Cringing and cowardly to the core by nature, Arthur Gride humbled himself in the dust before Ralph Nickleby, and even when they had not this stake in common, would have licked his shoes and crawled upon the ground before him rather than venture to return him word for word, or retort upon him in any other spirit than that of the most slavish and abject sycophancy.

To Ralph Nickleby's, Arthur Gride now betook himself according to appointment, and to Ralph Nickleby he related how that last night some young blustering blade, whom he had never seen, forced his way into his house and tried to frighten him from the proposed nuptials;—told in short, what Nicholas had said and done, with the slight reservation upon which he had determined.

"Well, and what then?" said Ralph.

"Oh! nothing more," rejoined Gride.

"He tried to frighten you?" said Ralph, disdainfully, "and you were frightened I suppose, is that it?"

"I frightened him by crying thieves and murder," replied Gride. "Once I was in earnest, I tell you that, for I had more than half a mind to swear he uttered threats and demanded my life or my money."

"Oho!" said Ralph, eyeing him askew. "Jealous too!"

"Dear now, see that!" cried Arthur, rubbing his hands and affecting to laugh.

"Why do you make those grimaces, man?" said Ralph, harshly, "you are jealous—and with good cause I think."

"No, no, no,—not with good cause, hey? You don't think with good cause, do you?" cried Arthur, faltering, "Do you though—hey?"

"Why, how stands the fact?" returned Ralph. "Here is an old man about to be forced in marriage upon a girl, and to this old man there comes a handsome young fellow—you said he was handsome, didn't you?"

"No!" snarled Arthur Gride.

"Oh!" rejoined Ralph, "I thought you did. Well, handsome or not handsome, to this old man there comes a young fellow who casts all manner of fierce defiance in his teeth—gums I should rather say—and tells him in plain terms that his mistress hates him. What does he do that for? Philanthropy's sake?"

"Not for love of the lady," replied Gride, "for he said that no word of love—his very words—had ever passed between 'em."

"He said!" repeated Ralph, contemptuously. "But I like him for one thing, and that is his giving you this fair warning to keep your—what is it? Tit-tit or dainty chick—which?—under lock and key. Be careful, Gride, be careful. It's a triumph too to tear her away from a gallant young rival; a great triumph for an old man. It only remains to keep her safe when you have her—that's all."

"What a man it is!" cried Arthur Gride, affecting in the extremity of his torture to be highly amused. And then he added, anxiously, "Yes; to keep her safe, that's all. And that isn't much, is it?"

"Much!" said Ralph, with a sneer. "Why, everybody knows what easy things to understand and to control, women are. But come, it's very nearly time for you to be made happy. You'll pay the bond now I suppose, to save us trouble afterwards."

"Oh what a man you are!" croaked Arthur.

"Why not?" said Ralph. "Nobody will pay you

interest for the money, I suppose, between this and twelve o'clock, will they?"

"But nobody would pay you interest for it either, you know," returned Arthur, leering at Ralph with all the cunning and slyness he could throw into his face.

"Besides which," said Ralph, suffering his lip to curl into a smile, "you haven't the money about you, and you weren't prepared for this or you'd have brought it with you, and there's nobody you'd so much like to accommodate as me. I see. We trust each other in about an equal degree. Are you ready?"

Gride, who had done nothing but grin, and nod, and chatter, during this last speech of Ralph's, answered in the affirmative, and producing from his hat a couple of large white favours, pinned one on his breast, and with considerable difficulty induced his friend to do the like. Thus accoutred they got into a hired coach which Ralph had in waiting, and drove to the residence of the fair and most wretched bride.

Gride, whose spirits and courage had gradually failed him more and more as they approached nearer and nearer to the house, was utterly dismayed and cowed by the mournful silence which pervaded it. The face of the poor servant-girl, the only person they saw, was disfigured with tears and want of sleep. There was nobody to receive or welcome them; and they stole up stairs into the usual sitting-room more like two burglars than the bridegroom and his friend.

"One would think," said Ralph, speaking in spite of himself in a low and subdued voice, "that there was a funeral going on here, and not a wedding."

"He, he!" tittered his friend, "you are so—so very funny!"

"I need be," remarked Ralph, drily, "for this is rather dull and chilling. Look a little brisker, man, and not so hang-dog like."

"Yes, yes, I will," said Gride. "But—but—you don't think she's coming just yet, do you?"

"Why, I suppose she'll not come till she is obliged," returned Ralph looking at his watch, "and she has a good half hour to spare yet. Curb your impatience."

"I—I—am not impatient," stammered Arthur. "I wouldn't be hard with her for the world. Oh dear, dear, not on any account. Let her take her time—her own time. Her time shall be ours by all means."

While Ralph bent upon his trembling friend a keen look, which showed that he perfectly understood the reason of this great consideration and regard, a footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Bray himself came into the room on tiptoe, and holding up his hand with a cautious gesture as if there were some sick person near who must not be disturbed.

"Hush!" he said in a low voice. "She was very ill last night. I thought she would have broken her heart. She is dressed, and crying bitterly in her own room; but she's better, and quite quiet—that's everything."

"She is ready, is she?" said Ralph.

"Quite ready," returned the father.

"And not likely to delay us by any young-lady weaknesses—fainting, or so forth?" said Ralph.

"She may be safely trusted now," returned Bray. "I have been talking to her this morning. Here—come a little this way."

He drew Ralph Nickleby to the further end of the room, and pointed towards Gride, who sat huddled together in a corner, fumbling nervously with the buttons of his coat, and exhibiting a face of which every skulking and base expression was sharpened and aggravated to the utmost by his anxiety and trepidation.

"Look at that man," whispered Bray, emphatically. "This seems a cruel thing, after all."

"What seems a cruel thing?" inquired Ralph, with as much stolidity of face as if he really were in utter ignorance of the other's meaning.

"This marriage," answered Bray. "Don't ask me what. You know quite as well as I do."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders in silent deprecation of Bray's impatience, and elevated his eye-brows, and pursed his lips as men do when they are prepared with a sufficient answer to some remark, but wait for a more favourable opportunity of advancing it, or think it scarcely worth while to answer their adversary at all.

"Look at him. Does it not seem cruel?" said Bray.

"No!" replied Ralph boldly.

"I say it does," retorted Bray with a show of much irritation. "It is a cruel thing, by all that's bad and treacherous!"

When men are about to commit or to sanction the commission of some injustice, it is not at all uncommon for them to express pity for the object either of that or some parallel proceeding, and to feel themselves at the time quite virtuous and moral, and immensely superior to those who express no pity at all. This is a kind of upholding of faith above works, and is very comfortable. To do Ralph Nickleby justice, he seldom practised this sort of dissimulation; but he understood those who did, and therefore suffered Bray to say again and again with great vehemence that they were jointly doing a very cruel thing, before he again offered to interpose a word.

"You see what a dry, shrivelled, withered old chip it is," returned Ralph, when the other was at length silent. "If he were younger, it might be cruel; but as it is—hark'ee Mr. Bray, he'll die soon, and leave her a rich young widow. Miss Madeline consults your taste this time; let her consult her own next."

"True, true," said Bray, biting his nails, and plainly very ill at ease. "I couldn't do anything better for her than advise her to accept these proposals, could I? Now, I ask you, Nickleby, as a man of the world—could I?"

"Surely not," answered Ralph. "I tell you what, Sir;—there are a hundred fathers within a circuit of five miles from this place, well off, good rich substantial men, who would gladly give their daughters and their own ears with them, to that very man yonder, ape and mummy as he looks."

"So there are!" exclaimed Bray, eagerly catching at anything which seemed a justification of himself. "And so I told her, both last night and to-day!"

"You told her truth," said Ralph, "and did well to do so; though I must say, at the same time, that if I had a daughter, and my freedom, pleasure, nay, my very health and life, depended on her taking a husband whom I pointed out, I should hope it would not be necessary to advance any other arguments to induce her to consent to my wishes."

Bray looked at Ralph as if to see whether he spoke in earnest, and having nodded twice or thrice in unqualified assent to what had fallen from him, said,

"I must go up stairs for a few minutes to finish dressing, and when I come down, I'll bring Madeline with me. Do you know I had a very strange dream last night, which I have not remembered till this instant. I dreamt that it was this morning, and you

and I had been talking, as we have been this minute that I went up stairs, for the very purpose for which I am going now, and that as I stretched out my hand to take Madeline's, and lead her down, the floor sunk with me, and after falling from such an indescribable and tremendous height as the imagination scarcely conceives except in dreams, I alighted in a grave."

"And you awoke, and found you were lying on your back, or with your head hanging over the bedside, or suffering some pain from indigestion?" said Ralph. "Pshaw, Mr. Bray, do as I do (you will have the opportunity now that a constant round of pleasurer and enjoyment opens upon you) and occupying yourself a little more by day, have no time to think of what you dream by night."

Ralph followed him with a steady look to the door, and turning to the bridegroom, when they were again alone, said,

"Mark my words, Gride, you won't have to pay his annuity very long. You have the devil's luck in bargains always. If he is not booked to make the long voyage before many months are past and gone, I wear an orange for a head."

To this prophecy so agreeable to his ears, Arthur returned no answer than a cackle of great delight, and Ralph, throwing himself into a chair, they both sat waiting in profound silence. Ralph was thinking with a sneer upon his lips on the altered manner of Bray that day, and how soon their fellowship in a bad design had lowered his pride and established a familiarity between them, when his attentive ear caught the rustling of a female dress upon the stairs, and the footstep of a man.

"Wake up," he said, stamping his foot impatiently upon the ground, "and be something like life, man, will you? They are here. Urge those dry old bones of yours this way—quick, man, quick."

Gride shambled forward, and stood leering and bowing close by Ralph's side, when the door opened and there entered in haste—not Bray and his daughter, but Nicholas and his sister Kate.

If some tremendous apparition from the world of shadows had suddenly presented itself before him, Ralph Nickleby could not have been more thunderstricken than he was by this surprise. His hands fell powerless by his side, he staggered back, and with open mouth, and a face of ashy paleness, stood gazing at them in speechless rage; his eyes so prominent, and his face so convulsed and changed by the passions which raged within him, that it would have been difficult to recognise in him the same stern, composed, hard-featured man he had been not a minute ago.

"The man that came to me last night," whispered Gride, plucking at his elbow. "The man that came to me last night."

"I see," muttered Ralph, "I know. I might have guessed as much before. Across my every path, at every turn go where I will, do what I may, he comes."

The absence of all colour from the face, the dilated nostril, the quivering of the lips which though set firmly against each other would not be still, showed what fierce emotions were struggling for the mastery with Nicholas. But he kept them down, and gently pressing Kate's arm to re-assure her, stood erect and undaunted front to front with his unworthy relative.

As the brother and sister stood side by side with a gallant bearing which became them well, a close

likeness between them was apparent, which many, had they only seen them apart, might have failed to remark. The air, carriage, and very look and expression of the brother were all reflected in the sister, but softened and refined to the nicest limit of feminine delicacy and attraction. More striking still was some indefinable resemblance in the face of Ralph to both. While they had never looked more handsome nor he more ugly, while they had never held themselves more proudly, nor he shrunk half so low, there never had been a time when this resemblance was so perceptible, or when all the worst characteristics of a face rendered coarse and harsh by evil thoughts were half so manifest as now.

"Away!" was the first word he could utter as he literally gnashed his teeth. "Away! What brings you here—liar—scoundrel—dastard—thief."

"I come here," said Nicholas in a low deep voice, "to save your victim if I can. Liar and scoundrel you are in every action of your life, theft is your trade, and double dastard you must be or you were not here to day. Hard words will not move me, nor would hard blows. Here I stand and will till I have done my errand."

"Girl!" said Ralph, "retire. We can use force to him, but I would not hurt you if I could help it. Retire you weak and silly wench, and leave this dog to be dealt with as he deserves."

"I will not retire," cried Kate, with flashing eyes and the red blood mantling in her cheeks. "You will do him no hurt they he will not repay. You may use force with me; I think you will, for I am a girl, and that would well become you. But if I have a girl's weakness, I have a woman's heart, and it is not you who in a cause like this can turn that from its purpose."

"And what may your purpose be, most lofty lady?" said Ralph.

"To offer to the unhappy subject of your treachery at this last moment," replied Nicholas, "a refuge and a home. If the near prospect of such a husband as you have provided will not prevail upon her, I hope she may be moved by the prayers and entreaties of one of her own sex. At all events, they shall be tried, and I myself avowing to her father from whom I come and by whom I am commissioned, will render it an act of greater baseness, meanness, and cruelty in him if he still dares to force this marriage on. Here I wait to see him and his daughter. For this I came and brought my sister even into your vile presence. Our purpose is not to see or speak with you; therefore to you, we stoop to say no more."

"Indeed!" said Ralph. "You persist in remaining here, Ma'am, do you?"

His niece's bosom heaved with the indignant excitement into which he had lashed her, but she gave him no reply.

"Now, Gride, see here," said Ralph. "This fellow—I grieve to say my brother's son; a reprobate and profligate, stained with every mean and selfish crime—this fellow coming here to-day to disturb a solemn ceremony, and knowing that the consequence of his presenting himself in another man's house at such a time, and persisting in remaining there, must be his being kicked into the streets and dragged through them like the vagabond he is—this fellow, mark you, brings with him his sister as a protection, thinking we would not expose a silly girl

to the degradation and indignity which is no novelty to him; and even after I have warned her of what must ensue, he still keeps her by him as you see, and clings to her apron-strings like a cowardly boy to his mother's. Is not this a pretty fellow to talk as big as you have heard him now!"

"And as I heard him last night," said Arthur Gride, "as I heard him last night when he sneaked into my house, and—he! he! he!—very soon sneaked out again, when I nearly frightened him to death. And he wanting to marry Miss Madeline too! Oh, dear! Is there anything else he'd like—anything else we can do for him, besides giving her up! Would he like his debts paid and his house furnished, and a few bank notes for shaving paper if he shaves at all! He! he!"

"You will remain, girl, will you?" said Ralph, turning upon Kate again, "to be hauled down stairs like a drunken drab—as I swear you shall if you stop here? No answer! Thank your brother for what follows. Gride, call down Bray—and not his daughter. Let them keep her above."

"If you value your head," said Nicholas, taking up a position before the door, and speaking in the same low voice in which he had spoken before, and with no more outward passion than he had before displayed; "stay where you are."

"Mind me and not him, and call down Bray," said Ralph.

"Mind yourself rather than either of us, and stay where you are," said Nicholas.

"Will you call down Bray?" cried Ralph passionately.

"Remember that you come near me at your peril," said Nicholas.

Grice hesitated: Ralph being by this time as furious as a baffled tiger, made for the door, and attempting to pass Kate clasped her arm roughly with his hand. Nicholas with his eyes darting fire seized him by the collar. At that moment a heavy body fell with great violence on the floor above, and an instant afterwards was heard a most appalling and terrific scream.

They all stood still and gazed upon each other. Scream succeeded scream; a heavy pattering of feet succeeded; and many shrill voices clamouring together were heard to cry, "He is dead!"

"Stand off!" cried Nicholas, letting loose all the violent passion he had restrained till now, "if this is what I scarcely dare to hope it is, you are caught, villains, in your own toils."

He burst from the room, and darting up stairs to the quarter from whence the noise proceeded, forced his way through a crowd of persons who quite filled a small bedchamber, and found Bray lying on the floor quite dead, and his daughter clinging to the body.

"How did this happen?" he cried, looking wildly about him.

Several voices answered together that he had been observed through the half-opened door reclining in a strange and uneasy position upon a chair; that he had been spoken to several times, and not answering, was supposed to be asleep, until some person going in and shaking him by the arm, he fell heavily to the ground and was discovered to be dead.

"Who is the owner of this house?" said Nicholas, hastily.

An elderly woman was pointed out to him; and to her he said, as he knelt down and gently unwound Madeline's arms from the lifeless mass round which they were entwined: "I represent this lady's nearest friends as her servant here knows, and must remove her from this dreadful scene. This is my sister to whose charge you confide her. My name and address are upon that card, and you shall receive from me all necessary directions for the arrangements that must be made. Stand aside, every one of you, and give me room and air for God's sake."

The people fell back, scarce wondering more at what had just occurred, than at the excitement and impetuosity of him who spoke, and Nicholas, taking the insensible girl in his arms, bore her from the chamber and down stairs into the room he had just quitted, followed by his sister and the faithful servant, whom he charged to procure a coach directly, while he and Kate bent over their beautiful charge and endeavoured, but in vain, to restore her to animation. The girl performed her office with such expedition, that in a very few minutes the coach was ready.

Ralph Nickleby and Gride, stunned and paralysed by the awful event which had so suddenly overthrown their schemes (it would not otherwise, perhaps, have made such an impression on them), and carried away by the extraordinary energy and precipitation of Nicholas, which bore down all before them, looked on at these proceedings like men in a dream or trance. It was not until every preparation was made for Madeline's immediate removal that Ralph broke silence by declaring she should not be taken away.

"Who says that?" cried Nicholas, starting from his knee and confronting them, but still retaining Madeline's lifeless hand in his.

"I!" answered Ralph, hoarsely.

"Hush, hush!" cried the terrified Gride, catching him by the arm again. "Hear what he says."

"Aye!" said Nicholas, extending his disengaged hand in the air, "hear what he says. That both your debts are paid in the one great debt of nature—that the bond due to-day at twelve is now waste paper—that your contemplated fraud shall be discovered yet—that your schemes are known to man, and overthrown by Heaven—wretches, that he defies you both to do your worst."

"This man," said Ralph, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "this man claims his wife, and he shall have her."

"That man claims what is not his, and he should not have her if he were fifty men, with fifty more to back him," said Nicholas.

"Who shall prevent him?"

"I will."

"By what right I should like to know," said Ralph. "By what right I ask?"

"By this right—that, knowing what I do, you dare not tempt me further," said Nicholas, "and by this better right, that those I serve, and with whom you would have done me base wrong and injury, are her nearest and her dearest friends. In their name I bear her hence. Give way!"

"One word!" cried Ralph, foaming at the mouth.

"Not one," replied Nicholas, "I will not hear of one—save this. Look to yourself, and heed this

warning that I give you. Your day is past, and night is coming on—"

"My curse, my bitter deadly curse, upon you, boy!"

"Whence will curses come at your command? or what avails a curse or blessing from a man like you? I warn you, that misfortune and discovery are thickening about your head; that the structures you have raised through all your ill-spent life are crumbling into dust; that your path is beset with spies; that this very day, ten thousand pounds of your hoarded wealth have gone in one great crash!"

"'Tis false!" cried Ralph, shrinking back.

"'Tis true, and you shall find it so. I have no more words to waste. Stand from the door. Kate, do you go first. Lay not a hand on her, or on that woman, or on me, or so much as brush their garments as they pass you by!—You let them pass and he blocks the door again!"

Arthur Gride happened to be in the doorway, but whether intentionally or from confusion was not quite apparent. Nicholas swung him away with such violence as to cause him to spin round the room until he was caught by a sharp angle of the wall and there knocked down; and then taking his beautiful burden in his arms rushed violently out. No one cared to stop him, if any were so disposed. Making his way through a mob of people, whom a report of the circumstances had attracted round the house, and carrying Madeline in his great excitement as easily as if she were an infant, he reached the coach in which Kate and the girl were already waiting, and confiding his charge to them, jumped up beside the coachman and bade him drive away.

From the Spectator.

MURRAY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA AND CUBA.*

MR. MURRAY set off for America in 1834, apparently on business connected with some estates in Virginia; but stumbled at starting. The vessel sprang a leak in a storm; and, after many contentions with the elements and ceaseless exertions in keeping her afloat, the worn-out passengers and crew were enabled to make the port of Fayal, in the Azores. Delayed a month by the repairs necessary to be effected, Mr. MURRAY occupied himself in pigeon-shooting, frequenting parties, and visiting the different island of the group; encountering on his departure, a month and more of adverse gales and short commons ere he reached New York. After visiting the chief towns and places in the Atlantic provinces, which usually excite the attention of the tourist, and sporting, land-surveying, and exploring in Virginia, he crossed the Alleghany range by a railroad; steamed on the Missouri and its tributary the Ohio, and sojourned at several of the settlements on their banks till he found himself at the frontier fort of Leavenworth, the last station of the far West. At this post, accident

* Travels in North America during the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836; including a Summer Residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, in the remote Prairies of the Missouri; and a Visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. 12 vols.

enabled him to execute a meditated trip amongst the remoter Indians of the Prairies. A band of Pawnees arriving at the fort, he made arrangements to return with them to their village and remain there for some time. The head-quarters of the tribe were reached without more accidents or hardships than are usual in Prairie travelling, especially with novices; but the account of his mode of life on their arrival must deter any one from following his example, unless stimulated by some higher motive than mere curiosity. The women were ugly and dirty drudges; with the men he could not talk; their habits are so monotonous as to be soon exhausted; and every place and person teemed with vermin, which infested his skin and clothes. His only occupations were trying to acquire their language; assisting at feasts, where politeness compelled him to gorge himself with their ill-cooked provisions; accompanying the camp in its changes of ground, and attending their hunting-parties. The magnificent appearance of a herd of buffaloes in full charge, and the picturesqueness of the Indian hunters on these occasions, could not be destroyed; but the charm of hunting was gone, for with the Pawnees it was a trade. Depending upon success for subsistence, their object was to kill as much and as quickly as possible, without regard to the excitement of the chase; and Mr. MURRAY, who, has doubtless assisted an English sporting-party, was shocked at a battue of bisons. His sport was to single out an animal and slaughter it with his own hand,—sometimes at no small risk, and always with the certainty of hunger; for the Indians took little with them, trusting to the produce of their arms, and he was several times so ravenous as to follow their example and devour a slice of buffalo liver raw and reeking! When he got tired of the monotony of Indian life and departed, his companions fleeced him without mercy, with an honourable exception in his host; his guides deserted him in the Prairies, leaving him with a friend and two attendants to find his way to Fort Leavenworth; which, after much anxiety and difficulty, was successfully accomplished.

Arrived once more amongst civilized men, our adventurer explored the most remarkable places in the West, and then descended the Mississippi to New Orleans. From that city of the South he sailed to Havanna; and after visiting the planters of Cuba, he returned to America, whence he finally sailed to England.

The accomplishments and qualities of Mr. MURRAY, though superficial, are unique, and not ill adapted to the circumstances into which he was thrown. He possesses the classical education and reading of a gentleman, with a certain amount of dilettante taste in music and the arts, but has no scientific knowledge or intellectual pursuit. His mind is also deficient in depth or penetration; and his style, rarely rising to picturesqueness and never to strength, often runs wild, is as often sentimental, and spreads his matter over too wide a space. On the other hand, his manner is free, agreeable, and animated; he has much native good sense, improved by previous travel, and a buoyant and hearty spirits disposed to look at the bright side of affairs and find some good in every thing. What is more important, as regards a judge of American manners, he possessed a wide acquaintance with life, and a born familiarity with aristocratical usages, which enabled him to

overlook conventional modes, and, neglecting the husk, regard the kernel of social practices; so that the son of the house of DUNMORE and the Equerry of Queen VICTORIA is the most tolerant *arbitrer elegantiarum* the Americans have yet had. But his physical qualities were the most characteristic, and the most useful too, in situations where a high development of the animal man was necessary to success.—A sportsman, thoroughly equipped with the perfection of English gunnery, he beat the Americans and the Indians at a long-shot, where their rifles could not carry; a Highland deer-stalker, he surpassed the Pawnees in the art of winding and creeping upon game; if his senses were not so quick, his speed so great, his wind so exhaustless, his powers of endurance so wonderful, and his stomach so capacious when victuals was to be had, as those of the born child of the Prairie, he could compete with them in such things without being visibly disgraced.—Nothing but a strong constitution, trained and hardened by pedestrian exercise and field sports enabled him to thread the forests of frontier America, or to bear up against the fatigues, privations, and exposure to wet and variable weather, he underwent in his journey across the waste, after his Pawnee guides had left him. It was only an eye accustomed to note trifling landmarks, with an observation sharpened by experience among Indians, that brought him successively through his weary pilgrimage.—Let no Highland chieftain throw himself amongst the Red Indians, without a tail, unless his teeth are hard enough to chew bullets as a substitute for water, his stamina strong enough to fast for four-and-twenty hours, the greater part of the time under strong exercise, and his constitution able to defy ague, fever and all the other ailments of the West.

The amount of new knowledge which Mr. Murray has contributed to what previously existed respecting America is not great; but he has thrown a new light upon many subjects. The impression his remarks leave upon the mind with respect to manners is, that in the better circles there is no lack of refinement, courtesy, or accomplishments, though sometimes taking a different form from that of England. Among the multitude he found manners sometimes "more free than welcome"—rusticity, coarseness, rudeness, blackguardism, but not vulgarity. Hospitality is hearty almost everywhere; the entertainments of the wealthier classes are well regulated, and agreeable; and in one respect superior to those of London, for they give you the same wines at a ball as they do at a dinner, instead of palming off an inferior article upon the dancers. Young unmarried women possess a much greater freedom than is allowed in this country, matrons a good deal less; the young men are more addicted to physical amusements—racing, sporting, billiards, &c. than Mr. MURRAY approves of; which he attributes to their superficial education. Reading, however, the daily press, and seeing what we see of the pranks of the aristocracy at home, it does not appear that the more limited course of study at Oxford and Cambridge infuses such an extraordinary love of letters. To the rapid advance of the country, the ease with which a competency may be obtained, and the extraordinary rise in the value of property, with the prospect to the speculator of making an enormous fortune, MURRAY bears the same testimony as MARRYAT: and notes the squeamish aversion to pub-

lie executions which allows the greatest monsters to escape. He also agrees with MARRYAT as to the caution with which any judgement on the Americans in general should be hazarded, on account of the great varieties in the different States; the Southern Planter, the Kentucky settler, and the merchant of the North-eastern States, differing as much from each other as the most opposite nations of Europe. In the wealthy commercial cities of the seaboard, he found aristocratical ideas, and even an aristocracy, growing out of the natural circumstances of society,—great wealth in a few hands, and a denser population, capable, it is true, of earning an ample subsistence, but obliged to earn it by labour: and here the lines of demarcation drawn in society, Mr. Murray inclines to think, are as strong and as various as in England. In Virginia, the manners were more akin to those of the old English country gentleman, modified of course by circumstances, and breaking down under the law of equal partition; the old manor-houses of their fathers standing empty and decaying, none of the sons being rich enough to live in them. It was only in the new settlements of the West, where law is almost a name, and every one must in a measure depend upon his own resources, that he found pure unmitigated equality; and a very unpleasant thing it was,—intrusive, blasphemous, bullying, gambling, drunken, and murderous, but not thieving.

"It certainly appears at first sight to be a strange anomaly in human nature, that at Dubuques, Galena, and other rising towns on the Mississippi, containing in proportion to their size as profligate, turbulent, and abandoned a population as any in the world, theft is almost unknown; and though dirks are frequently drawn, and pistols fired in savage and drunken brawls, by ruffians who regard neither the laws of God nor man, I do not believe that an instance of larceny or house-breaking has occurred. So easily are money and food here obtained by labour, that it seems scarcely worth a man's while to steal. Thus, the solution of the apparent anomaly is to be found in this, that theft is a naughty child, of which idleness is the father and want the mother."

Of the different peoples whom emigration brings together as subjects of the United States, he says the Scotch have earned the highest average character. The Irish, notwithstanding their many good qualities, are the most lawless and troublesome; and Mr. Murray regretted to find in many of them a malicious hatred of Great Britain. Washington Irving and others have done something to dissipate the halo of mingled philosophy and romance which report had shed over the Red Indian—"the stoic of the woods;" but Mr. Murray gives them the *coup de grace*. In the society of White men, he says they act a part; their gravity and immovable calmness being assumed, and their high sense of honour and adherence to their word being a chimera. He found them riotous, curious, jocular to buffoonery, licentious in conversation, thieving, treacherous, and subject to paroxysms of ungovernable passion. It must, however, be remembered, that his experience was limited to the Pawnees, who have a bad character from all the other Indians and the traders. It is also contended by some, that the once powerful Five Nations, from whom the poetical notion was drawn, were far superior in character and the arts to the degenerate tribes of the Prairie.

Although, luckily, wanting in those scenes of frightful suffering which some adventurers in the vast interior have undergone, Mr. MURRAY's journey homewards, when abandoned by his guides, is as interesting a narrative of the kind as we have met with, from the skill, self-reliance, and ready application of the Indian principles of journeying, which he displayed; showing the superiority of an educated mind, in a position where education would seem of little use. The attraction of this part, however, depends upon its continuity: so we shall pass it over, taking our extracts indifferently from any part of the author's multifarious tour.

THE NECTAR OF THE WEST.

I spent two or three days here (at Rockaway) very agreeably, being at once introduced to many members of the best society from all parts of the Union. During the morning we strolled on the shore, jathed, rode, or drove about in the light carriages, which the active horses of this country draw at a speed truly surprising: the evenings were passed in music or dancing; and after the ladies retired, I joined some of the younger men of the party in smoking a cigar under the verandah, fanned by the cool night breeze from the sea, and making my first acquaintance with a beverage approaching more nearly to nectar than any that I had ever tasted or imagined. The American reader will at once know how to apply this panegyric; but how shall I attempt to convey to English senses all thy fragrant merits divine mint-julep!—This delicious compound (which is sometimes in the Southern and Western States denominated "hail storm") is usually made with wine, madeira or claret, mingled in a tumbler with a *soupcou* of French brandy, lime, or lemon, ice pulverised by attrition, and a small portion of sugar, the whole being crowned with a bunch of fresh mint, through which the liquor percolates before it reaches the drinker's lips and laps him in Elysium." This beverage is supposed to be of Southern origin, and the methods of preparing it vary in the different States; some Carolinians will assert that it can only be found in perfection at Charleston; but I believe that, by common consent, the immortal Willard (who kept the bar of the City-hotel in New York for many years) was allowed to be the first master of this art in the known world.

LATE REWARD OF EARLY TOIL.

From Canandaigua, which I left with much reluctance, we passed through a thriving and well-cultivated country to Geneseo, where I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. W——, the owner of a magnificent estate in the Genesee flats. Fortune seemed not yet wearied of being bountiful, and allowed us to see this most beautiful valley with the advantage of residing in one of the most hospitable and agreeable houses that I ever entered. Mr. W——'s son accompanied us through his extensive farms, which are formed to delight equally the eye of a Poussin or a Sir J. Sinclair. The broad meadows of an alluvial soil, covered with the richest grasses and watered by the winding Genesee, are studded with trees, beautifully and negligently grouped, among which are scattered large herds of cattle of various breeds and kinds, both English and American; these meadows are here and there interspersed with fields of Indian corn and wheat, while

the hills that rise on each side are crowned with timber, excepting spots where the encroaching hand of improvement has begun to girdle some of the tall sons of the forest, whose scathed tops and black bare arms, betokening their approaching fall, give a picturesque variety to the scene.

Yet this scene, extraordinary and interesting as it was, possessed less interest to a contemplative and musing mind than the venerable and excellent gentleman who had almost *created* it; for it was now forty-four years since Mr. W—— came as the first settler to this spot, with an axe on his shoulder, and slept the first night under a tree. After this, he lodged in a log-house; subsequently in a cottage; and he is now the universally esteemed and respected possessor of a demesne which many of the proudest nobility of Europe might look upon with envy, where he exercises the rites of hospitality in the midst of his amiable family with a sincerity and kindness that I shall not easily forget.

DEFENCE OF THE YANKEE* AND THE INNS.

Here I cannot help making a few remarks upon a subject on which I think the general opinion in Britain is erroneous. We are taught to believe that the Yankee is invariably a suspicious and avaricious man in his money transactions, and incapable of those feelings and acts of liberality for which the British character is distinguished. I shall mention two instances that occurred to me in the space of four days, which show a very different character from that of which the New Englanders are accused. The change in the route which the prevalence of the cholera at Montreal induced me to adopt, had prevented me from drawing any of the money which I intended to get in that city; and my finances were, therefore, so much reduced as to leave me only just sufficient to take me as far as Boston. Upon my mentioning the circumstance to Mr. T——, my landlord at Burlington, as my reason for not making some trifling purchases in that town, he at once advanced me fifty dollars, by endorsing my draft on New York, and presenting the bill to the Burlington Bank.

The second instance which I shall quote was in the purchase of the Indian pony. Mr. C—— of Montpelier, understanding that it would be inconvenient for me to pay his price out of my travelling pocket-money, offered at once to accept my draft on New York for the sum, in which manner the purchase was made. Neither of these gentlemen had ever seen or heard of me before, and neither of them asked even for a letter of introduction or other papers to satisfy them as to any particulars respecting me; and with all due and *modest* allowance for my own *gentlemanly* appearance, I very much doubt whether I should have met with the same liberal treatment, under similar circumstances, at a country town in Yorkshire or Lancashire.

Another thing I am also bound in candour to say, —namely, that the descriptions hitherto given by travellers of the accommodations at the taverns in the more remote parts of the country have been highly coloured to their disadvantage. In travelling for the last fortnight with my own horse and waggon, I have stopped at three or four different places in the course

of each day, and have gone through a great portion of the most unsettled country in New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire. In many instances the taverns have been very small; but I have never had reason to complain of want of cleanliness, good victuals, or civility. I have asked at the most unseasonable hours, both early and late, for breakfast, dinner, and supper; and in the course of ten minutes have always been supplied with a beefsteak, potatoes, bread and cheese, butter, eggs, and tea or coffee: the beds have been clean, and whenever I asked for two or three towels instead of the one placed in the room, they have been furnished without any hesitation or extra charge. All that a traveller requires is a sufficient knowledge of the world to prevent his mistaking manners for intention, and a sufficient fund of good temper in himself to keep him from being irritated by trifles. Upon entering or driving up to a tavern, the landlord will sometimes continue smoking his pipe without noticing your entrance; and if you ask whether you can have dinner, you may be told "Dinner is over, but I guess you can have something." If you are a true John Bull, you will fret and sulk; and, silently comparing this with the bustling attention and *empressment* of an English waiter or boots, you walk about by yourself, chewing the bitter cud of your wrath; but if you are a traveller, or formed by nature to become one, (which John Bull is not), you will take this reception as you find it and as the usage of the country, and in a few minutes he of the pipe will be assisting to arrange your baggage, to dry your wet great coat, and a tolerable dinner will be in preparation.

RED INDIAN DANDIES.

I have seen some dandies in my life, English, Scotch, French, German, ay, and American dandies too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcomby of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming this distinction, and belonging to the above-mentioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent; namely, the manner in which Sa-ni-tas-rish's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo-hunt.

He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermillion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them "pig-tails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermillion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his finger, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame,

* This name is limited in the United States to the New Englanders.

which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person, and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more; if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man into comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superior love;" now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place. Could the youth have seen any thing in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat *simious*, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek-bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth which had at least the merit of demolishing speedily every thing, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders, thrust his mirror in below his belt, took in one hand a large fan of wild-goose or turkey feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself.

From Chamber's Journal.

AGE AND SIZE OF TREES.

Within the last three or four years, several works of great merit have been published in America and France, in which the age and size of trees have been discussed in a very philosophical manner. M. Decandolle, the greatest botanist in Europe, as far as the physiology of plants is concerned, has given to the world an elaborate and profound paper, entitled "The Antiquity of Trees." In this valuable contribution to science, the author has embodied the results of many years' investigation of the subject, and some of them are of such a nature as to startle us not a little. When, for instance, we are told, that by calculations which are at all events made on ingenious and plausible principles, there is every reason for believing in the existence of trees that were contemporaries of the first generations of men, and probably witnesses of the last great changes of the globe which preceded the creation of the human race, our curiosity is excited in the liveliest manner to know by what mode of observation and process of reasoning philosophers arrive at such extraordinary conclu-

sions. It is simply by counting the concentric circles in trees. This method of computation is not admitted by all botanists; but if those trees, called by Decandolle *exogenous*, form annually an external woody deposit, which is distinctly marked in the timber like a ring, and which remains indelible, and if this process is regularly continued from year to year without interruption or failure, then we can see no reasonable objection to it. The number of these concentric circles seen on a horizontal section of a trunk will inform us how long a tree has lived, as a section of a branch gives us the age of that branch. "This method," says our author, "is not liable to much error, and is a simple criterion to ascertain the age of a tree; but the inspection of these concentric circles must be made with the greatest care. By their number they give the age, and the degree of their thickness gives also the rate of their increase; therefore they should be measured as well as counted. My plan is as follows: When I have got a section of an old tree, on which I can see the circles, I place a sheet of paper upon it, extending from the centre to the circumference. On this paper I mark every circle, showing also the situation of the pith, the bark, the name of the tree, the country where it grew, and any other necessary observations. I also mark in a stronger manner, the lines which indicate every ten years, and thus I measure their growth at ten years' intervals. Measuring from centre to circumference gives me the circles, doubling this I have the diameter, and multiplying by six I have the circumference."

The learned professor then presents a table of the periods of increase in the diameter of various trees; an inspection of which proves that every tree, after having grown rapidly when young, seems at a certain age to take a regular march of growth, which may perhaps be accounted for by supposing that young trees have more room to expand in, are less pressed by the roots and branches of their neighbours, and may not have penetrated down to a hard, arid, or otherwise unfavourable soil; and also, that as trees advance in age, they still continue to form layers as thick as they previously did subsequently to the period of rapid growth. If such tables were multiplied to a sufficient extent, as we have no doubt they will be in course of time, they would form data from which, by ascertaining the circumference of a tree, its age might be known without having recourse to the destructive process of cutting deep into the growing timber. "If," says Decandolle, "one cannot get a transverse section of a trunk, then one must seek for old specimens of each kind, the date of whose planting is known, measure their circumference, deduce their average growth, and calculate from them the age of other trees of the same kind, always keeping in mind that young trees grow faster than old ones." Decandolle cites instances of trees whose ages have been ascertained according to the rule here laid down. Some of these we shall present to the reader, along with descriptions of other trees obtained from a variety of sources, particularly American publications.

A certain *Baobab tree* of Africa is considered by Humboldt as the oldest organic monument of our planet; and Adanson, a distinguished botanist, by ingenious calculations, has ascertained its age to be 5150 years. The method adopted by Adanson for

finding its age, was by making a deep cut in the side of the trunk, and counting the concentric rings, by which he ascertained how much the tree had grown in three centuries; and having already learned the growth of young trees, he established his general law through the average growth. The enormous dimensions of the trunk of this tree bear a striking disproportion to the other parts. Examples of the species have been seen, which, with a trunk ninety feet in circumference, were only twelve feet in height. A still larger was seen by Mr. Golbery in the valley of the two Gagnacks in Africa; it was thirty-four feet in diameter. The flower is of the same gigantic proportions as the tree. Such colossal masses of timber might be hollowed out into by no means straitened dwelling-houses.

One of the most celebrated trees described by travellers of recent times, is the *Great Dragon tree* of the island of Teneriffe. It derives its name of *dragon's blood*, by which it is popularly known, from the circumstance of a liquor of a deep red colour like blood flowing from its hoary trunk during the dog-days. This exudation soon becomes dry and brittle by the action of the atmosphere, and is the true dragon's blood of the apothecaries, and other venders. The wonderful size and appearance of this tree excited the admiration of Humboldt, who thus describes it: "We were told that the trunk of this tree, which is mentioned in some very ancient documents as marking the boundaries of a field, was as gigantic in the fifteenth century as it is at the present moment. Its height appeared to us to be about fifty or sixty feet; its circumference near the roots is forty-five feet. * * The trunk is divided into a great number of branches, which rise in the form of a candelabrum, and are terminated by tufts of leaves, like the yucca which adorns the valley of Mexico. It still bears, every year, both leaves and fruit. Its aspect feelingly recalls to mind 'that eternal youth of nature which is an inexhaustible source of motion and of life.' This giant plant was laid prostrate by a tempest in 1822.

The fact here noticed by the learned traveller, that the tree annually bore leaves and fruit, affords indubitable proof of a very remarkable circumstance connected with the vegetable kingdom. In man and all other animals, we find an organization and a process of life going on which is destined to cease at a certain period. Mortality is written in irrevocable characters on every thing which treads the earth, or wings the air, or cleaves the flood. Life in these, is like sand in the hour-glass; its very motion, so to speak, involves the necessity of its becoming exhausted at last, and ceasing to move. But it is otherwise with trees. They appear to possess the power of growing on for ever without exhibiting any symptoms of decay, unless from accidental or extraneous causes. We shall quote the words of Decandolle on this point. "As there is formed every year a ligneous deposit, and generally new organs, there is not among the vegetable creation place for that hardness or rigidity, that obstruction of old and permanent organs, which constitutes properly the *death of old age*, and, consequently, that being the case, trees can only die from accidental causes. Trees do not die from age in the true sense of the word; they have no fixed period of existence; and, consequently, some may be found that have arrived at an extraordinary age." But although a tree thus possesses in

itself the elements of continual strength and youth, numerous causes step in to interrupt or destroy its existence. In corroboration of what we state, we need only allude to the facts, that soil is of limited depth—that, below the soil, there are usually hard strata, which the feelers of a plant cannot penetrate—that the roots intercrossing encumber each other, and check vegetation—besides which, there are other destructive and obstructive causes which we need not occupy the reader's time by specifying. Consequently, although what the French philosopher says is quite true, that "some (trees) may be found that have arrived at an extraordinary age," yet, every circumstance considered, we are not to be surprised if the number found should prove exceedingly small, compared with the immense extent of the earth's surface which is covered with forest trees.

Cypresses of gigantic dimensions are met with in Mexico. At Atlixco there is one seventy-six feet in girth; and another at St. Maria del Tuli, in the province of Oaxaca, which is one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference! This is larger than the dragon tree of the Canaries, and all the baobabs of Africa. "But," says Humboldt, "on examining it narrowly, M. Anza observes, that what excites the admiration of travellers is not a single individual, but that three united trunks form the famous *Sabino of Santa Maria del Tuli*." The fact of the threefold nature of the stem, seems to have escaped the notice of some writers; it is of importance in determining which is really the largest organic monument of our planet. There is another cypress at Chapultepec in the same region, which is said to be one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches round, and the younger Decandolle considers it even older than the baobab of Adanson. If the measurement here given be correct, and the tree consists only of one stem, we are entitled to regard this Mexican cypress as the most gigantic and ancient tree hitherto discovered on the globe. Hunter says that in 1776 there existed in the garden of the palace of Grenada, cypresses that were celebrated even in the time of the Moorish kings, and which were named *Cupressos de la Regna Sultana*, from a sultana who was seen sitting under it with a lover, who was one of the Abencerrages. They are supposed to be eight or nine hundred years old. Strabo mentions a Persian cypress in girth as much as five men could span, and he believed it to be two thousand five hundred years old. But this must have been guess-work; at least we are not aware that he made the computation after the skilful manner of Adanson or Decandolle. Michaux, a Frenchman, has published a splendid work on the forest trees of the United States. He says that the largest stocks of the cypress are one hundred and twenty feet in height, and from twenty-five to forty feet in circumference, above the conical base, which at the surface of the earth is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk. Cypresses are among the trees in the south of Europe which live to the most advanced age; and the custom of planting them in cemeteries and consecrated ground, ensures respect being paid to them, and thus affords botanists the means of measuring them.

The Oaks are amongst the patriarchs of Europe, but they have been treated at sufficient length on former occasions. Yews are believed to be the most ancient trees of Great Britain; and no doubt can

exist that there are individuals of the species in England as old as the introduction of Christianity, and there is every reason to believe a very great deal older. It is the opinion of Decandolle, that of all European trees the yew is that which attains the greatest age. "I have measured the deposits of one of seventy years; Celhafen has measured one of one hundred and fifty years; and Veillard has measured one of two hundred and eighty years. These three measurements agree in proving that the yew grows a little more than one line annually in the first one hundred and fifty years, and less than a line from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. If for very aged yews we take the average of one line annually, it is probably an admission beyond the truth; and thus in estimating the number of lines and years as equal, we make them younger than they really are." We think this reasoning very plausible, and point out to such of our readers as may have opportunities of seeing old yew trees, how easily they may ascertain their age.* The line here spoken of is one-tenth of an inch. The circumference may be taken just above the base of the tree; the third of this measurement gives the diameter, and every inch of diameter is equal to ten years. There are four measurements of venerable yews in England—those of the ancient Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon in Yorkshire, which yews were well known as early as 1155. Pennant says that in 1770 they were 1214 lines in diameter, and, consequently, were more than twelve centuries old. Those of the churchyard of Crowhurst in Surrey, on Evelyn's authority, were 1287 lines in diameter. There are two remarkable yews still in the same cemetery, and if they be the same which Evelyn refers to, they must be fourteen centuries and a half old. The yew tree at Fortingal in Perthshire, mentioned by Pennant, in 1770 had a diameter of 2588 lines, and consequently, we must reckon it at from twenty-five to twenty-six centuries old. The yew of Brabourn churchyard in Kent has attained the age of 3000 years; but that at Hedsor in Bucks surpasses all others in magnitude and antiquity. It is in full health, and measures above twenty-seven feet in diameter; consequently, according to Decandolle's method of computation, this yew has reached the enormous age of 3240 years! In all likelihood this is the most ancient specimen of European vegetation.

The Elm attains a very large size, and has a very rapid growth, both in Europe and America; but the elm of the latter country has a much more majestic appearance than that of Europe. Michaux characterises it as the "most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zone." A specimen mentioned by Decandolle, which grew near the town of Morges in Switzerland, measured seventeen feet seven inches in diameter, and was estimated at three hundred and thirty

*We are aware that at the British Association, which met in 1836, a paper was read contradictory of Decandolle's computation regarding yew trees, and stating that he made the old trees too young, and the young trees too old. The experimenter asserted that the mean average of the number of lines which a tree increased in a year, was two, or one fifth of an inch. But Decandolle is the highest authority, and we are inclined to abide by his opinion till further experiments have been made.

five years of age. He informs us that it grew on an average three lines and a half yearly; but dividing its growth each century, it grew six lines annually the first, two and a half the second, and two and three-fourths the third; and this growth agrees with that of those elms planted by order of Sully before the Chambers in France. Every one who has it in his power to ascertain the rate of growth of trees, ought to do so, as he is thereby not only gratifying a rational curiosity, but conferring a benefit on science. Wherever the age of an elm or other tree is correctly known, its girth should be taken, and a plain statement of the species of trees, the nature of the soil where it grew, its diameter and age, transmitted to any journal, the special object of which is to take cognisance of the vegetable kingdom. We are certain that hundreds of our readers have this in their power. Indeed, Decandolle earnestly solicits the attention of English botanists to the subject; for it is only by an extensive accumulation of individual facts that general laws can be established.

One of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions, is the Banian or Burr tree, the *Ficus Indica* of botanists. Each tree forms in itself a grove, composed of numerous stems connected together, some of which are of the size of a large tree. On the island of Nerbuddah, near Baroach, in Hindostan, there is still standing, a celebrated banian, called the *Cubbeer Burr*. The tradition of the natives is, that it is three thousand years old. It is supposed by some to be the same tree that was visited by Nearchus, one of Alexander the Great's officers. The large trunks of this tree amount in number to 350, the smaller ones exceed 3000, and each of these is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots to form other trunks. The circumference of this remarkable plant is nearly 2000 feet. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," has described one of these trees as that of whose leaves our first parents "made themselves aprons" after the fall.

— "Soon they chose

The fig tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

The Lime is the European tree which, in a given time, appears capable of acquiring the largest diameter. Decandolle has some observations on the rate of growth of this tree, which may prove useful. He says, "That which was planted at Fribourgh in 1476, on occasion of the battle of Morat, has now a diameter of 13 feet 9 inches, which would give about two lines of annual diameter growth. This is about the rate of the increase of the growth of an oak, and therefore, I suppose, the tree had not found a favourable soil, and it would be nearer the truth to calculate the annual growth of the lime at four lines.— There are in Europe a great number of limes of large size, and it would be interesting to have the circumference of those whose date is known. I shall mention for their size that of the Chateau of Chaille, near Melles, in the department of the Deux Sevres, which in 1804 measured 15 metres round (about 50

feet) and, and which I suppose was then five hundred and thirty-eight years old: that of Trons in the Grisons, already celebrated in 1424, which in 1798 measured 51 feet in circumference, and which I calculate to be five hundred and eighty-three years old; that of Depeham, near Norwich, which in 1664 was 8½ yards in circumference; and that of Henstadt in Wurtemberg, which in 1550 was so large as to have need of props, and which in 1664 was 37 feet 4 inches in circumference. One must distinguish between the large and small leaved limes, as the former appear to grow faster than the latter." There appears to be a mistake in regard to the Depeham lime. We suspect it is the same mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne, which he says was 90 feet in height, and 48 feet round at a foot and a half from the ground. He also describes a poplar near Harling as of nearly the same dimensions. The largest now known in England grows in Moor Park, Herts.

The Oriental Plane is one of those trees which attain the largest size, but the rate of its increase is not ascertained. In the valley of Bujukdere, about three leagues from Constantinople, there is a plane which recalls to mind one which Pliny has celebrated. According to the Roman naturalist, there was a plane-tree in Lycia, which had a hollow trunk capacious enough to accommodate the consul Licinius Multianus and eighteen followers, who found within its ample cavity a retreat for the night. This living vegetable grotto was 75 feet in circumference, and the summit of the tree resembled a small forest. The plane at Constantinople is 150 feet round, and within it there is a cavity of 80 feet in circumference. This transcends the tree of Pliny. There are other very large oriental planes mentioned by Clark and others, and one of vast size was lately noticed by Mr. Quin in his voyage down the Danube. For the information of our readers, we may mention that in the eastern states of the North American Union, this tree is called Button-wood, and in the western states Sycamore. Under the latter appellation, Mr. Flint, the distinguished geographer, styles it "the king of the western forests. It is the largest tree of our woods, and rises in the most graceful forms, with vast spreading lateral branches, covered with bark of a brilliant white. A tree of this kind near Marietta (Ohio) measured 15½ feet in diameter. We have seen one on the Big Miami (a river,) which we thought still larger. Judge Tucker of Missouri cut off a section of a hollow trunk of a sycamore, and applied a roof to it, and fitted it up as a study. It was regularly cylindrical, and when furnished with a stove and other arrangements, made an ample and convenient apartment." But buildings of a more extensive description than the above have been constructed out of this tree. We learn that a hollow trunk of an enormous sycamore was fitted up with the requisite appendages, and made use of at Utica in New York state as a retail shop; and it was afterwards carried to the city of New York for a show. We extract from the *New York Traveller* the following notice of such another extraordinary domicile, or

in all likelihood the same as that made use of at Utica. It was exhibited in the saloon of the American Museum in New York. "A sycamore tree of most singular and extraordinary size has been brought to this city from the western part of this state. The interior is hollowed out, and will comfortably accommodate some forty or fifty persons. It is splendidly furnished as a sitting-room, and contains every article of elegance and usefulness. It has a handsome piano, sofas, glasses, and mirrors, of fit and becoming style, and is decorated with pictures and fancy articles." The reader is not to class this account with the many incredible trans-Atlantic stories which are imported into this country. We have no reason to doubt the fact; but it seems quite clear that the apartments must have been hollowed out of the tree lengthways, its diameter affording sufficient height for them.

There are still some trees of a very remarkable size or age which remain to be described, but we can only briefly notice the most celebrated of them. In the Garden of Olives at Jerusalem there are now existing eight olives, which can be proved by historical documents to have existed anterior to the taking of Jerusalem by the Turks, and which consequently must be at least 800 years old. A writer in the *North American Review* remarks, that the largest oak, and indeed the largest tree he has seen in that country, is an oak about twenty-seven feet in circumference at the smallest part. Its age he computes at not less than 500 years, so that it must have been a majestic tree at the time when Columbus discovered the western world. We wish he had told us its girth immediately above the base, but it is quite clear that this oak must be a stupendous organic fabric.

In 1804, Decandolle saw at Gigean, near Montpellier, in France, an ivy, the trunk of which near the base was six feet round, and whose immensity, he says, was truly astonishing. Another ivy, only forty-five years old, was only seven and a half inches round; so, taking it as a general type, the specimen at Gigean in the year 1804, ought to have been of the age of 435 years. We have nowhere seen mentioned an ivy of such colossal dimensions. A writer in the *North American Review* mentions wild grape vines of enormous size. He says that, whilst in the eastern states, and, we may add, in Europe, it "rarely grows larger than a stout walking-stick, in our western states it sometimes surpasses, in diameter, the body of a full-grown man. This fact we have verified by actual measurement."

Amongst the largest flowers, are those of an *Aristolochia* of South America, which are four feet round: the Indian boys, in their sports, draw them over their heads as a cowl. Probably the largest flower-cup in the world is that of the *Rafflesia* of Sumatra, in the East Indian seas, which is nearly three feet in diameter, and weighs fourteen pounds. The largest leaf is that of the Talipot, which has been measured, and found eleven feet in length, and sixteen in breadth. It was used as a parasol, and screened six persons at table.

From the Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GRATTAN.*

A Son can never be well qualified to write the biography of his father. Of much that is known to others he will of necessity be ignorant; some things known only to the nearest connexions he will not tell; filial affection, the force of habit, or that mysterious influence of blood by which nations and families inherit certain qualities, will blind him to what are probably the most striking traits of character; and a sense of propriety will restrain his freedom of judgment, if no kindlier or more sacred feeling should bias it. Valuable information he may of course impart, as may any one enjoying unreserved intercourse with an eminent man and capable of turning his opportunities to account; many documents his relationship may put him in possession of, but their value is intrinsic, and worth as much in the hands of a stranger as a son; in short, memoirs written by a near relation may furnish valuable stores for the future biographer, but are not likely to form a very perfect biography themselves.

Mr. Grattan's Memoirs of his celebrated parent present no exception to this rule; less, however, from any direct influence of the causes hinted at, than from his not reflecting what a biography should be. He has lost his father in a crowd of events and of other people. These Memoirs are not so much a life of Grattan, as a history of Irish politics and politicians during the last century, preceded by a sketch of Ireland's grievances and government from the conquest under Henry to the reign of William the Third, with a superadded defence of Milesian antiquities. The events of Grattan's life are told, indeed, with more minuteness and continuity than those of any other individual, and upon the whole he occupied more space in the volumes; but on particular subjects he is overtopped by other persons or things. As a politician, the great affair of his life was carrying the Declaration of Independence, (by which appeals from Irish courts to those of England, and the power of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland, were put an end to;) but all force, point, and distinction, are lost in the narrative of this event, by the introduction of subordinate matter. Not only is attention distracted from the principal person by long and tedious letters from Fox, the Lord-Lieutenant, Fitzpatrick, and others, but by verbatim resolutions and addresses of corps of volunteers, &c; whilst Lord Charlemont takes up as much room as Grattan in the history of this period. Of the thirty-one chapters that the book contains, nearly one-half make no mention of the hero, and in many of the others he is often a collateral person in the piece.

If it be alleged that the author intended to write a history as well as a biography, the answer is, he should in that case have written two books. His notices, often elaborate, of every politician or event of eminence, would have made, so far as structure goes, a continuous and useful work: as it is, they serve to interrupt the life of Grattan, which returns

the compliment *pari passu*. But this plan gives rise to a graver fault: as the sketches of Flood, Yelverton, Scott, (Lord Clonmel,) and other politicians of Whig and Tory, who figured on the turbid stage of Irish politics during the latter half of the last century, deal only with the general points of their character and career, they are more striking and effective than those of the hero, overwhelmed in a mass of details.

These faults of plan, arising from want of judgment and skill, are not redeemed by any particular merit of execution. A kind of "wild Irish" fluency, but without the imagination or humour of the Irish vulgar, is the chief excellence of the volumes. This carries the reader along without fatigue, but always amid exaggeration, incongruity, or absurdity. In general these arise from the nature of the writer's mind, sometimes from imitation. Mr. Grattan, we suspect, is emulous of Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches*; and endeavours in his portraits to achieve the force and spirit which characterize those celebrated productions, without remembering the greater interest inspired by the subjects of Brougham—the advantage he often possessed in drawing from life instead of from books or hearsay—as well as the difference of natural genius.

To convey an idea of the character of Mr. Grattan's manner, is impossible without examples, and not very easy with them, as it is better developed by continuous touches than any single specimen. But the first chapter, without going further, may give the reader an idea of it. The subject is an historical sketch of Irish history: the author opens with an allusion to the times before George the Third; he next touches upon Strafford and the Commonwealth; then he goes back to the conquest by Henry; afterwards he falls foul of James the First, and mixes up the houses of Stuart, Orange, and Brunswick, in a general censure, attacking on more than one occasion the historian Hume. Of the last feature we quote a specimen.

HUME IMPUGNED.

Hume when he states that the Irish "from the beginning of time were buried in profound barbarism and ignorance, and continued (while the Western world grew civilized) distinguished by vices alone," only discovers his prejudices and want of research, and misleads his readers. Did he forget that in 1417, at the Council of Constance, when the legate of Henry the Fifth of England and of Charles the Sixth of France disputed the precedence, the preference was allowed to England, *entirely on account of the antiquity of Ireland*? The argument on which the contest was decided was taken from the authority of Albertus Magnus and Bartholomæus, and is in these words: "In the division of the world, Europe was subdivided into four great kingdoms: 1. That of Rome; 2. That of Constantinople; 3. That of Ireland; 4. That of Spain; whence it appears that the King of England, being also King of Ireland, is one of the most ancient Kings of Europe."

It appears, therefore, that Ireland had, among other kingdoms of Europe, all the weight and dignity of a respectable and free nation long before its connexion with England.

It is possible that HUME was acquainted with the circumstance; it is not likely that the decision of ALBERTUS MAGNUS, BARTHOLOMEUS; and the Council of Constance to boot, would have had much effect upon his.

It must not however, be supposed that Mr. GRATTAN's book is without value. It certainly contains a

* Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. By his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M. P. In 2 vols.

narrative of Irish political history, from the latter end of GEORGE the second's reign to the Declaration of Independence in 1782—partial and ill-arranged, perhaps; but there it is. It also contains a portrait-gallery of eminent Irish politicians, which, be its faults what they may, cannot be found elsewhere. But the most attractive part of the work consists in original letters. Some of these are from friends or relatives of GRATTAN; and besides throwing light upon the times, are, in the case of his uncle MARLAY especially, distinguished by much ability. Many are from GRATTAN himself, during his earlier life, and are truly autobiographical; freely unfolding his circumstances, thoughts and feelings. Not a few are despatches from the Lord-Lieutenant to the Ministry in England: giving a very readable summary of Irish politics, and indicating the way in which the King's Government was carried on. A complete collection of these documents, we are inclined to think, would form the best history of Ireland, under the House of Brunswick, that has yet appeared.

The most interesting letters of GRATTAN are those written when he was in London preparing as a templar for the bar. For instance, he was in the habit of getting into the Houses of Parliament when he could; and his letters contain a few sketches of the leading speakers, struck off whilst the impression was fresh on his mind. Here are

NORTH, GRENVILLE, AND BURKE, IN 1768.

I was present at one debate before the execution of the order. It arose on an address to be presented to his Majesty, expressing the satisfaction of Parliament at the measures taken to suppress the recent tumult, and promising the succour of Parliament to all such measures as might further be found necessary. The intent and tendency of this was to get Parliament to approve of the present Administration, and to promise to support it. The Opposition spoke against the Address, but did not vote; so that it passed without a negative. Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man versed in state mystery and learned in finances, spoke in defence of the Court in a manner impetuous, not rapid; full of cant, not melody; and deserved the eulogium of a fervent speaker, not a great one. Grenville, on the part of the Opposition, was peevish and wrangling, and provoked those whom he could not defeat.

Burke, the only orator I have yet heard in the House of Commons here, (and this character arises from his matter, not his delivery,) was ingenious, oratorical, undaunted; he treated the Ministry with high contempt, and displayed with most animated derision their schemes and purposes.

The following letter contains a variety of subjects—the writer's own position, BURKE, and a comparison of the English and Irish Houses. It is also remarkable as showing how soon GRATTAN formed his pointed and artificial style.

"My dear Broome—From a person living in the metropolis of the world, you may expect some news, some politics that may interest you, some facts that may amuse you. Alas! how much must I disappoint all these expectations. Unconnected with the great world, I learn no political intrigues; and unconcerned in the matter-of-fact world, I attend to none of its momentous incidents. Excluded from the House of Commons, I want even my usual resort of amuse-

ments; and weary of the repetition of bad plays, I am thrown into the wanderer's last resort, the arms of a coffee-house, where I meet few acquaintances—no friends. I leave London in a few days, to retire to a pretty situation in Windsor. I need not tell you how I wish your partnership in my destined hermitage. It is not pure friendship, it is interested selfishness in part, that dictates my passion; for you have an uncontrolled influence over me, banishing every gloomy suggestion, and reconciling me even to myself.

"I have heard too little of the capital speakers to characterize them to you; having gained admission one or two days, we have been excluded since.

"Burke is unquestionably the first orator among the Commons of England; boundless in knowledge, instantaneous in his apprehensions, and abundant in his language. He speaks with profound attention and acknowledged superiority, notwithstanding the want of energy, the want of grace, and the want of elegance in his manner.

"The other speakers whom I have heard do not deserve relation; they sink down to the lumber of our house, only that they are not so deficient in language nor so entirely overrun with vulgarity."

Like many young men GRATTAN seems to have entertained notions adverse to marriage: and upon insufficient grounds. So far from being an "artificial," marriage is a "natural institution;" as may be seen at once by the length of time required to rear one child, saying nothing of the succession of children, or the "relations dear, and all the charities of father, son, and brother." At the time he wrote, GRATTAN was speculating on pursuing a philosophical life; which is not congenial to marriage, because the married man has given "hostages to fortune."

GRATTAN ON MARRIAGE.

Our friend Macaulay seems happy in the connubial state; he speaks as a man attached and contented, and, like a missionary of Hymen, preaches his dominion to all. I am too well acquainted with my own inequalities, as well as too poor to receive the yoke, and become a votarist even in so chaste a cause. You and I, in this, as in most other things, perfectly agree; we think marriage an artificial, not a natural institution, and imagine woman too frail a bark for so long and so tempestuous a voyage as that of life. I long infinitely to argue with you upon matters of philosophy. My principles, when we parted, had got a little the start of yours in eccentricity; though the precept of the world would recal me, its conduct confirms my deviation. I have become an Epicurian philosopher; consider this world as our *ne plus ultra*, and happiness as our great object in it. The sensualities, the vices, the insignificance, and the pursuits of mankind are arguments in favour of this conviction. To a man steeped in vice, and therefore alarmed by fear, such philosophy would be influence; but to one who is neither devoted to vice, nor afraid of its penalties, I fear it is reason. Such a subject is too extensive and too dangerous for a letter: in our privacy we shall dwell on it more copiously.

In our review of the life of FLOOD, we alluded to his duel with Mr. AGAR, and the patriotic Lord CHARLEMONT's endeavours to influence the fountain of justice in a choice of judges, when there was not the slightest occasion, the duel having been forced

upon FLOOD. In the present volume we have the full particulars of the fight, in a letter from Mr. BUSHK the second. The "pistols" alluded to, however were a mere excuse; some electioneering grudge, we believe, was the real cause.

AN IRISH DUEL AND VERDICT.

My Dear Harry—I must postpone every other topic to inform you that on Friday last a duel was fought between Harry Flood and Mr. Agar the elder, in Dunmore Park near Kilkenny, in which Mr. Agar was unfortunately killed. As Mr. Flood was not the challenger, and as it was out of his power to avoid it, he has nothing to reproach himself with.—The cause was a case of pistols belonging to Mr. Agar, which one Keogh lost at Burn Church, in the riot about ten months ago. I hear that the unfortunate gentleman had often asked Mr. Flood about them, who always said "that he had them not, and was not accountable for them." But on Friday, they produced a challenge, to my great surprise, for if there were any offence, it was as much an offence any day these ten months as it was on that day. They stood at about fourteen yards asunder. Before they fired, Mr. Agar questioned Mr. Flood about the pistols, in a threatening and offensive manner. Mr. Flood answered very deliberately, "You know I will not answer you while you ask me in that manner." Mr. G. Bushe, who was Mr. Flood's friend said something to Mr. Agar to induce him to ask in another manner, and not to bring such an affair upon himself so needlessly; but without effect. He laid down one pistol, and rested the other on his arm to take his aim. Both Mr. G. B. and Mr. Roth, his own friend, called to him to fire fairly. (N. B. Besides the unfairness of using a rest, it was particularly unfair at that time, for Mr. A. had proposed they should stand alongside a quick set-hedge, but Mr. Roth declared "*there should be no levelling.*") Upon their calling out he desisted, and took another posture, and fired first, and missed. He then took up his other pistol, and then said to Mr. Flood, "Fire, you scoundrel." Mr. Flood thereupon presented his pistol, which he held all this time with the muzzle turned upwards, and shot Mr. A. through the heart. Mr. A's left breast was towards him, Mr. A. being left-handed. He expired in a few minutes, without speaking any thing articulate. The Coroner's have found the verdict specially—"That he came by his death by a pistol-bullet."

Our author is full of wrath and rhetoric at the corrupt manner in which the Irish Government was carried on, and the resources of the country misapplied; but he seems to forget that there must always be two parties to political prostitution. If the Irish Executive used more gross and extensive bribery than was practised in England or elsewhere, the crime must be divided between the Minister and the Members, who considered their country in the light of a "milch cow." Neither does he exhaust the subject of his charge, or sustain it to the height of his language: enough, however, is proved to show the nature of the traffic, and the business-like way in which it was carried on. Corruption, in the native Parliament of College Green, seemed destitute of the disguises which it puts on elsewhere as a tribute to decency. There was not even the *pretence* of the public service.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PEERAGE.

The Lord-Lieutenant to Lord North.

Dublin Castle, 8th September, 1780.

My Lord—Nothing could be more against my inclinations than the yielding to solicitations of gentlemen upon the line of peerage; but without engagements strongly to recommend several to that mark of his Majesty's favour at the close of the session, it would have been impossible for me in any sort to have surmounted the various difficulties which have lately attended Government.

I must therefore request that your Lordship will submit the following names to his Majesty—

Sir Robert Dean has uniformly, with four friends, supported his Majesty's measures, and *has never suggested a difficulty upon any occasion*; his property is very considerable.

Lord Chief Baron Dennis is recommended by Lord Shannon; but exclusive of that consideration, his abilities may be of great use in the House of Lords, especially as Lord Annaly has an asthmatic complaint, which renders his attendance precarious. He has no family, nor is there any probability of his having any; and upon the whole, I should think his appointment full as desirable to Government as it may be agreeable to himself.

My private wish would certainly influence in favour of Mr. Armar Lowry Corry; but his extensive property, *his having supported Government, though elected for the county of Tyrone by popular interest, his having also induced another gentleman to follow his example*, may give some claim to his Majesty's favour.

Mr. Matthew is of a very ancient respectable family, and has upon every occasion supported his Majesty's Government. His brother-in-law *through his means was induced to act the same part.*

Mr. Pomeroy was originally recommended by the Duke of Leinster; but at a time his Grace was undecided, he engaged, at all events, with his brother and his son to support Government. The Duke of Leinster lately renewed the application in his favour.

Mr. Clements the son of an old meritorious servant of the Crown, has a very considerable fortune, and has, with three friends, supported Government, exclusive of his brother, the Deputy Vice-Treasurer.

Mr. Knox, of Dungannon, is a gentleman of respectable family, with a very large property, and has, with two sons, supported Government. He was strongly recommended also by Colonel Burton.

The English Government demurred to grant all the promotions in this and one or two other batches; upon which the Lord-Lieutenant writes—

"With respect to the noblemen and gentlemen whose request have not succeeded, I must say that no man can see the inconvenience of increasing the number of Peers more forcibly than myself, but the recommendations of many of those persons submitted to his Majesty for that honour, arose from engagements taken up at the press of the moment, to secure questions upon which the English Government were very particularly anxious. My sentiments cannot but be the same with respect to the Privy Council and pensions, and I had not contracted any engagements of recommendation either to peerage or pension, till difficulties arose which necessarily occasioned so much and so forcibly communicated anxiety in his

Majesty's Cabinet, that I must have been culpable in neglecting any possible means of securing a majority in the House of Commons."

Peerages, however, were not the only means of traffic. Places and pensions were lavishly scattered, and made matter of regular bargain and sale. The public may remember that Mr. Rice's Committee of last session were shut out from investigating the pensions in the Irish Civil List; and no wonder.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PENSION-LIST.

In speaking of the several persons, I shall beg leave to follow the order in which they stand in my official despatch.

James Carigue Ponsonby, Esq. This gentleman bought his seat in Parliament; and in the contest for the Speaker's chair offered his vote to Lord Harcourt, in favour of Mr. Pery, *on condition he should represent his conduct to his Majesty*, hoping it might be kept in account when he should on some future day be thought deserving of his Majesty's favour. This request was complied with by Lord Harcourt, as will appear by his Lordship's letter to Lord Weymouth, of the 11th September 1776: and as this gentleman's conduct in support of Government has been very uniform and honourable during my Administration, and I have not been able to provide for him in the line of office agreeably to the expectations which have been given him, I am induced to hope his Majesty will consider him as a worthy object of his royal bounty.

Charles Henry Coote, Esq., son to Deane Coote. This gentleman is a Member for the Queen's County, and has generally during the present Parliament, supported his Majesty's measures, but in the last session, when it became difficult for members of counties to give an uniform support, I promised Mr. Coote to recommend him to his Majesty for his favour, in the manner specified in my official letter, if there should not be an opportunity for my gratifying him with some civil employment, *upon the terms of his giving a consistent support to Government*, which he has very honourably performed.

Francis Bernard Beamish, Esq., was brought into Parliament, for the borough of Rathcoormack, by Mr. Tonson, in conjunction with whom he has uniformly supported his Majesty's measures. In the session of 1777, Mr. Tonson having resigned the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Cork, I gave Mr. Beamish assurance of a civil employment; and not having found it in my power to provide for him in that mode, I promised to recommend him to his Majesty for this mark of the royal favour.

Ponsonby Tottenham, Esq., nephew to the Earl of Ely. His father and two brothers are in Parliament, and with him have been constant supporters of his Majesty's Government.

James Sommerville, Esq., Member of Parliament for the borough of New Town, which seat he purchased. Before the opening of the last session, Mr. Sommerville offered his support, which he has most uniformly given, upon the assurance of some provision. He was formerly in business as a merchant, but unsuccessful; and being in distressed circumstances, and no opportunities offering of providing him with office, I am induced to recommend him for his Majesty's bounty.

William Caulfield, Esq., Member for the borough of Tusk, who has the collection of Donaghadee, and keeping house at Copeland Isle, worth about 300*l.* per annum, which he will resign to accommodate Government. He was formerly an officer in the army, in which service, and in the revenue, he has been upwards of forty years. Mr. Caulfield has been a constant and uniform supporter of Government, and is most zealously attached to his Majesty's service.

Thomas Nesbitt, Esq., Member for the borough of Cavan. This gentleman was early recommended to me for some mark of favour by the late Attorney-General, and he has been a constant supporter of Government; and as I have not been able to provide for him in office, and he has represented to me that the expense of living in Dublin during the session is distressing to him, I have recommended him to his Majesty for this small pension, his father having already a pension of 600*l.* a year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jebb, wife of Dr. Frederick Jebb, a physician in this town, and author of the letters which appeared in the beginning of the last session under the signature of Guatimozin, and other political productions. As the press was exceedingly violent at that time, and had great effect in inflaming the minds of the people, it was recommended to me as a measure of absolute necessity, by some means, if possible, to check its spirit. On this, a negotiation was opened with Dr. Jebb, who was then the chief of the political writers, and he agreed upon the terms of my recommending him for a pension of 300*l.* a year to give his assistance to Government; since that time he has been very useful, as well by *suppressing* inflammatory publications, as by *writing* and other services which he promises to continue to the extent of his power.

The reader will probably think that this notice resembles the work it reviews, in saying as much about other things as GRATTAN. But the Life is yet unfinished—only coming down to 1782, whilst its subject was still a young man. We therefore reserve any regular account of his biography, until we can take a complete view, not only of his life and character, but of the moral they may inculcate.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WE MEET IN CROWDS!

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

We meet in crowds! who used to meet all lonely,
Where the soft moonbeams trembling lit the shade;
And, for the vows we interchanged, now only
Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid!

We meet in crowds!—where empty mirth is lighting
The flashing eye;—but reaches not the heart,
Where Pleasure brims the cup, with smiles inviting,
And lures her victims, with a siren's art.

We meet in crowds!—ah! how unlike the meeting
Our bosoms knew, in those sweet by-gone hours,
When Time's swift pinions seem'd on sunbeams
fleeting,
And youth's light footsteps trod alone on flowers!

We meet in crowds!—as strangers, cold and sadly,
Who ne'er had met, nor e'er may meet again;
We part!—and in each bosom, deeply, madly,
Rankles the wound, that must for aye remain!

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